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By Matt Bai

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> *"It's our opinion that we should never test for something like this in finished water, because what do you tell people? We think it will cause panic."*
>
> DEPARTMENT OF ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION MICROBIOLOGIST WALTER FABER; PAGE 26

## 24 Don't Drink the Water

**By Matt Bai**

New Yorkers have always bragged about having the champagne of drinking waters. Stop bragging: There's *Cryptosporidium*—a potentially lethal pathogen—in the city's reservoirs, *E. coli* in Yonkers, and lead in the pipes. How politics mucked up the water supply. Plus, how you can keep yourself safe.

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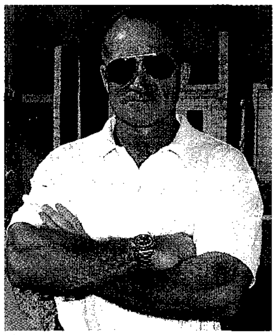
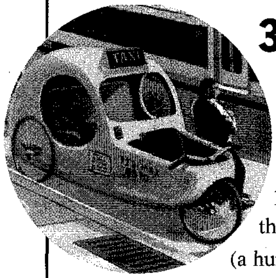


Sue Ogrocki/Sipa

After 30 years with the NYPD, former commissioner Ray Kelly thought he had seen it all. But since he accepted the post-invasion job of reforming Haiti's police, he has had to contend with informants who dabble in voodoo, fugitives who use invisibility potions, and police recruits who ask questions like "What is law?"



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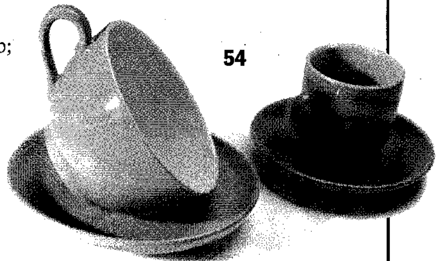

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Jesse Frohman

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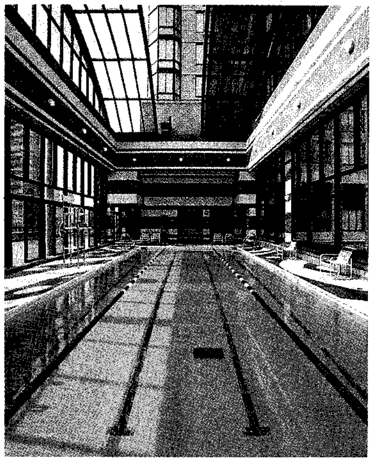

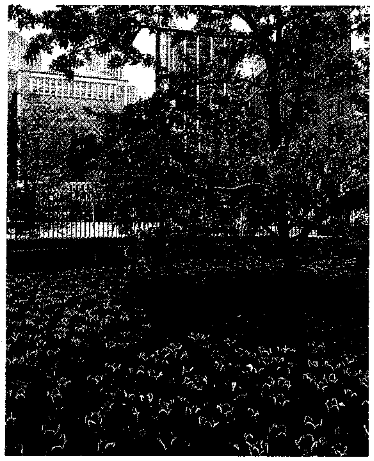

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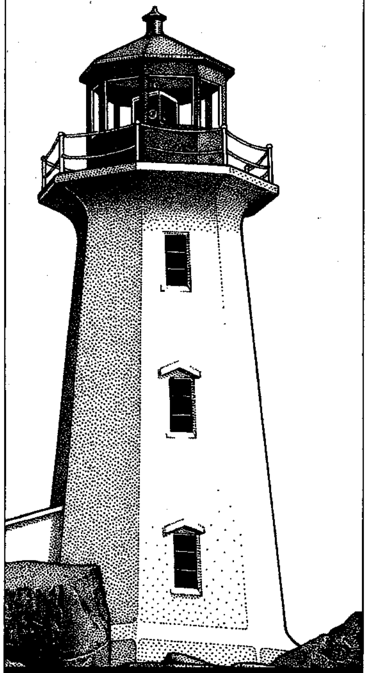

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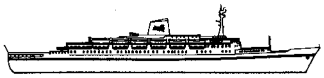

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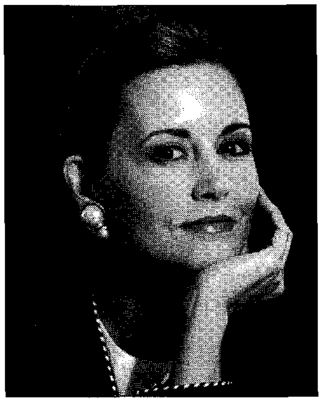

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# Newman's Own

*His blues are still bright, but Newman's joke lays an egg; trial and error for a Jersey teen.*

I HAD NO IDEA THE ADMIRABLE PAUL Newman ["Has Paul Newman Finally Grown Up?" by Lynn Hirschberg, December 12] had such a wicked sense of humor. Director Robert Altman explodes nine feet of popcorn into his dressing room, and practical joker Newman retaliates by stuffing 200 *live* chickens into Altman's camper "for an entire day in the broiling sun." I sincerely hope Newman doesn't have any household pets.

*Bill Gale*
MANHATTAN

PAUL NEWMAN SHOULD HAVE BEEN ARRESTed for cruelty to animals. I am appalled that he can brag about locking up 200 live chickens in director Robert Altman's camper where they roasted all day "in the broiling sun." And then gloat because Altman "never got the smell out"! This is Paul Newman's idea of fun?

He may raise millions of dollars for charities for people, but, to me, he doesn't harbor an ounce of humanity if he can deliberately inflict suffering on animals. How upsetting to learn that a favorite actor is in real life an overgrown jerk. And to think I hung his photo on my bedroom wall when I was a teenager. I'd say Paul Newman definitely has *not* grown up.

*Gail Bryce*
MANHATTAN

WHO WILL BE YOUR MAGAZINE'S CHOICE for sexiest 70-year-old woman?

*Deborah Angell*
MANHATTAN

ONCE A UPON A TIME, WHEN I WAS STILL reeling from *The Long Hot Summer* and before its star had stopped signing autographs, my family was dining in an intimate Manhattan restaurant and there he was, sharing a table with the then pregnant Joanne Woodward and Dennis Hopper. When my sister and I approached the actor's table, this exquisite gentleman actually rose to greet us, introduced us to the other two members of his party, and graciously provided us with the autographs of all three. My sister wound up with the autographs, but I came away with something even better: I was all of 14, and Paul Newman was the first man who had ever stood up for me.

Thanks for the memory, Paul, and 36 years later I'm going to try to return the favor by correcting an omission in Lynn Hirschberg's story "Has Paul Newman Finally Grown Up?" Hirschberg erroneously states that after achieving stardom in the movie *Somebody Up There Likes Me,* Newman "never returned to the stage." In fact, the next time I saw Paul Newman in person, he was giving a magnificent performance as Chance Wayne in *Sweet Bird of Youth* to a packed Broadway theater during the 1959–60 season.

*Bettina Silber*
CHEVY CHASE, MD.

I BEG TO DIFFER WITH PAUL NEWMAN'S modest assessment, "My legs aren't exactly my best feature." During exam week of my senior year at Kenyon College, 1978, Newman returned to his alma mater. Drama-club members (I was one! I was one!) were invited to meet him at the president's home. When I arrived, the college's famous former student was seated casually on the lawn, forearm resting on his raised right knee, beer in hand. We were introduced; I could barely muster a "Hello, Mr. Newman. Welcome back." Sure, his eyes were mesmerizing, as blue as his faded jeans. But what I remember is his right thigh. I can still conjure up that thigh, faintly sculpted, hugged by denim. That toga–cum–cocktail dress does him a disservice.

*Debra Berkowitz Darvick*
BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

## Innocence Pleas

AMERICAN LAWYERS ALMOST UNIVERSALLY maintain that trial by jury in criminal cases is the best system in the world to prevent convicting innocent people. John Connolly's article "Who Framed Luis Rojas?" [November 28] should give them some food for thought.

Trial by jury is a direct descendant of the trial by battle of medieval times. In that system, a litigant hired a champion, or knight-warrior, to fight it out on the battleground with his opponent's cham-

*Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

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pion. In theory, God would not permit the wrong person's champion to win, so that (in theory) trial by battle ensured perfect justice. In practice, I am sure, medieval litigants wanted to know that their respective champions were in good physical shape and well versed in the art of battle, just in case God might be preoccupied with other things at the time of the trial.

So it is with modern criminal trials. The fundamental premise behind our system is that the lawyer-champions are well versed in the art of courtroom battle. If the defense lawyer doesn't have well-honed courtroom skills, the system fails. Unless, of course, God happens to be watching that day.

*Neville Ross*
STAMFORD, CONN.

I GRADUATED FROM THE SAME HIGH school as Luis Rojas, and my younger sister was in his class. She had told me about Rojas, but I, thinking I knew how teenagers can be, never believed he was innocent. After reading John Connolly's story and getting the information from a third party, I feel guilty for even having *thought* he was somehow involved.

*Marianne Perez*
MANHATTAN

THANKS TO JOHN CONNOLLY FOR HIS deeply moving article "Who Framed Luis Rojas?" It seems unbelievable that such a dreadful miscarriage of justice is not being rectified with all possible speed. One of the most depressing sentences, which I went back to the first page to re-read, is "The oral argument may be heard *as soon as* February." How do the courts dare to keep this young man in prison an extra day without a proper hearing? Thank you again for this outstanding example of courageous journalism.

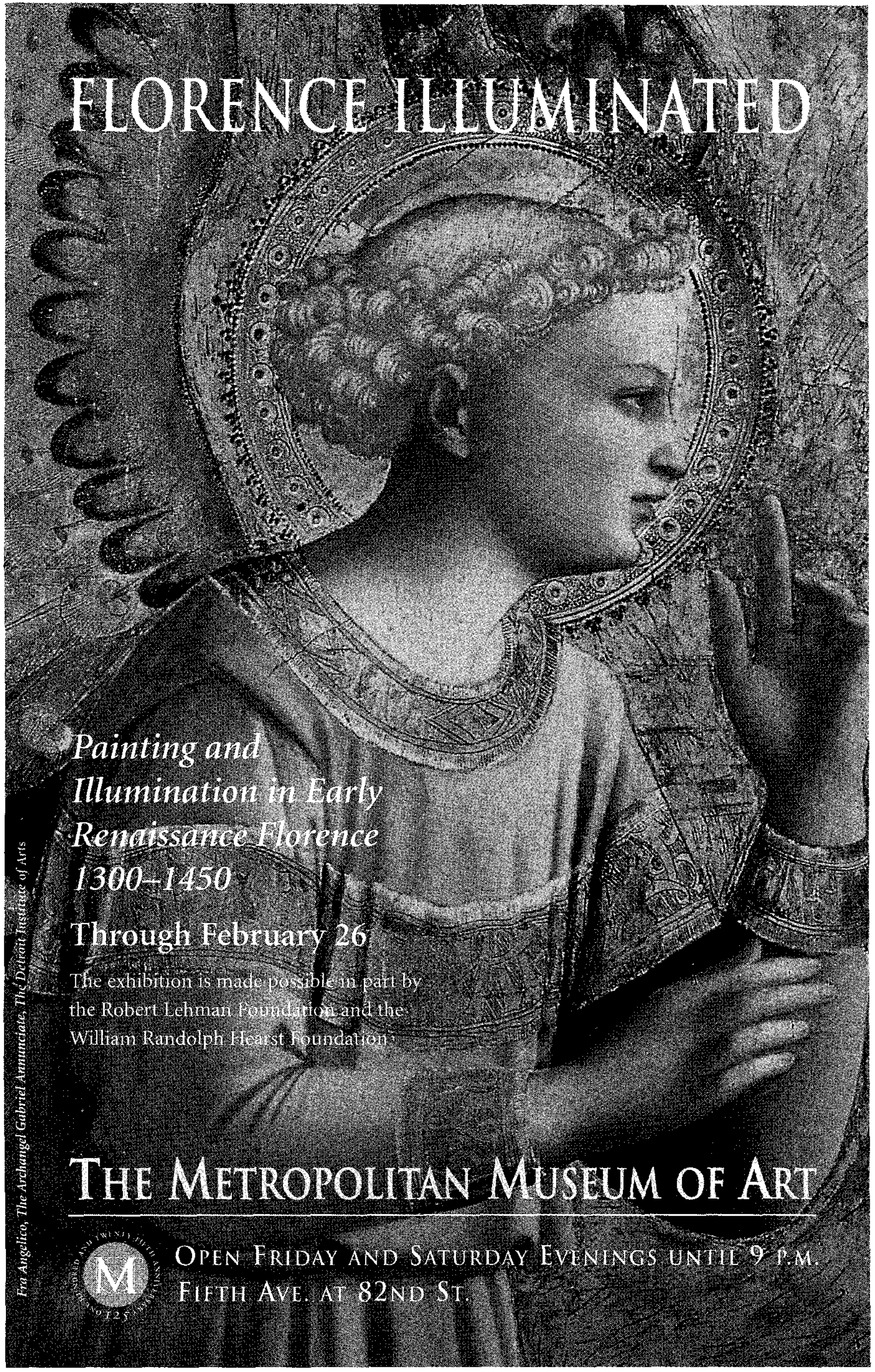
*Elaine Taibi*
MANHATTAN

## Emphasis on the Accent

SMART-ALECK ALEX WILLIAMS'S ARTICLE OF November 14 ["Gotham: Cracker Gramm"] seems to have one focus: Gramm's accent and the "white guys" he happens to be speaking with. Williams insulted all Texans with his poor-mouth drivel. His white-racial slur is off-base, too. "Crackers" are poor whites originating from Georgia, *not* Texas!

*Linda Dolan*
CRESTWOOD, KY.

**Correction** Due to a production error in Gael Greene's article "Interview With a Restaurant Critic" [January 2], the name of the restaurant Remi mistakenly read "Demi."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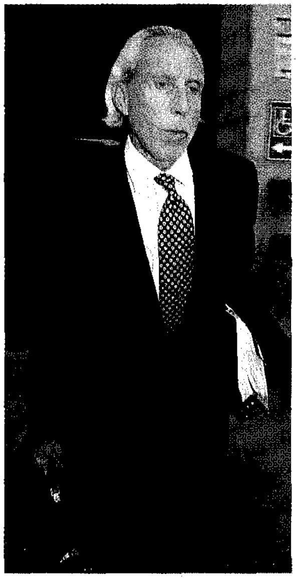
# INTELLIGENCER

## *TIMES* ARTFULLY PROTECTS CHRISTIE'S

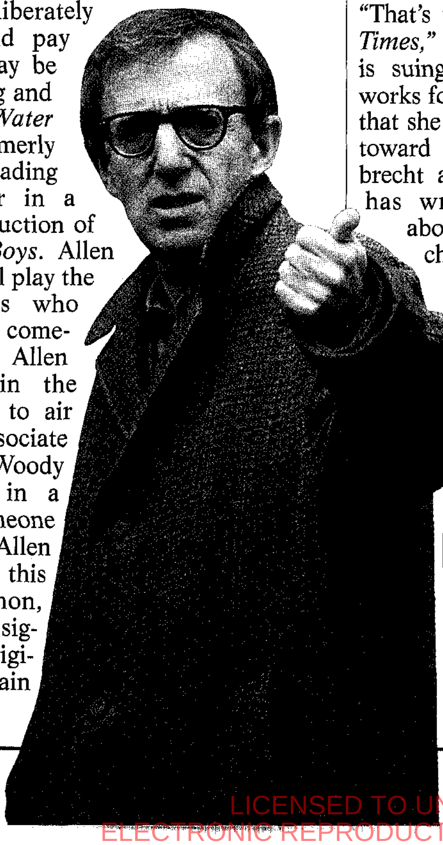
One of New York's leading art attorneys is suing Christie's for $100 million, but you'd barely know it from reading the New York *Times.* **Michael Ward Stout,** who's represented Salvador Dalí and the estates of Keith Haring and Jean-Michel Basquiat, recently came to an agreement on fees for the estate of **Robert Mapplethorpe,** his longtime friend and client. Stout ultimately settled on a figure of nearly $4 million, but is now suing Christie's—which did the appraisals. He claims the auction house impugned his reputation and may have potentially cost the estate millions of dollars by charging him with misusing its insurance appraisal for estate-tax filings to inflate his executor's fee. Stout is also suing Christie's general counsel **Patricia Hambrecht,** and that's where the problem for the *Times* seems to develop. Hambrecht and *Times* art reporter **Carol Vogel** have been best pals since their college days. On December 23, Vogel wrote a short item about the lawsuit but didn't bother, Stout's attorney claims, to tell Stout's side of the story. She also neglected to mention that Hambrecht was a defendant. "That's not our policy at the *Times,*" explains Vogel. "Stout is suing Christie's, and she works for them." Vogel denies that she has shown favoritism toward Christie's, and Hambrecht agrees. "I think Carol has written unfair things about me, and without checking," she says—in an inadvertently backhanded defense of her friend. "She's accepted statements about me on face value."

## IVAN BOESKY NOT THE RETIRING TYPE

Unfettered by a Megan's Law for *financial* miscreants, **Ivan Boesky** has quietly resumed his career in La Jolla, California. According to *Business Week* columnist **Gene Marcial,** whose upcoming book, *Secrets of the Street,* includes an outline of Boesky's current endeavors, he is still managing money—in this case, mostly his own. Marcial quotes Wall Street sources who claim Boesky is "the brains behind" a $1 billion fund (two thirds of which is Boesky's) registered in the Netherlands Antilles. "The fund is owned officially by a foreign corporation headed by someone else," says Marcial. "When I confronted him with it, he refused to comment. But he made the point to tell me that it is legal for him to invest his own money and he can even give investment advice as long as he doesn't get paid for it." Marcial says that Boesky, after three years in prison, looks fit and happy. "He looks like a celebrity," Marcial says. "He basically thinks he got away okay on the whole deal."


**Ivan Boesky, comeback kid**

## WOODY RETURNS TO TELEVISION, AGAIN



The days when one had to deliberately go to a movie theater and pay money to see **Woody Allen** may be gone forever. After producing and directing *Don't Drink the Water* for ABC last month, the formerly reclusive actor-director is heading back to television to star in a Hallmark Hall of Fame production of **Neil Simon's** *The Sunshine Boys.* Allen and, most likely, **Peter Falk** will play the pair of elderly comedians who attempt their own television comeback and bicker all the way. Allen will not direct himself in the production, which is likely to air this fall. Says his close associate Robert Greenhut: "I know Woody is thinking they'll bring in a highfalutin TV director, someone who can do it fast and well." Allen will exercise some control in this production, however. Simon, according to sources, has "significantly rewritten" his original script to make the main characters younger.

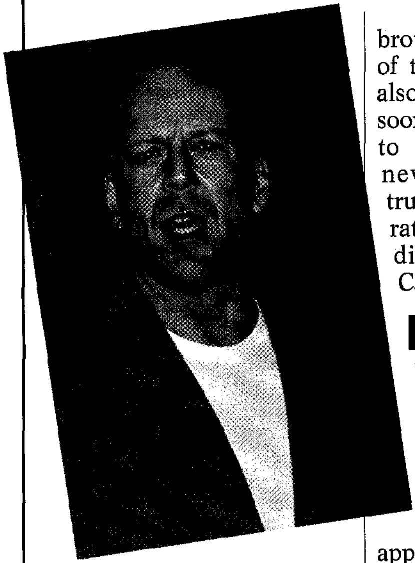
**Dee Dee Myers, overemployed**

## DEE DEE'S LIFE AFTER BILL

**Dee Dee Myers** seems to be in more demand than her former boss. Bill Clinton's newly ex–press secretary's suitors include **Mary Matalin, Harvey Weinstein,** and **Graydon Carter.** Sources say Carter is wooing her to become *Vanity Fair's* arranger in Washington. Myers has also been talked about as a candidate to co-host—for a presidential $200,000 a year—CNBC's *Equal Time* with Matalin (who says she would *love* to work with her friend Myers). Miramax and the

Photographs: top, Chris Brown/Saba; center, Martin Simon/Saba
bottom, Steve Sands/Outline.

brothers Weinstein—masters of the spin themselves—may also be tendering an offer soon, perhaps enlisting Myers to aid the film company's never-ending battles for truth, justice, and no NC-17 ratings. For now, Myers is diligently vacationing in California and Paris.

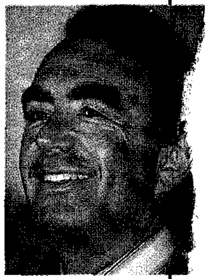


**Bruce Willis:**
**no regrets**

## BRUCE WILLIS, INVISIBLE SUPERSTAR

Either **Bruce Willis** doesn't enjoy playing second banana—something not apparent with his supporting role in *Pulp Fiction*—or he just doesn't like to be identified by name in **Robert Benton** films. In director Benton's latest movie, *Nobody's Fool,* Willis plays **Paul Newman's** arrogant boss—a pivotal but second-tier role for which he isn't included in the credits or advertisements. "From the start, Bruce insisted on not being mentioned," says Benton. "I'm not sure why. He is a friend of mine, and that's why he agreed to do the film. But he did the same thing with *Billy Bathgate."* In *Bathgate,* also directed by Benton, Willis's shyness proved to be a shrewd distancing measure from a financial and critical disaster; *Nobody's Fool,* however, is almost certain to earn several Oscar nominations and, many predict, a second Best Actor Oscar for Newman. Does Willis—whose choices of starring roles are notoriously bad—regret his decision? A source close to him says, "Bruce could have Paramount put him in the advertising right now, and he hasn't."

## MR. SHAPIRO WILL BE WITH YOU...SOON



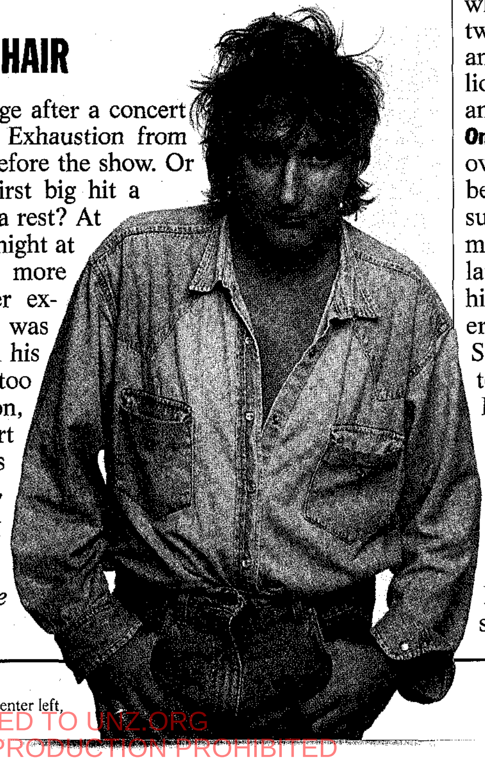
Ethan Dubrow, **Robert Shapiro's** *other* Hollywood homicide suspect, is watching the O. J. Simpson case very carefully. A few weeks before the Simpson murders, Shapiro signed on to defend Dubrow, the 27-year-old stepson of director **John McTiernan** (*Die Hard, Last Action Hero, Predator*). Dubrow is charged with the involuntary manslaughter of Adam Scott, 27, the son of Pasadena City College president Jack Scott. According to police, Dubrow shot Scott in the face while showing him his gun collection during a party more than a year ago. Dubrow first hired **Leslie Abramson,** the Menendez attorney, but she backed out and Shapiro came onboard. Dubrow is out on $25,000 bail and has spent most of the intervening months working as a production assistant on McTiernan's *Die Hard 3* here in New York. Los Angeles deputy district attorney Patrick Dixon explained that since in-custody defendants (like Simpson) have priority for a speedy trial, Dubrow "has to wait in line." Last Friday, Dixon appeared at a pretrial hearing, but Shapiro was taking an O.J. break in Maui and sent a sub. "I don't think we're high on his priority list," Dixon says. The next hearing is set for February 4.

**Jacqueline Onassis,**
**legal jackpot**

## THE JACKIE ONASSIS ATTORNEY TRIFECTA

**Alexander D. Forger** recently retired from Milbank, Tweed after 44 years, but not before making some final rain for his blue-chip law firm. Forger, who was already set to get two fees, as both executor and trustee to the $200 million estate of his old friend and client **Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis,** decided to hire his own firm to handle the estate before Onassis died. Though such a choice is not uncommon in large estates, it translated into a third, hefty fee. In his own billing defense, Forger—now president of Legal Services Corp. in Washington—wrote to Onassis last March: "In the strict sense, this is not double compensation, but rather compensation for functions performed in different capacities." Finally, Forger also was left a copy of John Kennedy's inaugural address signed by poet Robert Frost.

## AND HE STILL HAS HIS OWN HAIR



Last weekend in Rio, **Rod Stewart** collapsed backstage after a concert and had to be given oxygen. The official cause? Exhaustion from playing too much soccer and eating a heavy meal before the show. Or could it be because the rock star, who had his first big hit a quarter-century ago, is about to turn 50 and needs a rest? At his private "surprise" 50th-birthday party Saturday night at Tatou in Beverly Hills, Stewart's guests leaned more toward family than famous. Even though neither ex-girlfriend Kelly Emberg nor ex-wife Alana Stewart was invited, Rod and Alana's two kids were, along with his two brothers and sister. (His 87-year-old mom was too frail to travel from North London.) The invitation, hastily sent out, read: "**Rachel Hunter** and Rod Stewart will be celebrating their combined 75 years. (She's 50 and he's 25.) Please join them." At press time, "surprise" guests were to include Elton John and Bernie Taupin, Sean Penn, Kiefer Sutherland, and Patti Smythe—but no Rolling Stones, who were invited but are making yet another *Voodoo Lounge* video, this time in Mexico.

Photographs: top left, Gerardo Somoza/Outline; top right, Dan Groshong/Sygma; center left, Cliff Lipson/Retna; bottom, Neal Preston/Outline.

# GOTHAM

conglomerate of speeding energies—Susan Sontag

## THE FRONT PAGE

# The New Year's Math

"If one police officer's life is saved, if one less child is caught in a crossfire, if one fewer cabdriver or shopkeeper is killed in a robbery," George Pataki declared, "then the death penalty will have proven itself worthwhile." Twelve thousand people cheered.

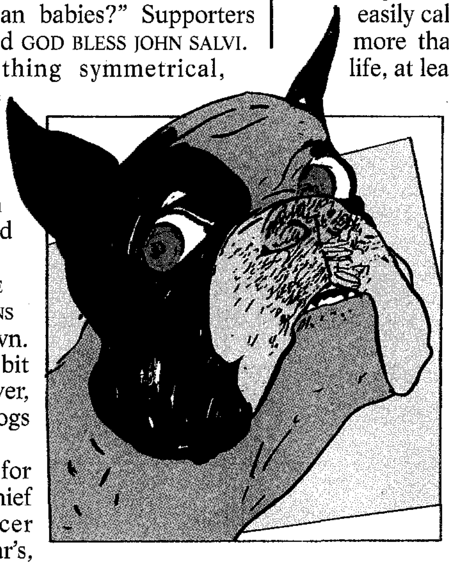
"Thank you for what you did," the Reverend Donald Spitz yelled into a megaphone aimed at the Norfolk, Virginia, jail holding John Salvi, accused of killing two abortion-clinic employees in a weekend shooting spree. "Why is the life of a receptionist worth more than the lives of 50 innocent human babies?" Supporters held up signs that read GOD BLESS JOHN SALVI.

There was something symmetrical, almost elegant, in the mathematical precision behind the rhetoric of New Year's Day, which can be informally expressed by the equations

$$50 \text{ UNBORN} > 1 \text{ LIFE}$$

$$1 \text{ LIFE} \geq x \text{ EXECUTIONS}$$

where $x$ is an unknown. The math becomes a bit more complex, however, when you throw dogs into the calculations.



"It's a historic day for us," the ASPCA's chief administrative officer also said on New Year's, celebrating the end of the society's contract as the city's official stray-pet executioner. "Doing animal control in the city of New York has sapped our emotional and financial resources." The ASPCA had been getting nearly $5 million from the city to kill 40,000 strays; therefore,

$$40{,}000 \text{ DOGS AND CATS} \geq \$4.9 \text{ MILLION}$$

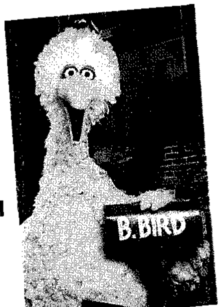
The following day, the New York *Post* carried a story about Rosie, a collie-shepherd mix who had saved a Long Island family of nine by awakening his owner when the house became filled with carbon monoxide. Or,

$$1 \text{ DOG} = 9 \text{ LIVES}$$

Some might want to quibble over whether all dogs are worth nine lives based on the performance of a single dog (and others might want to extrapolate that a cat, having nine lives itself, must then be worth 81 human lives, but they'd first have to prove that any cat had ever saved a single life). But putting those arguments aside for a moment, one can easily calculate that a dog's life is worth more than $122.50 and that a human life, at least in the first few days of 1995, was worth somewhere in the vicinity of $13.61.

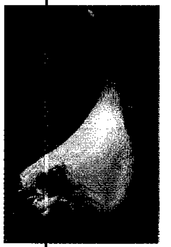
And in fact, as the week progressed, the media seemed to be allotting space in accordance to this formula. The *Post's* DOG SAVES FAMILY FROM LETHAL GAS took up 24 column inches on the same page as the six-column-inch story ASSEMBLYMAN DEL TORO DEAD AT 47. The following day in New York *Newsday,* FIDO FRIENDS FEAR FUTURE—about a group protesting the organization the city created to kill stray pets from now on—took up 44 column inches, leaving nine inches at the bottom of the page for MURDERED FOR A PITTANCE. A story in the *Daily News* that day, COP COUPLE HELD IN ABUSE OF TOT (a police officer was suspected of fracturing his cop-girlfriend's 23-month-old daughter's head, arm, and thumb) did get more space than POOCH'S SAD FATE PUTS COP IN ACTION (a lovable stray beagle was adopted by a Manhattan precinct only to be secretly turned over by some dog-hating cops to the ASPCA, which destroyed it as one of its final official acts). But in only one of the two bad-cop stories was it noted that Police Commissioner William Bratton had ordered an internal probe.

"The poor dog," a police spokeswoman said.



**FINAL TALLY** From the just-compiled list of write-in votes for governor: Colin Moore, 4,089; LaVerne Williams, 330; Al Sharpton, 246; Howard Stern, 69; Jack Kemp, 20; Colin Powell, 15; *Sesame Street,* 13; David Dinkins, 6; Ed Koch, 5; Ross Perot, 3; Colin Ferguson, 3; Rush Limbaugh, 2; Rudy Giuliani, 2; Bill Bradley, 1; Marshall McLuhan, 1; Barry Goldwater, 1; Terry Anderson, 1; Kilgore Trout, 1; Abe Hirschfeld, 1; Gore Vidal, 1; Ann Richards, 1; Paul Tsongas, 1; Hillary Clinton, 1; Jesse Jackson, 1; Dolly Parton, 1; Geraldine Ferraro, 1; Shriver/Schwarzenegger, 1.

**UNFREE PARKING** United Parcel Service has the highest parking-ticket bill from the Department of Motor Vehicles. In Manhattan alone, UPS trucks collect about 1,500 tickets a week, adding up to $1.5 million to $2 million annually. NYNEX gets about 225 a week—or $375,000 a year. Con Ed employees, who have to pay for the tickets themselves, get a total of only about 25 a week.



**A CLOVE A DAY KEEPS EVERYONE AWAY** The Garlic Information Center opens this week at the New York Hospital–Cornell University Medical Center, offering a free garlic hot line and literature on the health benefits of adding garlic to your diet. A sponsor: Wakunaga of America, makers of Kyolic garlic pills. "We are not an extension of their advertising," says Dr. Richard Rivlin, the center's co-director. "Our job is to seek new roles for garlic."

Photographs: top, Richard Termine/CTW; center, Eddie Adams/Sygma; bottom, Dan Templeton/Still Life Stock; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

**SHOT**

## Take His Wife . . . *Please!*

Joey Adams, the New York *Post*'s in-house joke writer, cuddles with Henny Youngman at Joey's 84th-birthday roast at the Friars Club last Thursday.

**Culture**

## TOWARD A BETTER DEATH

HEARING THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE CHEER when Governor George Pataki called for resumption of the death penalty in his inaugural address, Norman Siegel, head of the New York Civil Liberties Union, told the New York *Times,* "I had this eerie feeling in the pit of my stomach that people were celebrating death."

We are. We've made an unlikely celebrity out of eccentric death-gadget inventor Dr. Jack Kevorkian. Next week at the New York Public Library, we'll be honoring this year's National Book Award winners, among them Dr. Sherwin B. Nuland, author of *How We Die (*now available in paperback). Every week we watch *ER,* the most death-packed show on television.

Yet when you ask the death experts, they say, on the whole, life is better. "Every old person that you see on the street should not be a cause of lamentation but a cause of celebration," says Leonard Hayflick, author of the new book *How and Why We Age.* Old folks represent the "triumph of modern biomedical science," Hayflick explains, urging the doubtful to acquaint themselves with "the fundamental biology of aging" instead of indulging in the sort of "grannyology" that regularly tops the best-seller lists. "You know, if there was a God, my book would be on the best-seller list too," he says ruefully, "but it ain't going to be. There's no God."

The perfect conclusion to a "successful" old age, Hayflick says, is a "successful death." That would be one "where you have lived to what we think is a maximum life span—let's say about 100—with full retention of your cognitive and physical abilities, and then drop dead at the stroke of midnight." And how might this be arranged? "It ain't easy," he concedes.

Dr. Muriel Gillick, author of *Choosing Medical Care in Old Age: What Kind, How Much, When to Stop,* advises that "just because you're a little forgetful doesn't mean it's curtains," and having "many organs that are on the blink" isn't "an indication for shooting yourself."

Even billionaire investor George Soros has attacked the suicide fad, recently giving $15 million to create the Project on Death in America, with headquarters at the Soros Foundation in Manhattan. The Project's mission is to "change the culture of death," says the Brookdale Professor of Geriatrics at Mount Sinai, Robert N. Butler, one of eight experts who will guide the Project's activities. Butler, author of the Pulitzer Prize–winning *Why Survive? Being Old in America,* says the project hopes to create "a responsible and effective protocol" for the dying.

"The public is not aware that we really can control most pain and discomforts"—around 98 or 99 percent, he estimates. It is also true, however, that not all U.S. doctors are willing or able to provide this service—a situation Butler blames for the current vogue of euthanasia. Butler says the Project intends "to bring some reason and rationality to this somewhat hysteric process that is going on in this country." JESSICA MARSHALL

**Transportation**

## THE $1,725 CAB RIDE

At 2:30 A.M. New Year's morning, Kelvin Joyner, a 28-year-old waiter, having finished his shift at a Chelsea restaurant, hailed a cab at Second Avenue and 16th Street. The following is a violation-by-violation description of what happened next, based on Taxi and Limousine Commission regulations.

Joyner approached a taxi at a red light. He noticed a woman riding in the front seat on the passenger side.

*#2-52d Operating a cab for personal use without illuminating the off-duty sign, $25 fine.*

Joyner reached for the door handle but was unable to open it.

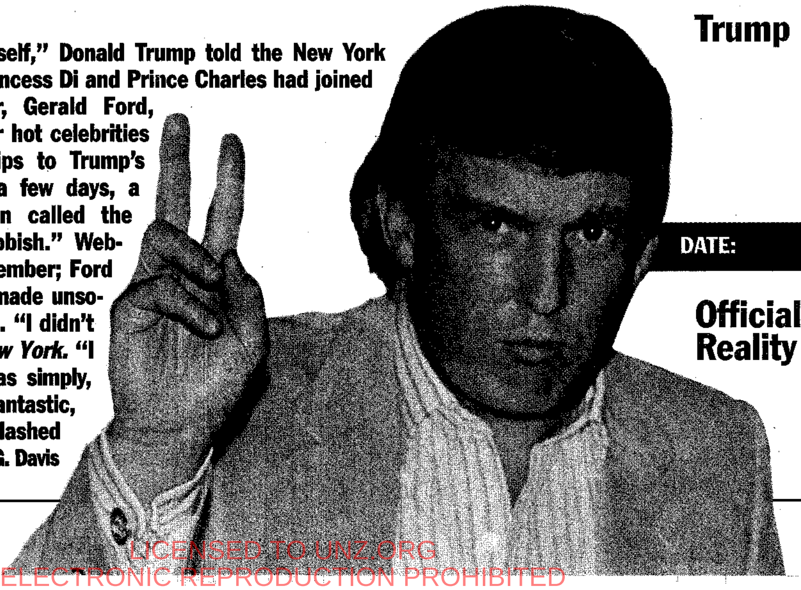
*#2-25e Driving with the on-duty light lit and rear doors locked, $50-to-$250 fine and/or suspension of license for up to 30 days.*

The driver, described as a dark-

**HYPE**

## Trump World

**"I handled the applications myself," Donald Trump told the New York *Times* recently, boasting that Princess Di and Prince Charles had joined the ranks of Henry Kissinger, Gerald Ford, Andrew Lloyd Webber, and other hot celebrities by buying $50,000 memberships to Trump's new Mar-a-Lago Club. Within a few days, a Buckingham Palace spokesman called the report "complete and utter rubbish." Webber's people denied he was a member; Ford and Kissinger both said Trump made unsolicited offers of free membership. "I didn't say they signed," Trump told *New York.* "I said they were members." It was simply, then, another case in which the fantastic, rarefied world of Donald Trump clashed with the known universe. Ruth G. Davis**



**Trump** *Princess Diana is negotiating to buy a $3.5 million apartment in Trump Tower, says "a source close to the deal."*

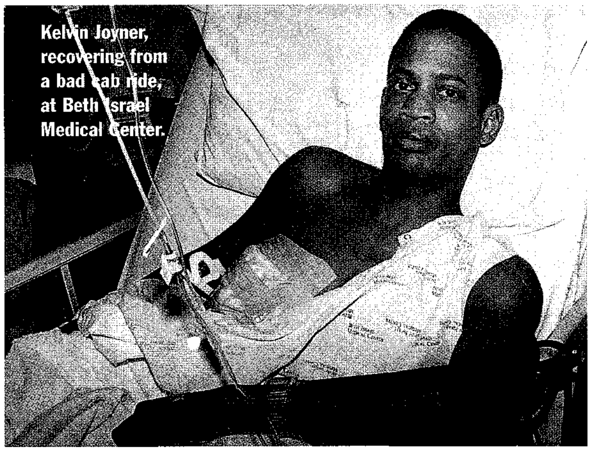
**DATE: October 1994**

**Official Reality** *"The princess is not set to buy an apartment in the United States or elsewhere," a Palace spokesman said.*

skinned man in his late thirties with curly black hair and a thin mustache, asked Joyner where he was going.

*#2-50a Asking the passenger's destination before the passenger is seated in the cab, $200.*

Joyner responded that he was going to an address on the Lower East Side. The taxi sped off with Joyner still gripping the door.


Kelvin Joyner, recovering from a bad cab ride, at Beth Israel Medical Center.

*#2-50b Refusing to take a customer to any section of the city, $200 for the first offense.*

*#2-21a Reckless driving that endangers other vehicles, pedestrians, or passengers, $50-to-$350 fine and/or suspension for up to 30 days and revocation of the license if the driver has been found guilty of this violation three times in the previous twelve months.*

Joyner, his hand caught in the door, was dragged along the concrete pavement for an entire block.

*#2-21c Failing to stop after causing injury to a person or vehicle, same penalties as reckless driving.*

*#2-60b Using physical force against a passenger, $100-to-$350 fine and/or up-to-30-day suspension.*

*#2-21d Neglecting to report an accident to the owner of the vehicle: $50-to-$350 fine and/or up-to-30-day suspension.*

*#2-60a Threatening, harassing, or abusing a passenger; ditto.*

When the taxi stopped at another red light, Joyner wrestled free. He was taken to the Beth Israel Medical Center with five fractured ribs, a bruised liver, a bruised right lung, blood in the lungs, and friction burns on his left palm and knee.

There were 12,000 official complaints phoned in against taxi drivers in 1994, including some 230 for physical abuse, 300 for rudeness, 630 for overcharging, 950 for abusive behavior, 1,100 for refusals, and 1,610 for traffic infractions. TLC chairman Fidel F. Del Valle says that what happened to Joyner wasn't the worst—"*far* worse things have happened"—but it was plenty bad.

"I don't know what the taxi driver will say when and if he gets caught," Del Valle says. "It's creepy." PEARL DUNCAN

### Crime

## THE PEOPLE COLLECTORS

ROTIMI AKINMOLA COLLECTED PEOPLE THE way some people collect trading cards, according to police. When the NYPD's special fraud squad searched the 35-year-old Nigerian's mailbox in a Queens print shop last year, it found dozens of people inside, in the form of their driver's licenses, their Visa cards, their money-market statements. In his 27 years on the force, Detective Vincent Bowes had never seen anything like it. "This guy had enough false I.D. to create his own baseball team."

Although Akinmola was arrested on state charges of grand larceny and credit-card fraud, he was the target of a larger investigation, one that has been quietly going on since 1986 under the direction of a little-known federal task force with offices tucked away in the Secret Service's office in the World Trade Center. The West African Task Force, formed specifically to combat credit-card and financial fraud committed by West Africans, is a cooperative of Secret Service agents, postal inspectors, local police—and even security officials from credit-card companies, which lose an estimated $1 billion a year from fraud.

"We don't know what percentage of that can be directly attributed to West Africans," says Ronald Sira, assistant to the Secret Service agent in charge of the New York division of the WATF, "but they certainly are major players."

According to Sira and others, the Nigerians are well educated, highly organized, and, perhaps most important, not prone to the sort of internecine jealousy and bloodshed that tend to divert other criminal gangs from the task at hand. The Nigerians, in fact, exhibit levels of collegiality rarely seen in any American enterprise. On more than one occasion, members of a gang in New York, having gone over the limit on a fake card, FedExed the card to confederates in Europe, where it could be used for at least another few days.

The West Africans do not steal cards; they steal identities. In a recent New Jersey case, for example, a group of Nigerians were arrested at an automobile dealership, where they allegedly bought Social Security numbers and credit reports of customers from crooked employees. Once armed with that information, they would apply for new credit cards at different addresses—or simply call existing credit-card companies with changes of address. The ability to get cash advances on credit cards has made the business even more lucrative. Rather than fence stolen goods at a

| July 1994 | October 1993 | June 1991 | June 1990 | February 1989 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *"It is my intent to take the actions necessary to restore the Empire State Building to its rightful position as a world-class real estate asset. I intend to make my position worth a fortune."—Trump, in a press release entitled* TRUMP BUYS EMPIRE STATE BUILDING | *"Organized crime is rampant on Indian reservations . . . and if it continues, it will be the biggest scandal ever."—Trump, before a congressional panel on casino regulation* | *"Her name is Carla Bruni Fredesh. I don't know how to spell the last name. She dropped [a major rock star, who is married] for Donald. And that's where it stands," Trump spokesman John Miller tells the media after one of Trump's breakups with Marla Maples.* | *Trump tells his pilot the reason he wants to sell his Boeing 727 jet with 24-karat-gold seat-belt buckles is that he doesn't use it enough.* | *"Yes, Allison called for a date. We spoke, no question about it, and I wasn't interested."—Trump, on advances made by Allison Stern, Hartz Mountain magnate Leonard Stern's wife* |
| *Trump buys a 50 percent stake in any* appreciation *of the building, which is extremely unlikely because of a long-term lease.* | *The FBI and other law-enforcement agencies say there was no evidence that organized crime had infiltrated Indian casinos.* | *"Trump is obviously a lunatic. It's all untrue," Carla Bruni responds. "I've only met him once." Also, "John Miller" turns out to be Donald Trump.* | *More than 70 banks owed by Trump force a deal whereby he liquidates his biggest toys, including the jet.* | *Trump's claim is "the product of a juvenile mind."—Allison Stern* |

Photographs: top left, Patrick McMullan; bottom left, Lannis Waters/Palm Beach *Post*/Sygma; right, Tamara Beckwith/New York *Post*.

substantial discount, the thieves simply go to ATMs at 11:59 P.M. and withdraw the daily limit, usually $500; they wait two minutes, then withdraw the next day's limit.

In the past few years, the West Africans have developed a few new tricks, according to Sira. One scam, for example, is to have an insider at a company reroute a check meant for one of its vendors, which is then used to open a mutual-fund money-market account. Within a week, the fund begins mailing checks to the address of the account; then the scam artists make the checks payable to different identities with checking accounts in different banks. A week later, once those checks have cleared, they begin withdrawing the money in small amounts, so as not to arouse suspicion. Unfortunately, when Akinmola and his crew tried this scam, the suspicion of one bank teller was aroused, police were alerted, and Akinmola was arrested.

Despite this kind of occasional setback, the Nigerians have become pretty cocky. "They think there are two types of people," Bowes says, "those who have been scammed and those about to be scammed." They also know that because they keep their individual scores relatively small and do not engage in violence, they are not a high-priority prosecution in most federal districts. Task-force members express exasperation that their cases often result in suspended sentences or, particularly irksome, mere deportations. Secret Service agent Martin Walsh recalls a case in which a Nigerian who had been arrested and deported was back in the states with a student visa before Walsh could finish the paperwork.

Flush with cash, the West Africans have "taken a dark and ominous turn," Sira says. Last year, a Nigerian woman was arrested at JFK airport after a Customs agent noticed that the baby she was cradling in her arms wasn't moving or making any sound. The woman was carrying a dead newborn whose tiny body had been eviscerated and stuffed with heroin. JOHN CONNOLLY

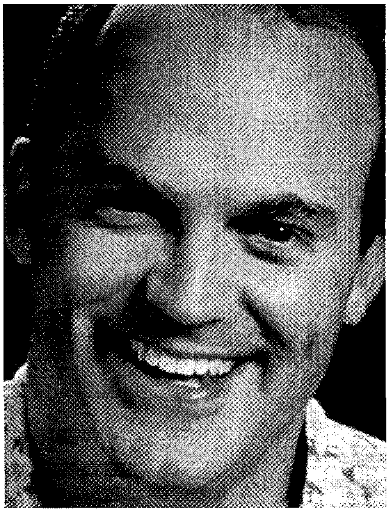
**TELEVISION**

# Young, Gifted, and a Jerk

Tad Low pitches: "There would be a guy at this Hollywood party, and the guy in the chair back at the studio would say *Go find Mel Gibson; ask him about the* Lethal Weapon *movies. How many times does he have to eat that cereal?* Mel might say, *I only like Franken Berry,* and you would have this other guy in some supermarket in New York go find Franken Berry."

It's *interactive,* lots of monitors, and, well, okay, so maybe Mel doesn't eat cereal in *Lethal Weapon 1, 2,* or *3*—"I just made that up"—but it's just one idea, and Low has three more he'll be pitching at former NBC president Brandon Tartikoff in a couple of days. There's also the combo game-talk show—"With Letterman, there's no need to stay up till the end"—and so much more, an impressive spiel from a guy who was fired twice from Tartikoff's last show, once just a week ago.

Low, 28, a former reporter for *MTV News* (he was fired), played to the Gen-X junk-culture demographic on *Last Call,* Tartikoff's sputtering late-late-night news-riff program. Bouncing around the city in black suede Pumas, the moon-faced late-model eighth-grader specialized in the jerk interview, toying with clued-out subjects like puppeteer Shari Lewis, asking Paula Jones about the president's genitals, talking stalkers with Patty Hearst. This is the kind of thing that presumably will now be supplied by the new *Last Call* correspondent, Howard Stern acolyte Stuttering John Melendez.



For Tad, it was a strange, not entirely rewarding fifteen weeks:

"A merry mischief-maker whose Yale degree calls our entire educational system into question."
—James Wolcott, *The New Yorker*

"The biggest idiot on TV."
—*Entertainment Weekly*

"He got made to look like the dumb asshole because he would say, *Who cares about Haiti? Let's talk about Wendy's,*" says a former colleague, apparently in Low's defense. Terry McDonell, the *Sports Afield* editor who also just left the show (and whom Tad calls "Dad"), is more effusive: "Some of Tad's ideas were extremely sophisticated. When you bring out dancing girls that have letters that spell out S-W-E-E-P-S on their bikinis, is that self-referential irony or is it tits and ass?" And Tartikoff himself says, "I expect he will do great things. He is one of the great original minds I have seen in my twenty years in the television business."

Low doesn't disagree.

"I even said to Brandon, 'Give the show to me. This could be the original *Saturday Night Live.* This could be the old *New Yorker.*' [But] that was a vote of complete no-confidence to the leadership at the time, so they canned me."

Tad pleaded his way back onto the show, writing a memo to the producers promising "40 percent less venom." The memo still hangs in the *Last Call* office.

"It's not important for me to be on the air," Low says now. "I've almost gotten that out of my blood with the last show."

For a moment, he sounds a bit reflective. But somewhere in his mind or in the cosmos, a button is pushed, and Tad Low flickers on.

"We're coming up on the millennium, after all. TV has stagnated. It needs to take a major jump forward."

He pauses.

"What's the Roman numeral for 2,000? That would make a great title for a show." ALEX WILLIAMS

**Art**

# SOHO'S ANTI-BOHEMIANISM

"THERE ARE ABOUT SIX OF THEM HERE right now," says Michael Ingbar, standing in the loft overlooking his Broadway gallery, where a reception for *Cast Iron SoHo,* a benefit for the SoHo Partnership, is in full swing. Three openings ago, one came in and "had dinner," Ingbar says. "I was serving pistachios." At the opening after that, there were three, all drunk and singing songs, and at the last opening, two who looked like Hell's Angels got

Photographs: opposite top, Underwood Photo Archives; opposite bottom, Steve Wisbauer.

drunk and carried on.

It's not clear who coined it or when the expression *gallery bum* started turning up in gallery-circuit lingo, but lately it has been used with much more regularity to describe a breed of art appreciator who seems to turn up only for those openings that feature free food and liquor.

In less than an hour, Ingbar has asked one such "gallery bum" to leave the reception. "He looked like he was on drugs, asking questions that were nonsensical. I said, 'Are you on our mailing list? This is by invitation.' "

Moments later, he finds more unwelcome regulars. "Those guys, there, are having dinner." In their midst stands a seventyish gentleman with white hair and a handlebar mustache. He's carrying a cane and wearing a pocket handkerchief in his suit—the same suit he wore to a reception the night before. He's known variously as "Dr. Elias" and "the Pincher" because of his penchant for pretty young women.

"I don't mind if they're homeless, if they're Hell's Angels," Ingbar sighs. "But they have to have respect for my space."

Other owners are familiar with the gallery bums' grazing patterns. At a recent reception at Condeso/Lawler, Sue Lawler pointed out an older woman in pigtails, dressed in lavender. "I saw her fill four platefuls of food," she explains. "I really feel sorry for her. I consider that woman homeless. I think she's trying to survive."

"I think they're really just into hanging out in SoHo and drinking and enjoying watching the people," muses Karin Bravin of Bravin Post Lee. "My feeling is that they probably are artists and maybe a little disillusioned with the art world, but enjoy the scene."

"Sometimes these people are very colorful," Muldoon Elder, owner of Vorpal Gallery, says sympathetically. "Then again, they kind of get in the way when the purpose of the opening is to find people genuinely interested in at least looking at the art and not just eating your food and coming on to the pretty girls."

At one recent opening, two regulars, believed to be artists, stationed themselves at the bar without even pretending to look at the sculptures by John Pai. One, a young Russian, wore square, nerdy glasses and a black leather jacket painted with white motifs. His partner, in a fedora and a fifties overcoat, quickly downed three glasses of white wine. He pointed to a bottle of red wine. The bartender refused. Scowling, the man threw the plastic glass at him. They stared at each other, and the other patrons edged back from the bar. Finally, the man turned away.

Many gallery owners are running out of patience. Ingbar, Lawler, and Lewin have stopped advertising their receptions in *Art Now Gallery Guide*, the free monthly listing of shows, and Bravin Post Lee has stopped serving drinks. "We used to serve alcohol," says Bravin, "which made it a little bit worse because they didn't leave." "We serve nothing," says Bruce Lewin, owner of Bruce R. Lewin Gallery. "It attracts the flies—quote unquote."

Back at Ingbar's, another opening has started at a gallery down the hall; the regulars are working both. Some stand in the hallway, drinking beers from Ingbar's, before moving to the spread next door, which includes six kinds of cheese, pepperoni, and crackers.

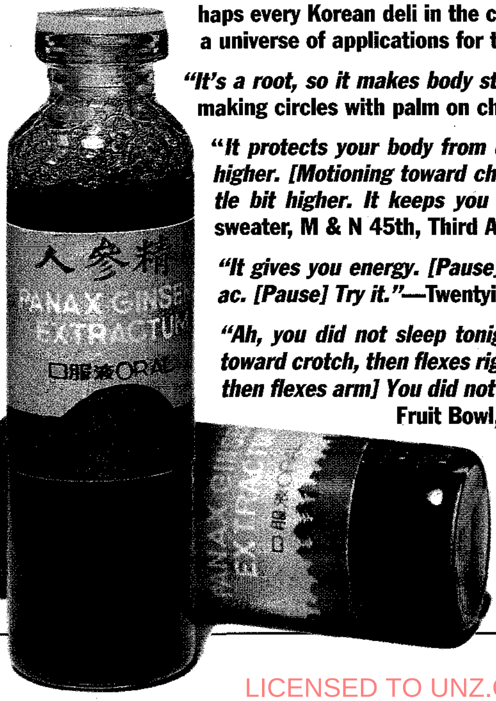
"What are you going to do?" sighs the owner. "It's charity. Just give 'em a cracker, and send them on their way."

JOANNE FURIO

### HEALTH

## Mysteries of the Corner Deli

**You don't have to be an Avenue A homeopathist to wonder about the medicinal, if not magical, properties contained in those darkly alluring vials of PANAX GINSENG EXTRACTUM found near the register of perhaps every Korean deli in the city. A survey of New York's apron-clad sorcerers finds a universe of applications for the bittersweet, potable Chinese potion:**



***"It's a root, so it makes body stronger. Good for circulation."*—Middle-aged woman, making circles with palm on chest, the Deli Inn, Third Avenue**

***"It protects your body from disease, from colds. It keeps you running a little bit higher. [Motioning toward chest] Your body is at the same temperature, but a little bit higher. It keeps you healthy."*—Young woman with fashionable bob and sweater, M & N 45th, Third Avenue**

***"It gives you energy. [Pause] It's a stimulant. [Pause] It's basically an aphrodisiac. [Pause] Try it."*—Twentyish woman, Development Grocery & Deli, Third Avenue**

***"Ah, you did not sleep tonight. [Points below belt] Makes you strong. [Motions toward crotch, then flexes right biceps] Makes you strong. [Motions toward crotch, then flexes arm] You did not sleep."*—Thirtyish man in pinkish double-knit slacks, Fruit Bowl, First Avenue**

***"It's a vitamin. [Shrugs] Like any vitamin, it gives you stamina. Some people say it will . . . will do something for you. [Shrugs, waves dismissively] Nah.*—Twenty-fiveish man, tan cardigan, Green Gardens Deli, Second Avenue**

**A.W.**

THE CITY POLITIC ERIC POOLEY

# Bully for George

*Pataki is eager to channel the spirit of Theodore Roosevelt. But can he work up any of Teddy's bluster, passion, or heart?*

Pataki (with his wife, Libby) takes the oath of office.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT MUST BE George Pataki's psychic friend—a toothy apparition whispering advice in his ear. I say this not just because Pataki calls Roosevelt his political idol and named one of his sons after him, or because he brought a copy of Edmund Morris's Roosevelt biography with him when he moved into the Governor's Mansion. Or even because he had a portrait of T.R. hung above the living-room fireplace (supplanting Mario Cuomo's favorite, F.D.R.) and stood beneath it as he took the oath of office.

It's more than that. Pataki is starting to sound like Roosevelt, copping his best licks, such as they are, from the Teddy songbook. In his inaugural address, while failing at many rhetorical modes (Cuomo-like evocations of the people; strained attempts to link himself to the American Revolutionary tradition), he seemed comfortable with just one approach, a bloodless version of Roosevelt's aphoristic style—T.R.'s words drained of their tub-thumping passion, the way they feel when set down, say, in Edmund Morris's biography. Teddy without the bluster or the heart.

"When government accepts responsibility for people," Pataki said, "then people no longer take responsibility for themselves." Fair enough—and fairly close to Roosevelt's dictum that "any man may slip and should at once be helped to rise to his feet, yet no man can be carried with advantage either to him or to the community." In his repeated calls for self-reliance and responsibility, Pataki could have been reading from any number of T.R. speeches—but what was stirring in Roosevelt's time is awfully simplistic today. New York's thirty-third and fifty-third governors, elected 96 years apart, seem of a piece. One day, however, they may be remembered as bookends—the beginning and end of a century-long ideal: that government is obliged to intervene to improve the lives of its least fortunate members.

That quaint notion took hold of society during the Roosevelt era, and it may die during Pataki's, as Republican caps on federal welfare spending and an interstate competition to slash benefits roll home on a tide of blame-the-poor rhetoric. Thus a long-overdue, desperately needed opportunity to rethink the welfare system threatens to become a thoughtless dismantling of that system, no matter what the consequences.

Where Roosevelt was a proto-activist, Pataki believes our problems "are not of the people's making, but of the government's." Roosevelt helped lead America into the progressive era—government curbing monopolies, regulating foods and drugs, passing child-labor laws, clearing slums. In fact, Roosevelt's reformist experience—fitful and failed as it was—holds some unwelcome lessons for Pataki.

Roosevelt wanted to improve conditions for the teeming masses, and he's still getting hammered for it. In a history of New York poor-bashing published in last week's *Village Voice,* social critic Robert Fitch derided him for shutting down, as police commissioner, the Police Department's "lodging houses," where tens of thousands of homeless poor were sheltered a century ago. In his zeal to portray Roosevelt as an agent of the city's real-estate interests, however, Fitch chose not to mention that the man who persuaded Roosevelt to close these airless, hated places was the social reformer Jacob Riis.

A Danish émigré who became New York's foremost journalist, sentimentalist, and muckraker (a term Roosevelt coined), Riis produced articles, essays, photographs, and books (notably *How the Other Half Lives,* published in 1890) that forced a sea change in national attitudes toward the poor. As Luc Sante writes in *Low Life,* his Baedeker of the old New York slums, Riis "finally convinced the average reader of newspapers that the poor were not so by choice; that the dangerous and unhygienic conditions in which they lived were imposed, rather than the result of loose moral standards; that the slums were something that needed to be fixed, rather than gaped at or shunned."

Among the converted was Roosevelt. "I have read your book, and I have come to help," he told Riis, who led him on midnight tours because "Roosevelt wanted to know the city by night," as Riis later wrote. "One might hear of overcrowding in tenements for years and not grasp the subject as he could by a single midnight inspection." Riis's work led to the demolition of Mulberry Bend and other notorious downtown slums, and contributed to Roosevelt's sense of noblesse oblige and his aversion to the "malefactors of great wealth" whose trusts he later busted.

Then as now, it was easier to diagnose than to cure. Razing slums merely displaced the poor; shuttering the lodging houses didn't offer a better alternative. At one point, Roosevelt was asked if he had pity for the poor. He replied that it was "poor pity for the tramp to enable him to go on tramping." But he hadn't stopped anyone from tramping. Soon enough, the city had to open a "floating lodge" on an East River barge, and later the Municipal Lodging House, which championed a crude form of workfare—five hours of daily labor in exchange for room and board. A century later, we're back to the same idea.

Photographs: top, AP/Wide World Photos; bottom, the Granger Collection.

Roosevelt didn't solve anything, but he was a witness to reality in a way that Pataki (not to mention Newt) has never been. The new governor won't be making any midnight slum tours; he didn't even mention New York City in his State of the State address. In fact, his approach to welfare reform has been marked by an absence of hard-eyed realism. He hired Westchester social-services commissioner Mary Glass to fix the state program (she says she'll do it in 90 days, then go home), but Westchester has been better at shucking people from the rolls (60 percent of the home-relief population) than at getting them into workfare (just 15 percent).

One hopes Teddy Roosevelt will start channeling to Pataki about that, but it isn't the toughest lesson Pataki has to learn. He needs a refresher on the slaying of political fathers, and Roosevelt is the man to provide it—because, like Pataki, Governor Roosevelt had to deal with a powerful, bullying senator who happened also to be New York State's Republican boss. Pataki's patron, of course, is Al D'Amato. In Roosevelt's day, the man to see was Senator Thomas Platt, the omnipotent, cadaverous "Easy Boss" who reluctantly delivered the gubernatorial nomination to Roosevelt and, in return, expected to call the shots on patronage and legislation. When Platt announced one of the governor's appointments without consulting the governor, Roosevelt told him "very politely that I was sorry but that I could not appoint his man," Teddy later said. "This produced an explosion."

That kind of explosion is inevitable from D'Amato as well—sooner or later, Pataki will stand up to his boss the way Roosevelt stood up to Platt. Pataki has no doubt memorized the chronology of the Roosevelt-Platt relationship: The harmless compromises Roosevelt used to keep Platt happy. The break between the two when Roosevelt rammed through corporate-tax legislation that Platt had been paid to kill. And Platt's revenge: neutralizing Roosevelt by steering the vice-presidential nomination to Teddy after he'd been governor for just two years. That ploy backfired, of course, when William McKinley was assassinated in 1901 and Roosevelt became president, sending Platt into a permanent rage.

Roosevelt always savored such battles, so he had to be watching closely from that portrait above the mantelpiece as Pataki was sworn into office during a private ceremony at the Governor's Mansion. Afterward, Pataki raised a flute of champagne, proposed a toast—and promptly spilled the stuff all over D'Amato's sleeve. I've got to believe Roosevelt somehow nudged Pataki's arm at the crucial moment. He always did like a good belly laugh.

What are psychic friends for? ▬

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Gynecomastia refers to a condition where the male breast becomes enlarged. As many as one of three males are affected by this embarrassing problem. Gynecomastia develops from a variety of causes, but most often it is just an increase of fatty or glandular tissue due to a subtle imbalance of hormonal metabolism.

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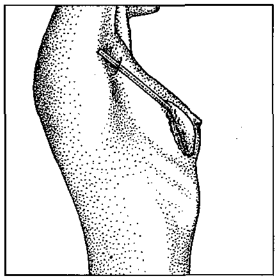
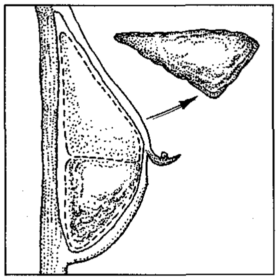
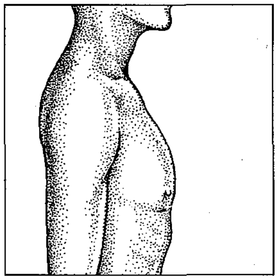


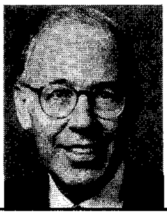
*For a man with an excess accumulation of fatty tissue in the breast area, only liposuction is needed. A special instrument is inserted through a small incision into the fat layer, suction is applied and the fat is removed.*



*A different procedure is used when glandular tissue causes the overdeveloped contour. The unnecessary tissue is removed in sections through a small one-inch incision around the nipple-areolar complex.*



*The results are excellent. The undesirable contour is removed, restoring the normal male breast shape.*



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HOT TYPE SARAH KERSHAW

# Against Pornophobia

*The president of the ACLU and author of 'Defending Pornography' may not know obscenity when she sees it, but she knows what she likes.*

PENN JILLETTE, deconstructionist magician and sleaze enthusiast, took his friend Nadine Strossen, president of the American Civil Liberties Union and pornography defender, on a full-frontal tour of the Naked City, from the Baby Doll Lounge in TriBeCa to Dangerous Curves on the East Side. It was at Show World in Times Square—with its three floors of progressively more explicit sex shows, including a "hot and nasty" lesbian extravaganza—that Jillette turned to the extremely normal-looking Harvard Law School alumna and said, "This is as low as it gets."

"Really?" she responded. *"I love it."*

A few days later, Jillette faxed Strossen his journal entry from the morning after the tour, in which he confessed it had all been a test.

"He had this bet," Strossen says. "One of his friends told him to take me to the grungiest, raunchiest, worst places so that I'd either say, *I hate this stuff; I'm not going to defend it anymore,* or I'd say, *I hate it. I still have to defend it—but I really hate it.*"

Jillette won the bet. Strossen is still fighting for what she prefers to call "sexually arousing speech." Her first book, *Defending Pornography: Free Speech, Sex, and the Fight for Women's Rights,* will be published by Scribners next week; half a scholarly book and half a book that revels in coinages like *sexpression* and *pornophobes,* it will no doubt push the anti-censorship crusader into less entertaining tests.

Strossen's book is a direct response to—and an attack on—Catharine MacKinnon's 1993 book *Only Words,* which argues that pornography is, in effect, rape. MacKinnon believes pornography is abusive to women, that it perpetuates the enslavement of women by catering to male fantasies of domination, that it should be outlawed. Strossen counters that censoring pornography would give the government license to ban all speech.

"The reason why free speech is so appealing as emblematic of all rights is that it really is the bedrock of organizing and advocacy and activism on behalf of any other right," Strossen says. "It is the fundamental beginning."

SITTING IN HER SUNNY OFFICE AT NEW YORK Law School in TriBeCa one recent afternoon, Strossen wears black velvet shorts, black leather boots that rise to her knees, patterned black stockings, and a black silk blouse. On each wrist is a thick silver bracelet, and around her neck is a long necklace made of shiny silver balls.

This is a woman who graduated in the top 5 percent of her law class at Harvard and joined the New York Law School faculty in 1988.

Her buoyant face is framed by curly auburn hair. Her sparkly aqua-blue eyes are hidden behind large brown sunglasses—wearing sunglasses in her office is preferable to pulling down the shade, she says. The only sign that her handsomeness requires any sort of effort is a box of Miss Clairol Maximum Gray Coverage tossed on the floor in a corner.

This is a woman who was elected the first female president of the ACLU in 1991—the youngest person ever to hold the job—after serving on its board of directors for eight years.

None of this apparent contradiction is an accident. Every choice the 44-year-old Strossen makes—from her velvet shorts to her decision not to have children to that very casually discarded Miss Clairol box—is intended to prove something. She's not merely on a mission to rid the world of censors and official prudes. This is personal.

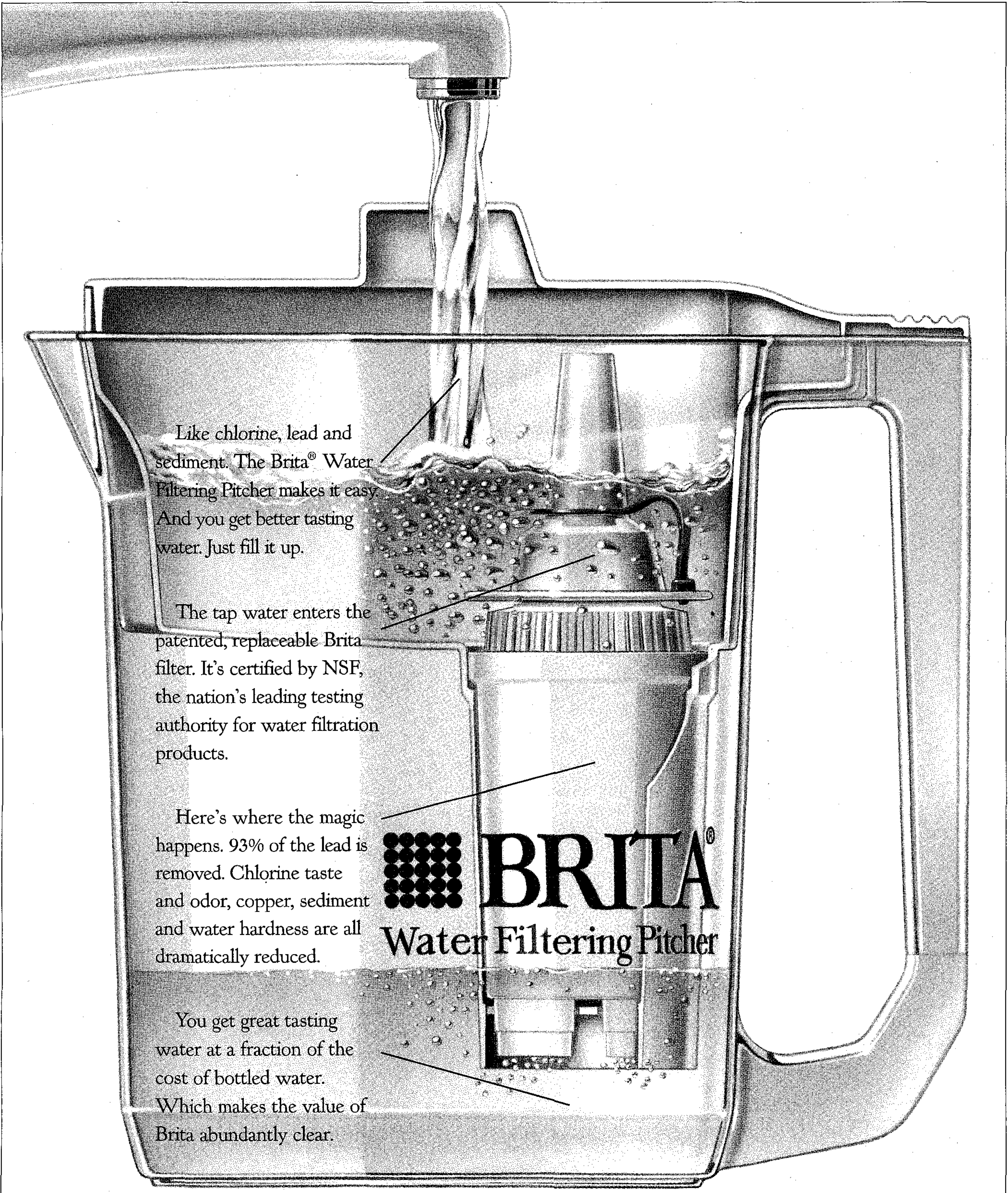
As she explains why she chose pornography—one of her 30 current speech and debate topics—as the subject of her first book, Verdi's *Don Carlos* blares from her CD player, almost drowning her out. "I wanted to show how extreme MacKinnon's and [Andrea] Dworkin's positions are—especially MacKinnon's," she shouts. "She has become lionized as the leading feminist—period."

In her book, Strossen argues that she is simply defending sexually arousing speech. But in person, she really seems to be going to bat for sex itself. She believes the MacKinnons and Dworkins are fighting not the true feminist fight but some scary spook-house-mirror version of it. The "MacDworkinites" aren't for sexual equality and a nondiscriminatory sexual marketplace; like the Christian rightists they've chosen to align themselves with in the pornography debate, Strossen thinks, they're just against sex.

Sometimes it seems as if Strossen had sprung full-blown from Hugh Hefner's head. The only thing she dislikes about *Playboy,* she says, is the label on the front cover that says ENTERTAINMENT FOR

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

# WE'D LIKE TO CLEAR UP A FEW THINGS ABOUT TAP WATER.



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MEN. She subscribes, and although she says she does read the articles, she likes to look at the pictures as well. "As somebody who is completely heterosexual—and I've never had lesbian experiences or been interested in having them—I find pictures of beautiful women extremely erotic and a turn-on."

Strossen also likes to watch those nude talk shows and strip-club programs that fill Manhattan's public-access channels, with and without her husband, Columbia Business School professor Eli Noam. "All I'm saying," she says, "is, you may reach new depths of your imagination by looking at it."

NADINE STROSSEN HAS NEVER DEBATED Catharine MacKinnon, at least not formally. She'd like to, but as far as MacKinnon is concerned, a debate between the two would play into a grand patriarchal scheme, reducing their philosophical differences to a feminist catfight.

The closest they ever got was when MacKinnon and Strossen met for the first time several weeks ago at a public forum on free speech at the Kennedy Center in Washington. At the pre-forum dinner, Strossen was in her corner, wearing a silky, flowing kelly-green suit; MacKinnon, in her corner at the next table, wore a black ankle-length dress with a long gray cardigan. MacKinnon chatted amiably with Supreme Court justice Stephen Breyer, while Strossen cheerfully announced that she was dining with her "First Amendment friends."

Strossen did not seem nervous. But as the crowd shuffled toward the Terrace Theater, she slipped into the men's bathroom, quickly emerging in self-mocking amusement before heading for the women's room.

A few minutes later, MacKinnon and Strossen were sitting on opposite ends of a panel that included Breyer, libel lawyer Floyd Abrams, and the Reverend Calvin Butts of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in New York. For two hours, MacKinnon generally seethed across the dais, rolling her eyes, shooting icy glares, shaking her head in disgust. Strossen just beamed and giggled, goading MacKinnon whenever she could.

The most contentious Strossen-vs.-MacKinnon moment came during a discussion of *Deep Throat*, the infamous 1972 X-rated movie that starred Linda Lovelace, who later wrote a book charging that *Throat* was essentially a filmed rape. Moderator Charles Ogletree, a professor at the Harvard Law School, asked the panelists to decide whether a university should allow a fraternity to show the X-rated film on campus.

Showing a film that features "forced fellatio," MacKinnon said, would "lead to the acceptance of rape myths." In fact, she went on, there was evidence "that is not contradicted" that *proves* a screening of the film could lead to rapes on campus.

Strossen jumped in: "We have some counter evidence."

Raising her voice, MacKinnon snapped: "No, we do not."

Strossen, louder: "Yes, we do."

MacKinnon, even louder: "No, we do *not.*"

DON'T EXPECT A REMATCH. ASKED IF SHE has read Strossen's book, MacKinnon just winced. Asked why she will not debate Strossen one-on-one, MacKinnon replied, "I would be happy to talk with you about any subject of substance."

A few days after meeting MacKinnon, Strossen said, "It's clear to me that she just really sees me as an enemy or a threat and that there's a tinge of madness in her approach."

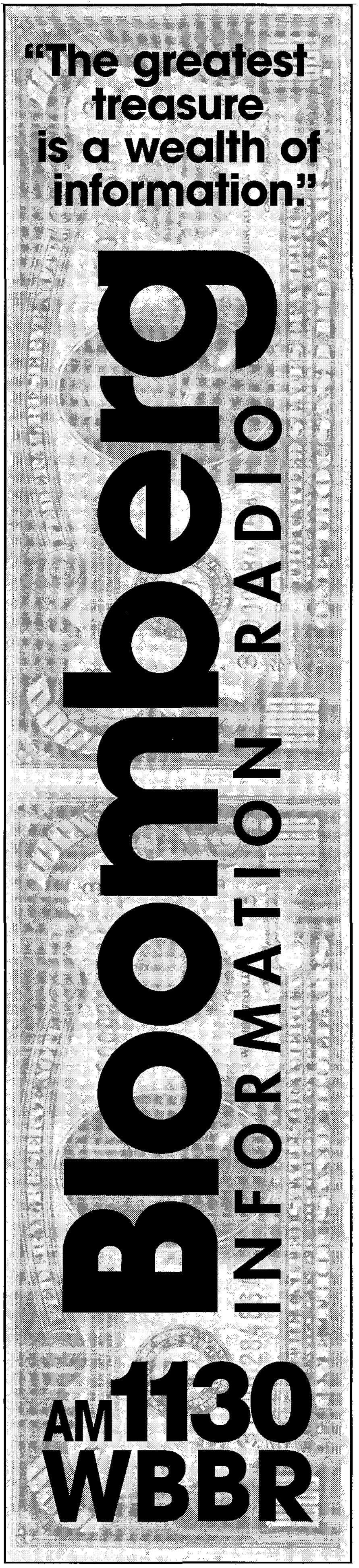
Strossen has a little of that, too, of course; she's obsessive, extreme, dogmatic in a High Seventies way. In her constitutional-law class in New York one day, she copied the words of the First Amendment off her coffee mug onto the blackboard, for no particular reason. In addition to the shades indoors, she wears evening clothes during the daytime. She won't have children because, she says oddly, children are "not free." An invitation to a recent party at her Riverside Drive apartment read:

DRESS AS YOU WISH.
WE WOULDN'T WANT TO
CENSOR YOUR STYLE!

Strossen, who was born in Jersey City in 1950 but grew up in Hopkins, Minnesota, recalls hating control as a child. Rules drove her crazy. "I actually think it's one of the reasons why I am not interested in having my own children," she says. "The state of childhood is, to me, a state of being without independence and without freedom."

Though the debate over pornography continues to erupt in pockets across America, there is plenty to occupy Strossen right here in New York. The City Council has approved Mayor Rudolph Giuliani's plan to put a one-year moratorium on new sex shops, theaters, and strip clubs. "Basically, it's just people saying, 'We don't like those people. We don't like those ideas; therefore, let's get rid of it,' " Strossen says. "I think that's tragic."

In the meantime, there's a message on her desk from Penn Jillette. He has recently moved to Las Vegas, but he is coming to town soon. The note says, "Penn called. More research?" ▬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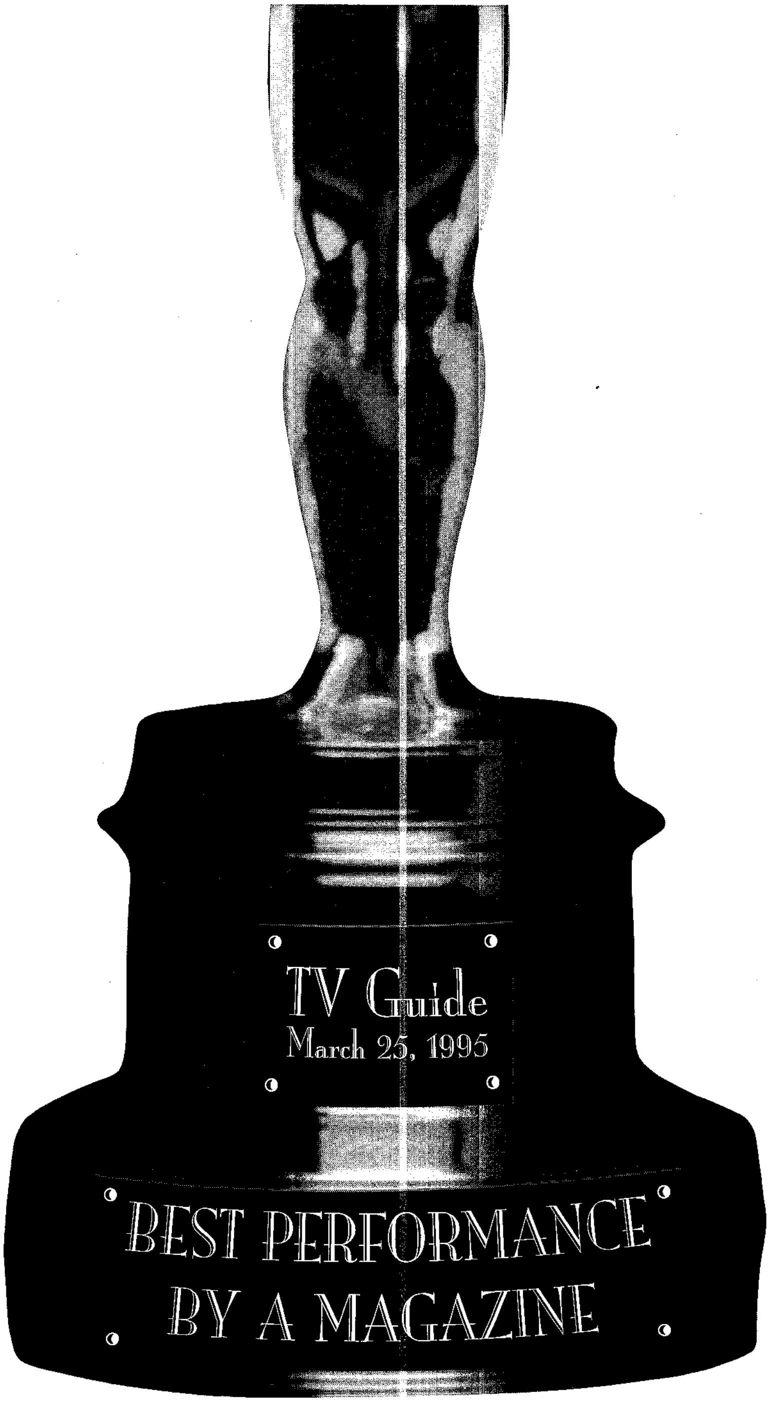

# 64 Million[*] Plan To Watch This Year's Academy Awards. Nearly One Out Of Every Four Will Read About It In TV Guide First.

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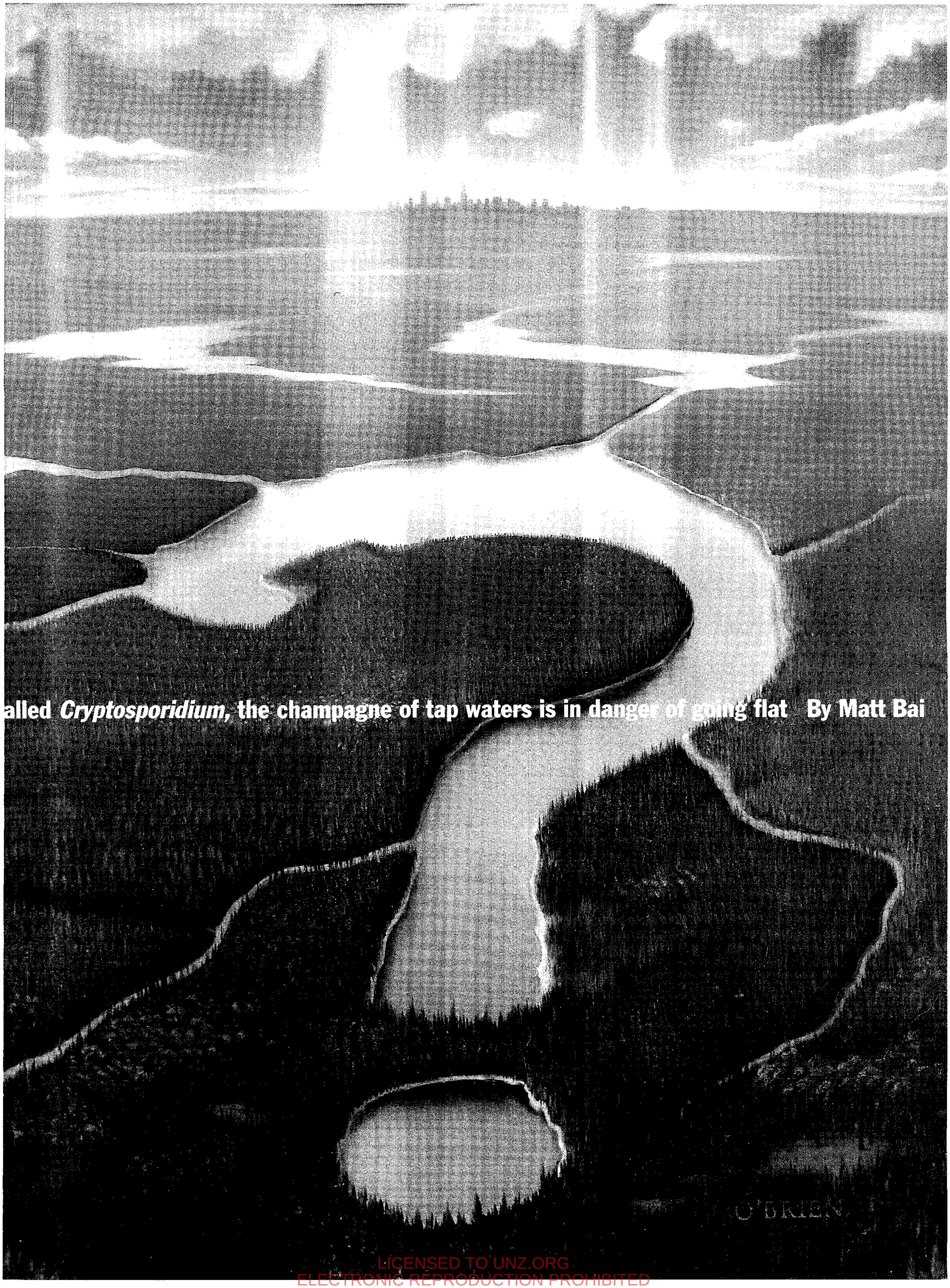
# DOES NEW YORK HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM?

## Caught in a political battle, in danger of contamination by goose droppings, lead, and a ger

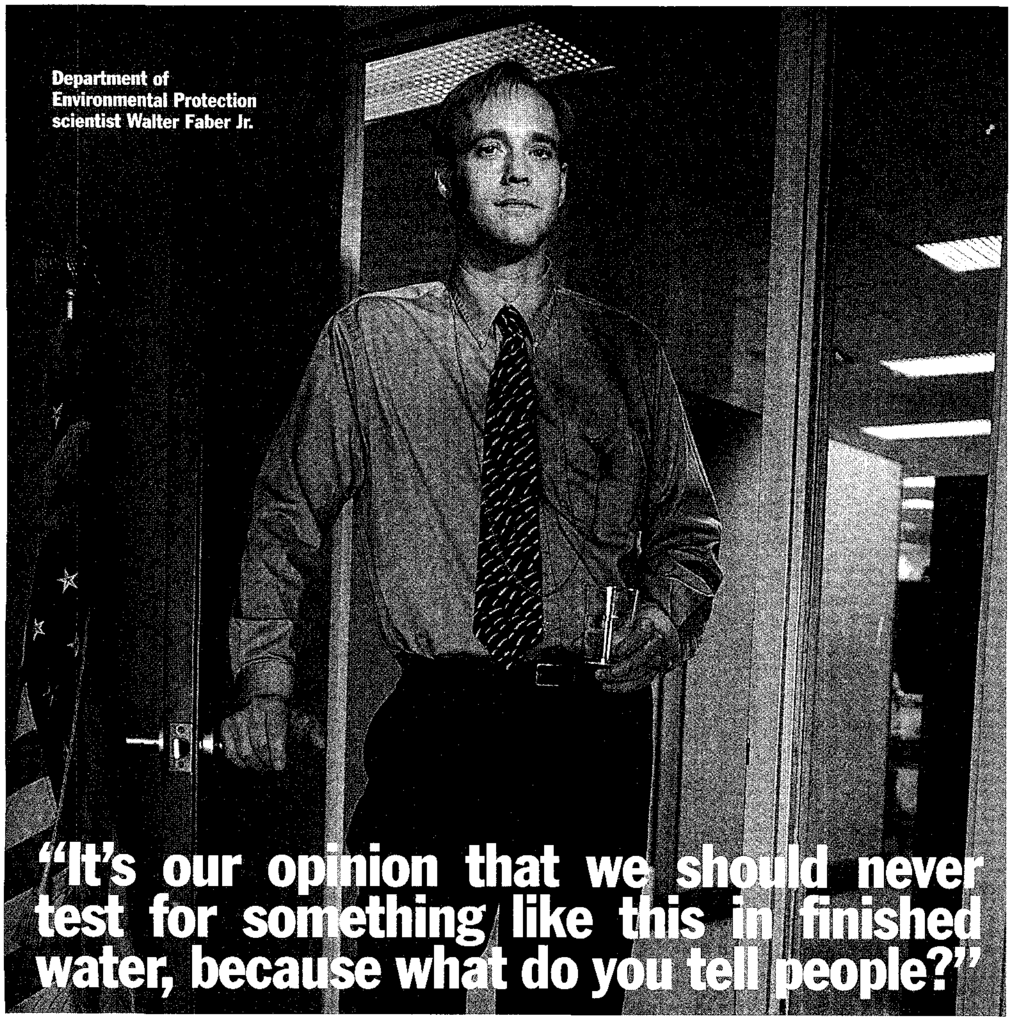
NEW YORK CITY'S TAP WATER COULD BE DANGEROUS TO THOUSANDS OF NEW YORKERS, WALTER FABER JR. IS SAYING. IT SOUNDS JUST A little unbalanced—until you consider that it's coming from one of the city's own scientists, a microbiologist with a Ph.D. from City University of New York. Faber, 35, an amiable man in an upbeat yellow sweater that matches his hair, is munching on a salad in the third-floor cafeteria at the city Department of Environmental Protection's Queens headquarters, talking all the while about *Cryptosporidium,* the microscopic organism that killed more than 100 AIDS and cancer patients and others with weakened

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN
FOR *NEW YORK*



alled *Cryptosporidium,* the champagne of tap waters is in danger of going flat

By Matt Bai



Department of Environmental Protection scientist Walter Faber Jr.

"It's our opinion that we should never test for something like this in finished water, because what do you tell people?"

immune systems when it sneaked into Milwaukee's water supply in 1993.

New York City has few barriers to keep cryptosporidium from invading the water supply, Faber says. Chlorine doesn't kill the microbe, and New York doesn't filter its water, although even the best filters—like Milwaukee's—sometimes don't keep the organisms out. The federal government doesn't require testing, which is time-consuming and expensive, although recently it has forced New York to test its upstate reservoirs. The DEP has only twice tested the distribution system that carries water throughout the five boroughs. And don't even ask about the Health Department. "The city Health Department is a useless, functionary group," Faber says. "They're idiots. They're a waste of government money. They could be dead, and we wouldn't know it." (That interview was last spring. Recently, he says, he's seen signs of life.)

But the city hasn't rushed to tell people what it knows and doesn't know about cryptosporidium. "It's our opinion that we should never test for something like this in finished water, because what do you tell people?" Faber says wryly. "We think it will cause panic."

Faber has argued that the DEP should warn people with weakened immune systems—AIDS patients, the elderly, people undergoing chemotherapy—to boil their water before drinking it. Late last year, the agency issued a pamphlet discreetly telling vulnerable New Yorkers to consult their doctors.

Cryptosporidium is only one of the dangers that may be lurking under the surface of what city officials have long called "the champagne of drinking waters." The water is also stalked by lesser-known pathogens and stray bacteria and is contaminated in some places by dangerously high levels of lead. One and a half billion gallons of water still flow each day from rustic upstate reservoirs to the city and scores of surrounding suburbs, but the water is flowing out of control. Spread across three separate watersheds and nine upstate counties, the vast system once considered a marvel of modern engineering is now too vast—too vast for state and federal bureaucracies strapped for money. And too vast for the laws written to safeguard it.

Caught between engineers and environmentalists, between upstate lawyers and downstate politicians, the city's water supply is more battlefield than resource. Legions of experts and officials argue bitterly over whether the city should ultimately spend anywhere from $2 billion to $8 billion to chemically filter its water, or gamble on a controversial and only somewhat less expensive plan to protect its upstate reservoirs by buying and keeping virginally undeveloped tens of thousands of acres of land in the vicinity of the reservoirs. But for all the voices clamoring to be heard, the buck doesn't seem to stop anywhere.

Robert F. Kennedy Jr., an environmental lawyer who shares his late father's zeal for fusing politics with leftish public interest and who is himself a leading man in the political water dance, warns that Mayor Rudolph Giuliani's administration is on the verge of losing the nation's finest natural water supply. Kennedy says his environmental-law clinic at Pace University will bring some 40 lawsuits against upstate polluters in the coming months—lawsuits that the city theoretically should be bringing itself. "The Sources Division has never done its job," he says of the DEP unit charged with protecting the water supply.

Kennedy points out that the oldest and closest of the city's three reservoir systems, the Croton system in Westchester, Putnam, and Dutchess counties, was shut down for months last summer; in fact, it's been shut down parts of every summer for the past four years because of algae growth. Most New Yorkers aren't even aware of it. "If we had a drought and the Croton system was down," Kennedy says, "New Yorkers would have to drink mud from the bottom of the Ashokan Reservoir."

That may be especially hard to face for the state's new governor, George Pataki, whose indebtedness to the upstaters who want to keep building near the reservoirs is matched only by his antipathy for Giuliani and city Democrats. But some have gone so far as to suggest hopefully that Pataki could be to the water issue what Richard Nixon was to China—he could be the staunch conservative with enough clout upstate to convince his supporters of the need to safeguard the water for the good of the state. Then again, the new governor may quickly learn to do what the city has long done as a matter of policy: stall.

CRYPTOSPORIDIUM, FOUND IN animal feces, is a stealth parasite, hidden inside protective sheaths known as oocysts. The illness it causes often goes undiagnosed, and even when it is diagnosed, tracking down the source of the pathogen is extremely difficult. Finding the oocyst doesn't even mean you've found the parasite, because scientists can't tell with certainty whether the cryptosporidium inside is dead or alive.

For people whose immune systems are in reasonably good working order, cryptosporidium is a nuisance, like a stomach flu. In people whose defenses are weakened,

Photographs: left, Frank Veronsky; center, Cecil H. Fox/Science Source/Photo Researchers; right, Frank Veronsky.

however, it can lead to debilitating diarrhea, biliary-tract infection, and even death; in rare cases, victims have had more than 100 bowel movements daily.

There has not, to anyone's knowledge, been an epidemic of cryptosporidiosis in the city, but the disease has shown up significantly in New York's AIDS wards in the past several years. Just how these patients contract the disease is mysterious. But there are those who have raised questions, including Rosemary Soave, a doctor and infectious-disease expert at New York Hospital who helped pioneer the diagnosis of cryptosporidiosis in the early 1980s. In 1993, Soave appeared before an expert panel assembled by the federal Environmental Protection Agency to weigh the question of whether New York should be ordered to filter. "We have always suspected that maybe patients with cryptosporidiosis have been getting it from the water, but we're not really sure," she told the panel. In an interview last spring, Soave said, "I am sort of horrified by the lack of any specific data. All of these people drink New York City water. It's just sort of suspicious. That's not the way to get data, but it's suspicious."

*Cryptosporidium.*

A few months later, however, Soave said that city officials had convinced her the threat was largely theoretical, and that she had decided not to warn her patients away from the water. "It's sort of risky just being on this planet, everything you eat, the air you breathe," she said.

As early as 1988, internal memos show, the city found that high levels of cryptosporidium were being dumped into the Croton system by Putnam Hospital Center in Carmel. The memos also show that officials understood its deadly potential. But a group was convened to study the possible health risks only last year. Experts for the city say it may be a number of years before they can determine whether cryptosporidium in the low levels found in upstate reservoirs really does pose a threat, and if they decide that it does, those who are at risk will simply have to stop drinking the water.

The debate—such as it was—over cryptosporidium in the water supply and the public's right to know about it illustrates a broader syndrome at the DEP, its own brand of "Don't ask, don't tell" policy. One agency official, speaking on the condition of anonymity, says staff members are "discouraged" from investigating health risks that go beyond state and federal mandates. "It's a matter of cost. It's a matter of expediency," the official says. "You don't want to be fired. If you do more than you're supposed to and you find something, that's not politically feasible."

Washington has recently required the city to test for cryptosporidium in its upstate reservoirs as part of the city's campaign to escape filtration. DEP officials say the results have shown low levels typical of water sources across the country.

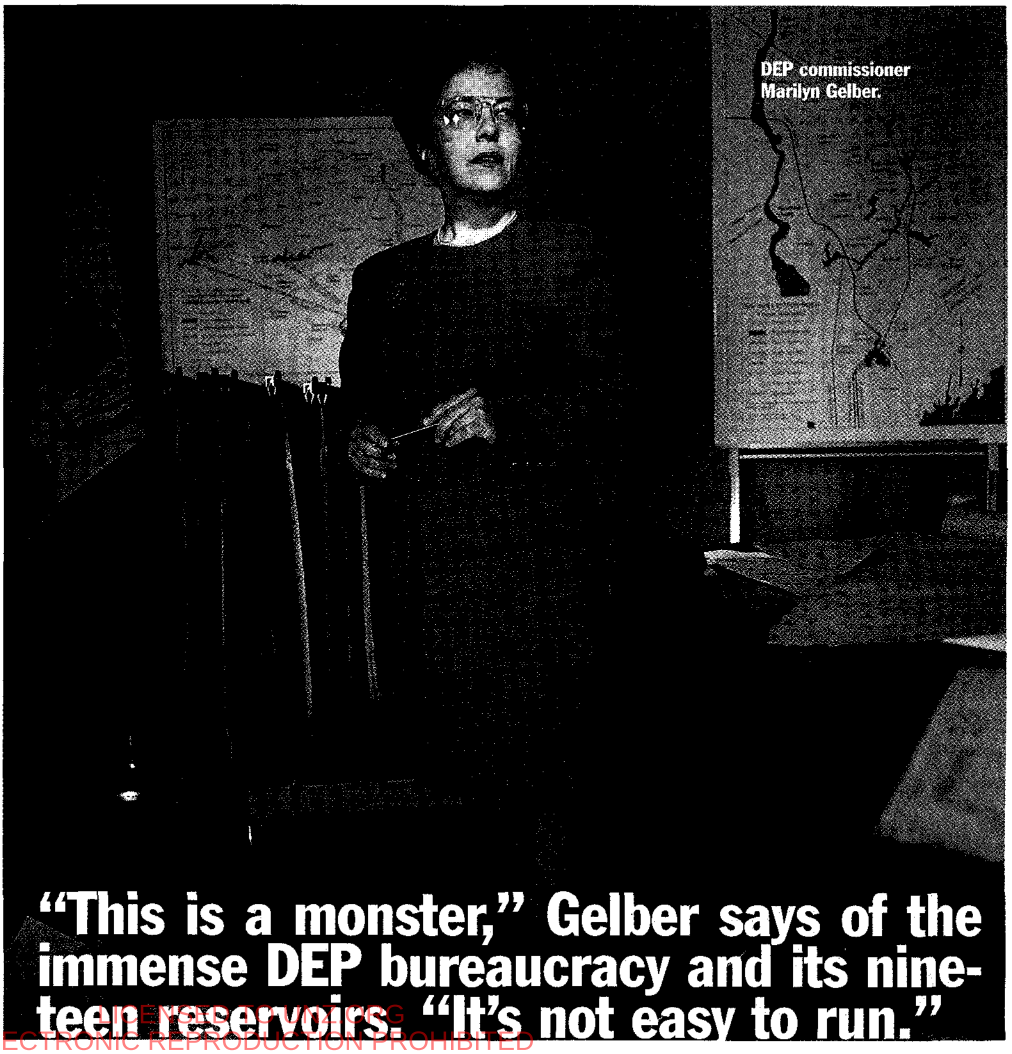
When the state Health Department first ordered testing for the parasite in the five boroughs late in 1993, the tests turned up presumed oocysts in three of eight samples. The current commissioner, Marilyn Gelber, said last week that the DEP was now conducting "periodic" tests for cryptosporidium in the distribution system. A DEP spokesperson said she was referring to the two tests done since December 1993.

Albert Appleton, the DEP commissioner under Dinkins, defends the decision not to sound the alarm over cryptosporidium—he calls the belief that it poses a major health risk in New York the "one-cyst-in-the-water theory." The levels found in upstate reservoirs were low, he says—lower than federal law mandates—and health commissioner Margaret Hamburg told him there was no pattern to suggest that patients were contracting cryptosporidiosis from the water. But Appleton also describes the Health Department as "beleaguered" and said last spring: "The Department of Health, in my view, is not stepping up to the plate on this issue."

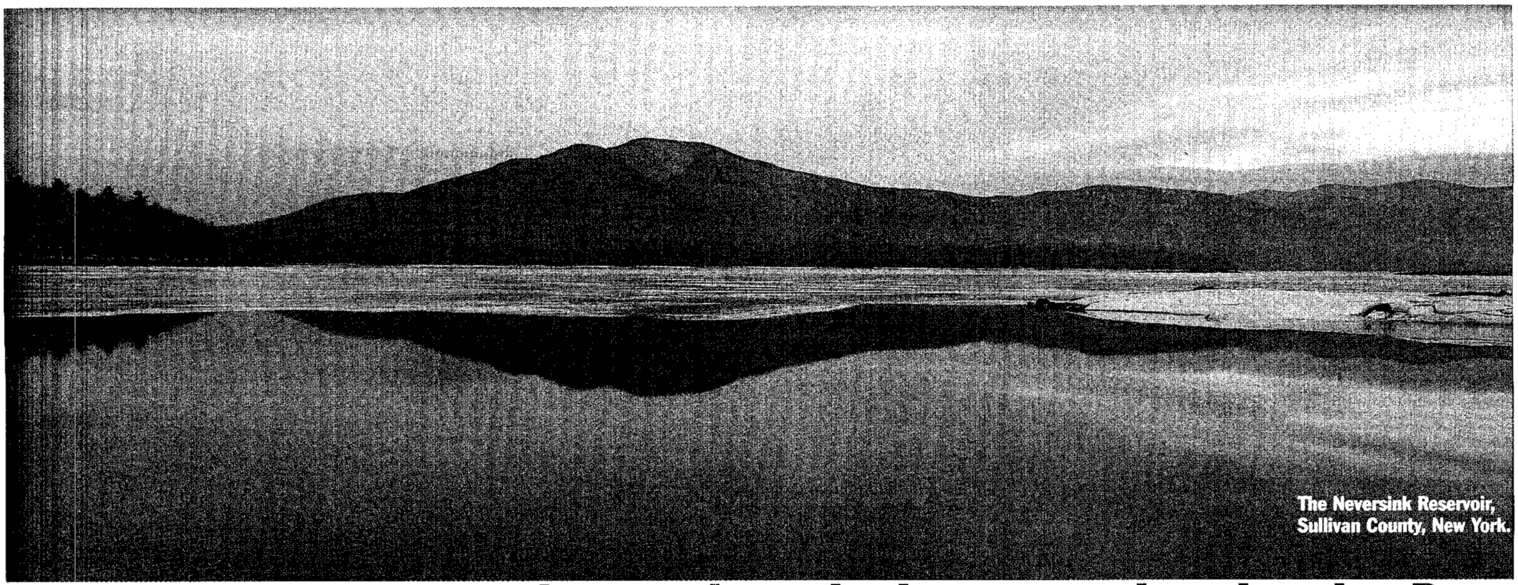
He may have a point there. The state requires the department's Bureau of Public Health Engineering to issue annual reports on its testing of the water supply, but the understaffed bureau, which takes part in inspecting the water used in everything from squid-packing plants to saunas, hasn't done so since 1987. "It's a battle to keep up," said Jim Luke, the bureau's chief engineer, looking at papers piled high all around him last spring. "I don't have a valve under my desk that I can turn on so people can have clean drinking water."

Luke insists the Health Department's routine water testing would prevent a real emergency. But in the summer of 1993, thousands of residents of Chelsea and the Lower East Side were forced to boil their water when DEP monitors found high levels of *E. coli* bacteria—an indication of animal feces—in water samples. The DEP blamed seagull and goose droppings in the Hillview Reservoir in Yonkers and promptly launched a round-the-clock "goosebusters" campaign to "harass" geese with cannon fire and noisemakers from motorboats. But some experts think both incidents might have been at least partly attributed to bacteria growth inside city distribution pipes.

Cryptosporidium and unwanted bacteria aren't the only health threats in the water. The city is now dumping orthophosphate, a powdery chemical, into the water supply to coat old pipes and keep lead from leaching


DEP commissioner Marilyn Gelber.

**"This is a monster," Gelber says of the immense DEP bureaucracy and its nineteen reservoirs. "It's not easy to run."**


The Neversink Reservoir, Sullivan County, New York.

**“I think Appleton always thought he wanted to be the Don**

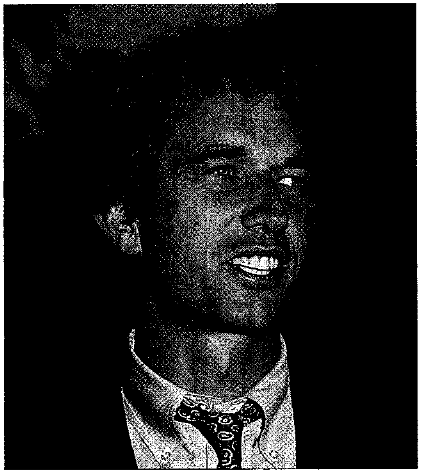
into the drinking water. About 20 percent of the 107 homes where water is regularly tested now exceed federal standards for lead. Even the chlorine the city uses to purify water has hazards of its own: The *American Journal of Public Health* reported in 1992 that drinking chlorinated water increases the risk of bladder and rectal cancer over long periods of time.

As if all this weren't enough, there are other pathogens like cryptosporidium—some new ones, just recently discovered—that are only now being studied by public-health experts. One of them, *Microsporidium,* is smaller than cryptosporidium and even more difficult to identify. Rosemary Soave, the infectious-disease expert at New York Hospital, says she has seen at least eighteen cases of microsporidium infection in AIDS patients this year.

IN A PERFECT WORLD, DEP AND HEALTH Department bureaucrats would be focused on keeping microsporidium and other toxins out of the water supply. But there is another factor—one often, apparently, of greater importance: money. We can't afford not to have pure water, but can we afford to have it? To filter or not to filter—that is the question.

Appleton, the former DEP commissioner, sits at the head of a long mahogany conference table in the midtown offices of the Regional Plan Association, the think tank that is his new home. Behind him hangs a rather bizarre oil painting of a woman labeled CITY PLANNING rising up over New York in a strapless ivory gown to proclaim ENLIGHTENMENT. A thickset man given to sweeping gestures and rambling metaphors, Appleton is describing his stewardship of the water supply not in terms of science or engineering but as a feat of political gamesmanship. “You have to understand these issues of culture and tone,” he says, “because that is the real story.”

Indeed it is. Derided by some in the agency as the consummate “tree hugger,” a term staff members say he used to describe himself, Appleton designed the environmental crusade now known as “filtration avoidance.” In doing so, he led the city into an all-out war with its upstate neighbors. He also left public-health experts wondering just what the mission of the DEP really was. “Appleton never wanted to be DEP commissioner,” says Robert Alpern, who has Appleton's senior adviser. “He wanted to be the commissioner of parks. He was a land person.”


Lawyer and filtration-avoidance activist Robert Kennedy Jr.

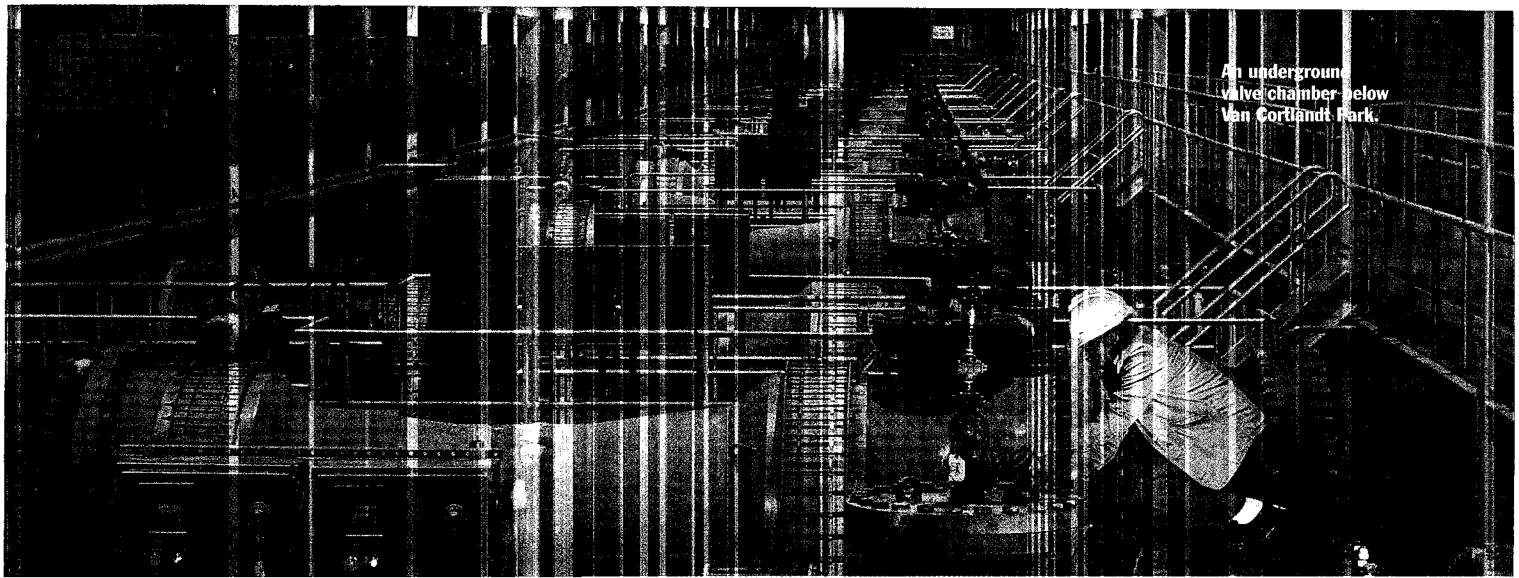
Until the late 1980s, New York was one of a handful of major cities with water so clean it didn't have to be filtered. New York's unspoiled water supply has long been the envy of the engineering world—a sprawling network of nineteen rural reservoirs spanning some 2,000 square miles. Its reservoirs in the Delaware, Catskill, and Croton watersheds north of the city hold some 548 billion gallons at a time. What begins as mountain water can take 60 days to reach holding reservoirs in Yonkers and the Bronx, during which time impurities naturally settle out. Chlorine is added before the water rushes into two main tunnels—the third mammoth tunnel has been under construction since 1970—and through a labyrinth of more than 6,000 miles of pipes under the streets of the five boroughs.

But like rural communities everywhere else, the small towns and villages in the city's watersheds have been developing rapidly—and with development come sewage, road runoff, and other pollutants. In 1986, as part of more sweeping legislation, Congress gave all cities until 1989 to filter their water. (The deadline was later extended by two years.) The new law was supposed to mandate filtration, period, until Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan tacked on an amendment that added an important loophole: Cities wouldn't have to filter if they could convince the federal government that there was another way to keep the water clean.

New York is vehemently opposed to filtration. The reason is simple: While filtering might safeguard the city's health, it would certainly wreck the city's budget. Development around the Croton system has progressed to such a point that the city has already agreed to build a $600-million filtration plant for that water, which normally provides only 10 percent of the city's total. The overwhelming cost of filtering the rest of the water supply may explain why DEP officials are in no hurry to study the possible effects of cryptosporidium in the water; any evidence of an outbreak would almost certainly mean the city would be forced to filter.

For Appleton, who had formerly helped conserve land in New York for the Audubon Society, the strategy for avoiding filtration came naturally: Not only would the city begin to enforce land-use and other regulations to keep the watersheds clean, which it had the long-standing legal author-

Photographs: top, Nathan Farb/Gamma-Liaison; bottom, Photoreporters.



An underground valve chamber below Van Cortlandt Park.

**Trump of land acquisition," said a former DEP employee.**

ity to do, but it would buy some 80,000 acres of upstate land—at a cost of roughly $150 million to $225 million—to make sure they stayed that way. (Interestingly, the city itself is a major polluter in its watershed; at least seven of its nine upstate sewage-treatment plants have violated federal regulations for dumping pollutants into the water supply at one time or another. Marilyn Gelber says a new $100 million initiative will help clean up all plants in the watershed, including the city's.)

"I think Appleton always thought he wanted to be the Donald Trump of land acquisition," says one DEP staff member who worked on the land-acquisition team.

But when word of the plan trickled up to upstate residents and businesspeople, they weren't exactly pleased. After all, the city razed scores of upstate hamlets to fill the reservoirs it carved out of the earth between 1842 and 1965. And while New Yorkers barely notice their own water supply, hardly a day goes by when people like Bernice Lewis don't think about it. She and her late husband, John, owned three sprawling farms in the lush valley along the west branch of the Delaware River before city workers took their land, ripped their trees from the ground, blew up their stone barn, and set fire to their home to make way for the Cannonsville Reservoir in 1963. Cemeteries were unearthed and the valley roared with flames in what the people still call "the takings."

Upstate people saw Appleton's plan as the newest wave of city imperialism, and this time they vowed to fight. Representatives of 35 communities formed the Coalition of Watershed Towns in March 1991 and launched a campaign to push the city out of their affairs and leave the watersheds alone. There was so much opposition to the city's plan that public hearings held by the state last year had to be moved to gymnasiums and courthouses.

Back in the city, Appleton was getting critical support from his old friends in the environmental movement, who saw the watershed plan as a convenient way to nail down open spaces in a cyclone of development.

The filtration debate was finally decided in a January 1993 meeting in the office of William Reilly, the EPA chief who was on his way out with the Bush administration. Surrounded by packed crates and taped boxes, framed by a long picture window looking out over the Potomac River, five officials argued over one of Reilly's last decisions in office. The New York contingent, led by regional administrator Constantine Sidamon-Eristoff, insisted that New York be given the chance to protect its watersheds. But the Washington officials argued that excusing the city from filtration would set a national precedent, not to mention create a public-health risk.

Dinkins DEP commissioner and filtration-avoidance architect Albert Appleton.

Connie Eristoff, a native New Yorker who had worked in city government and was an old friend of Al Appleton's, had already informed Reilly in a letter that Appleton seemed to have pulled off a "major miracle" in winning over "upstate interests"—a claim that was apparently baseless. Eristoff had known Reilly since 1974, when Reilly led the Conservation Foundation, a group that later merged with the World Wildlife Fund, and Eristoff's wife, Anne, sat on the board of directors, to which Reilly returned after leaving the EPA.

Eristoff's connections couldn't have hurt his case. When his plane back to New York touched down that afternoon, Eristoff recalls, he drove straight to his country home in Highland Falls. A note from his son was waiting for him. "Dad: Bill Reilly called. He finds for you on the filtration dispute. Water staff in D.C. does not know yet, but that is definite. You can act on it if you like."

THAT MARCH, HOWEVER, AN EXPERT panel convened the previous year by the EPA and chaired by Daniel Okun, an engineering professor emeritus at the University of North Carolina, delivered a report that raised new questions. Okun was an engineer by birthright. His father was a construction engineer on one of the city's main water tunnels. When Okun's expert panel released its findings calling for the city to bite the bullet and filter its water, the city rebutted the panel point by point, in a 66-page report. Ignored by Washington and angered by the DEP's indifference, Okun took his act on the road, telling anyone who would listen that the city's health was at risk. He made particular mention of cryptosporidium.

In a December 1993 letter to Carol Browner, the EPA's new administrator, he warned, "There is good reason . . . to believe that illness and deaths attributed to the water supply are occurring unrecognized amongst the city's population." Appleton's response to this "fear-mongering"—written on his last day in office—was caustic: "Your letter is, frankly, little short of McCarthyite in the way it attempts to manipulate the fears of a popu-

Photographs: top, Peter Essick/Aurora; bottom, AP/Wide World Photos.

lation [AIDS patients] that is tragically suffering."

New York City could be shown to be "criminally negligent," Okun said in a recent interview. "If I were responsible for the city's water system, I wouldn't sleep nights."

By the time Okun mounted his campaign, though, Appleton's watershed plan had become the city's mantra. Clawing for his political survival in an election year, desperate to strike an alliance with any group as powerful as the green lobby, Mayor David Dinkins announced a $47-million commitment to buy the first 10,000 acres of watershed land. His most influential backer was Robert Kennedy Jr. That summer, Kennedy led about 600 people—including several movie stars—in an eight-mile "Walk for Water" along the perimeter of the Croton Reservoir. (Only a Kennedy could have made "filtration avoidance" a Hollywood cause; just last September, Alec Baldwin, Kim Basinger, and Susan Sarandon were invited to come to City Hall to lend their support.) Kennedy was also a master at playing the politics of water, continually praising Dinkins while stressing the overwhelming cost of filtration. And Kennedy's brother Doug, now a reporter at the New York *Post,* has often reported on water issues; just last week, he broke a story about 35 million gallons of water that passed through a treatment plant without being chlorinated.

The cozy relationship between City Hall and the environmentalists has been strained since Giuliani came into office; Kennedy has publicly complained about the city's lack of follow-up on its promises, and in a recent interview he went so far as to suggest he might withdraw his support for filtration avoidance if the city doesn't get more aggressive. But it may not matter. City officials have let it be known in the past that they would rather go to court than spend the money needed to filter, and Washington has been less than enthusiastic about getting into a legal war with a well-armed city. Even after the city missed several deadlines in 1993 for actually setting money aside for specific parcels of upstate land, the Feds didn't take action. Despite a lawsuit from the upstate coalition, Appleton's filtration-avoidance scheme seems bolted in place.

"We signed on to this," says Arthur Ashendorff, the DEP's chief of water quality, pointing to the yellow booklet the city issued to refute the expert panel. "You argue your position so much that you fall in love with it. We may be defending things that are a little bit irrational. And the same thing is probably happening on the other side as well."

ENID SACKIN SAW THE PLAN FROM ground level. She remembers rolling out of bed and driving north, the rising sun in her eyes, the Manhattan skyline receding in the rearview mirror. For several months in 1990, from the simmering days of summer through the snowfalls before Christmas, she made the two-and-a-half-hour journey to the countryside, circling the Catskill and Delaware watersheds in search of land the city should buy. Sackin wasn't a novice—she had done something similar for the Sierra Club—but it was nearly impossible to know which meadows and streams could save a 2,000-mile watershed from ruin. She dutifully identified about 10,000 acres, for which she estimated the city would need to spend about $47 million.

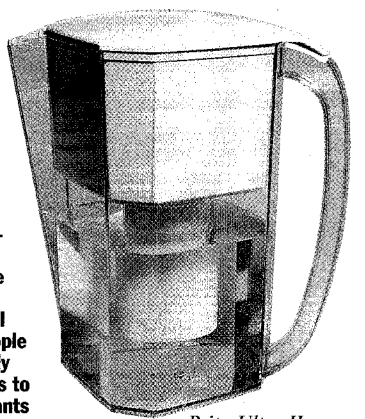
When Washington later asked the city to submit its land-buying plan, Appleton told his team to come up with a "pie in the sky" estimate for the number of acres that would be purchased, Sackin recalls. She would have been satisfied with the same 10,000 acres, but DEP officials frantically changed the figure to 80,000 the night before the application was due. "It was a hysterical estimate," one top official recalls, but the Feds took it seriously. When Sackin saw the timeline imposed by Washington—the city would have to buy the initial 10,000 acres

# Water, Water, Every Way: A Guide to Personal Purification

By Colleen Quinn

**Carafe Units**

**Carafe filters are good for removing lead and other impurities from drinking water. The start-up cost is low—about $25—but replacement filters cost around $7 and are needed after 35 gallons. As with all filter systems, people "have to religiously change their filters to prevent contaminants from building up," says Eric Goldstein of the Natural Resources Defense Council.**



*Brita Ultra II*

**Bottled Waters**

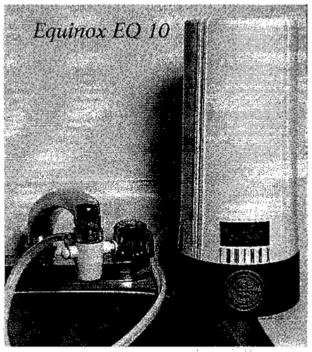
**Bottled water is a $2.7-billion-a-year industry. Michael Jackson reportedly bathes in Evian. And it's generally safe—but not perfect. A 1991 General Accounting Office report showed that one third of bottled waters had excessive bacteria; other studies show that approximately one quarter of all bottled waters are taken from municipal water supplies; and there is still little monitoring under new FDA standards for bottled water. All this at 1,000 times the price of tap water.**

Poland Spring
Natural Spring Water
evian
perrier

*Culligan H-83*

**Countertop Units**

**These small systems that attach to the sink are a popular option for apartment dwellers and others who are afraid of their plumbing. Countertop filters are fairly inexpensive—averaging $200—and easy to install. But beware of salespeople trying to close the deal by telling you your water is poisoned. Also, filter replacements can be expensive.**



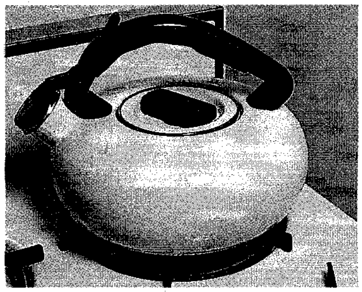
*Equinox EQ 10*

**Under-the-Faucet Systems**

**Under-the-faucet systems are the most comprehensive home-filtration units. Most eliminate sediment, bacteria, and organic chemicals, and range in price from $200 to $1,000. But although many companies assure customers that their filters are small enough to weed out microbial contaminants such as cryptosporidium, industry monitors warn that such claims are impossible to guarantee.**

**Boiling**

**In times of crisis, cities often resort to telling citizens to boil drinking water. Boiling kills microorganisms, and it's advisable for people with compromised immune systems, but, of course, it won't remove lead or other metals.**



Photographs by Wayne Simpson.

**For additional information, call the EPA's Safe Drinking Water Hot Line at (800) 426-4791.**

in the space of a year—her first instinct was that the plan was out of control. "I told the commissioner, 'We can't do this,' " Sackin says. "I worked my tail off for this program, and all of a sudden it was like it wasn't happening fast enough." She was taken off the project and replaced with Irene Barrett, another land-acquisition expert, who, DEP employees say, was soon telling upstate residents that the city was "buying the watershed." To the upstaters, she might as well have declared an invasion.

The program began to unravel when Barrett's application to the state went out with a clause for "condemnation," meaning the city might ultimately take the land by force. The watershed towns exploded in anger, and public hearings had to be postponed. By September 1993, everyone from the original team—except Appleton and Robert Alpern, his senior adviser—had left the project. More than a year later, the DEP still hasn't purchased an inch of watershed land, which leaves the question of how to safeguard the city's water supply still unanswered. Gelber blames the holdup on the state, which must still issue a permit for the city to buy the land but has yet to formally take a side in the legal battle between the upstate communities and the city.

THE DEP, ONE OF THE CITY'S FATTEST AGENcies, is also one of its least known. In addition to safeguarding the water supply, the DEP's 6,300 employees are charged with running fourteen sewage-treatment plants and the sewer system, churning out environmental-impact studies, helping to keep the air clean, and stopping noise pollution. According to Giuliani's financial plan, the DEP will receive some $10 billion in capital funds from the city in the next ten years—22 percent of the capital budget and more than any other agency. And while Giuliani is hoping to cut hundreds of millions from the city's payroll, the DEP is scheduled to add new jobs.

All of this will be overseen by Marilyn Gelber, who, unlike her predecessor, has no environmental background. She had served as chief of staff to Brooklyn borough president Howard Golden since 1986 and spent eleven years in the City Planning Department. It's not clear how all of this prepared her to run an environmental agency that at times seems starkly out of touch with its own mission. For instance, the DEP, whose officials talk like promotional agents for the city's water, purchased some $65,000 worth of bottled water for its employees between 1989 and early 1994 because the pipes in its headquarters are contaminated with lead.

Other examples aren't so comic. The DEP is overseeing construction of the third water tunnel—the single largest capital project in the city's history—but at least two of the companies involved in the construction have also been involved in bid rigging and even mob activities. The estimated cost of the tunnel, meanwhile, has mushroomed from $1 billion to $6 billion and is bound to go higher, according to city figures, while the completion date has been pushed back from this decade to sometime well into the next quarter-century. Twenty-one workers have already died building the tunnel.

The two existing water tunnels, meanwhile, built in 1917 and 1936, have never been inspected. Shutting off either tunnel could leave some 4-million New Yorkers dry, and engineers worry that the old valves might never reopen. A break in either tunnel could cripple the city's economy.

Gelber says she has instituted a "new culture" of communication and cooperation in the agency but admits that it could take years to reign in parts of the bureaucracy. "This is a monster," she says. "It's not easy to run."

The DEP is so secretive about its work that its former press secretary admitted in an op-ed piece in the *Daily News* in December 1993 that the agency tried to obstruct requests made under the state freedom-of-information law. But some people who have worked in the agency say its most dangerous failing may be a lack of long-term planning for the water supply. The city's demand for water has been steadily increasing for decades, and the limits of the current supply have already been tested during a series of droughts. Even so, the DEP has assigned only about twenty people to study future planning. The agency's primary policy thus far has been a new push for water conservation, anchored by citywide metering for all homes and businesses, which should be completed by 1996. But experts say meters will do little to cut back on water use in apartment buildings where landlords—not tenants—pay the bills.

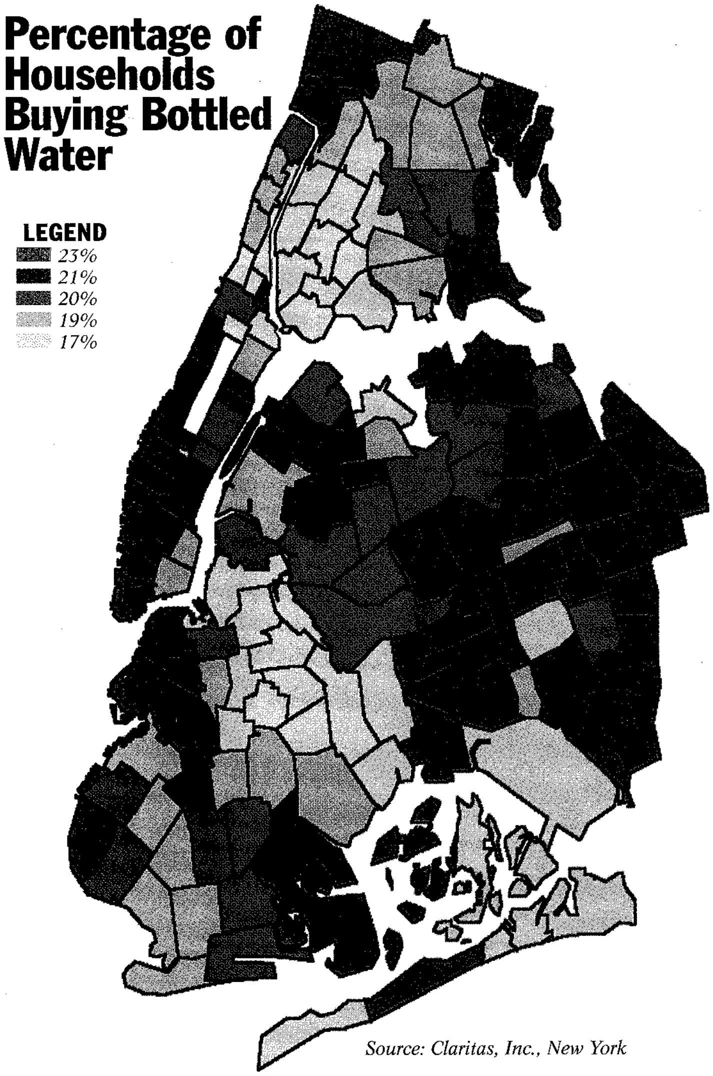
TAPPING THE HUDSON RIVER MAY be the only alternative; DEP engineers are drawing up plans. But environmentalists say the mayor will drink from the East River with a straw before they'll let that happen; they say the Hudson is a public-health risk. And, as in the filtration debate, environmentalists have their own agenda. They're afraid that if the city focuses on new water sources, it won't bother with conservation. Asked what new water supply he would advocate, David Gordon, an environmentalist with the Hudson Riverkeeper, replied, "I don't advocate it. I don't even want to think about it." DEP engineers admit that it could take 25 years of planning and legal wrestling to bring the Hudson on-line.

Until then, the city hopes there won't be a shortage. "Do I lose sleep over it at night? No, I really don't," says Joseph Conway, a former assistant commissioner at the DEP. "But let me put it this way. The reason we have the system we have today is because of the diligence of my predecessors, going back 20, 30, 40, 50 years, when they had the foresight and the chutzpa to go forward and do the planning and construct and implement it." Now, he says, "it's easier for elected officials to take the expedient way and let other administrations worry about it."

By then, it may be well past time for worrying. ■

*This article was reported by Matt Bai, David Baker, Anna Borgman, Anthony Colarossi, Michelle Conlin, Brian Farnham, Mitchell Flagg, Solly Granatstein, Court Harson, Sarah Huntley, Eric Januzelli, Valerie Kellogg, Megan Reilly, and Jason Ziedenberg.*

**Percentage of Households Buying Bottled Water**

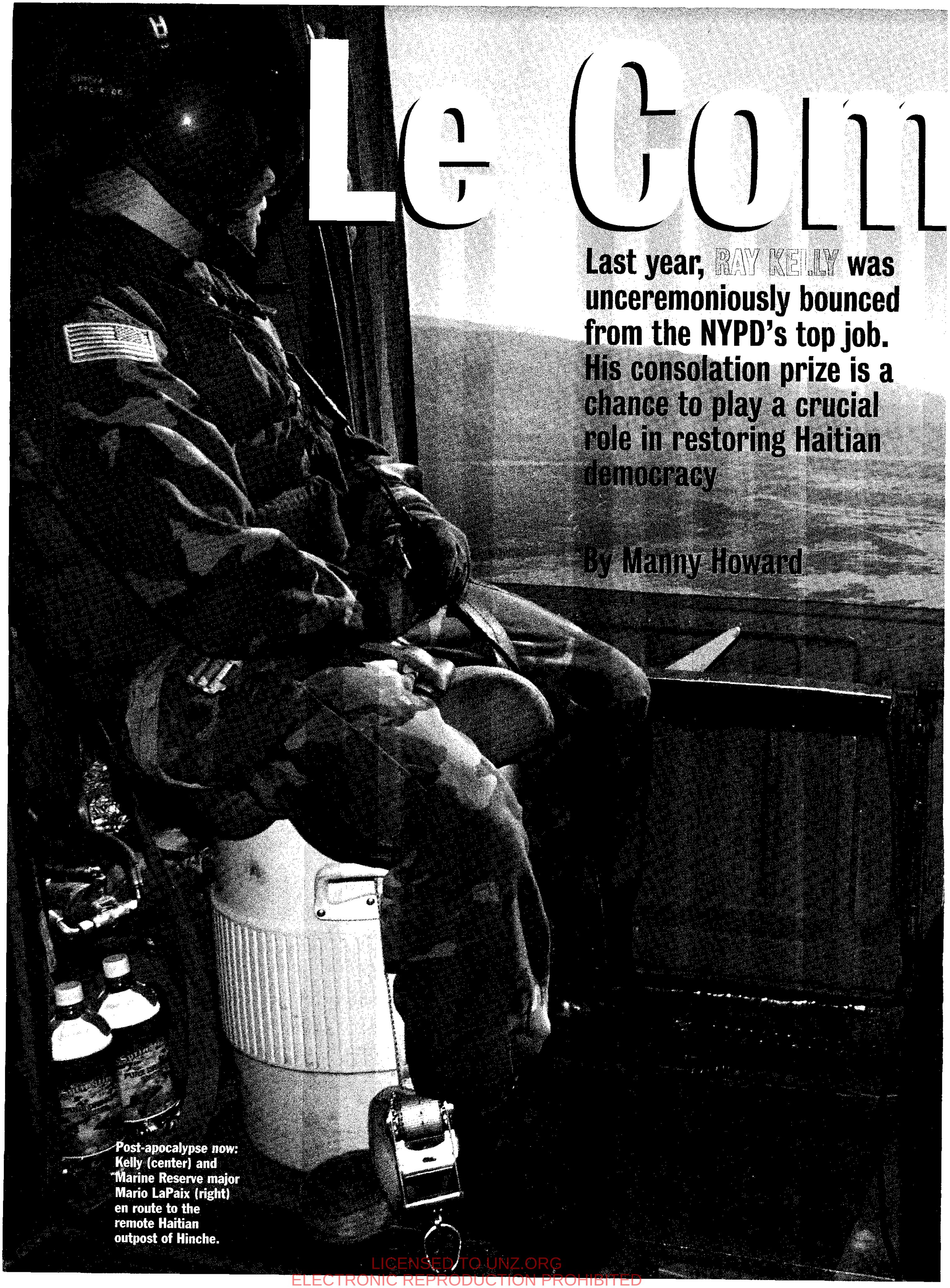


*Source: Claritas, Inc., New York*

# Le Com

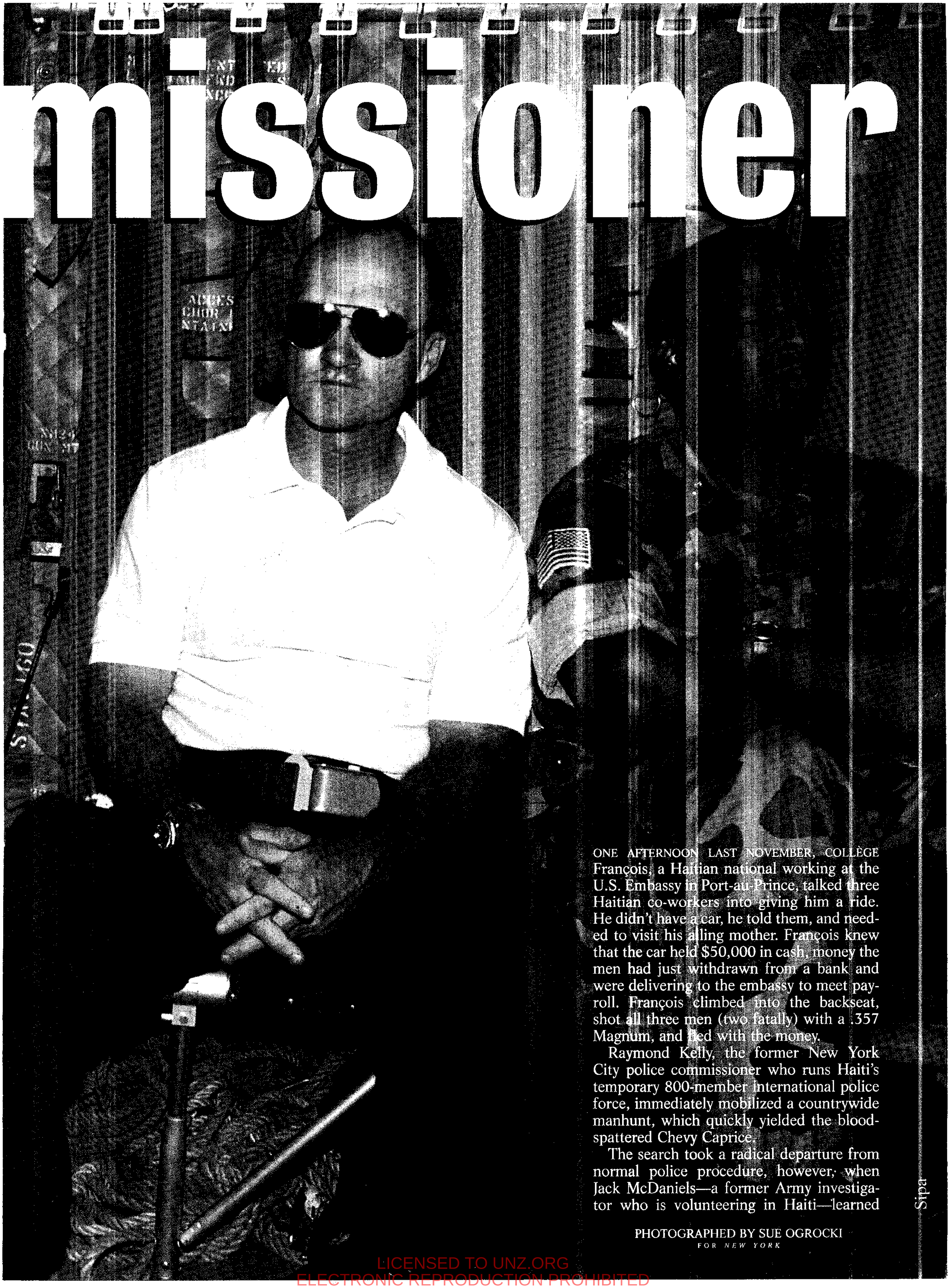
Last year, RAY KELLY was unceremoniously bounced from the NYPD's top job. His consolation prize is a chance to play a crucial role in restoring Haitian democracy

By Manny Howard



Post-apocalypse now: Kelly (center) and Marine Reserve major Mario LaPaix (right) en route to the remote Haitian outpost of Hinche.

# missioner



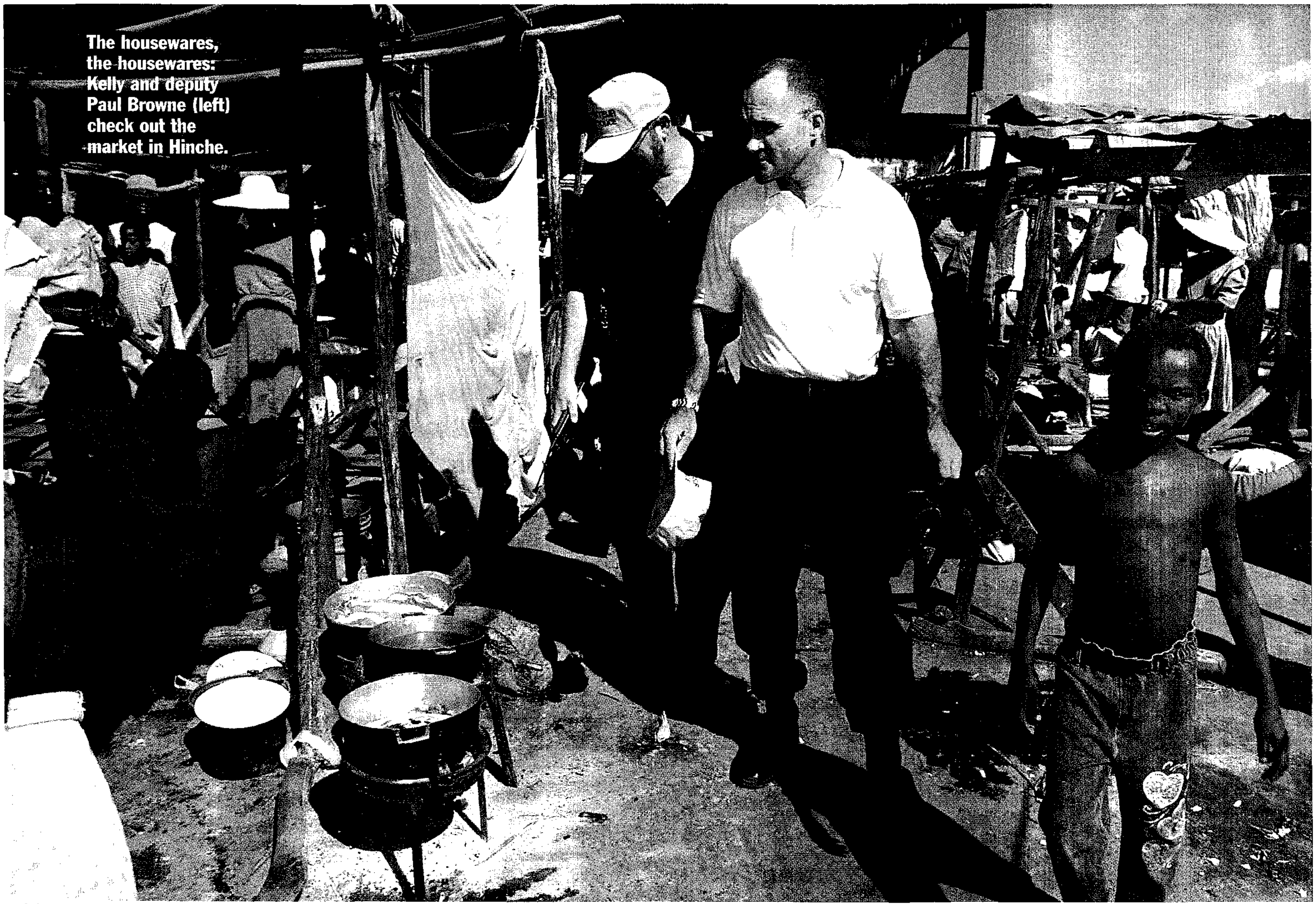
Sipa

ONE AFTERNOON LAST NOVEMBER, COLLEGE François, a Haitian national working at the U.S. Embassy in Port-au-Prince, talked three Haitian co-workers into giving him a ride. He didn't have a car, he told them, and needed to visit his ailing mother. François knew that the car held $50,000 in cash, money the men had just withdrawn from a bank and were delivering to the embassy to meet payroll. François climbed into the backseat, shot all three men (two fatally) with a .357 Magnum, and fled with the money.

Raymond Kelly, the former New York City police commissioner who runs Haiti's temporary 800-member international police force, immediately mobilized a countrywide manhunt, which quickly yielded the blood-spattered Chevy Caprice.

The search took a radical departure from normal police procedure, however, when Jack McDaniels—a former Army investigator who is volunteering in Haiti—learned

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SUE OGROCKI
FOR *NEW YORK*



**The housewares, the housewares: Kelly and deputy Paul Browne (left) check out the market in Hinche.**

**"The policeman that the U.S. is training is the kind of guy who st 9-mm. and he beats you down," one Haitian complains. "In Ame**

that François had sought out a *houngan,* or voodoo priest. François wanted an invisibility potion.

In an effort to track down the *houngan,* Kelly's team began interviewing other priests. "When we went to question one *houngan,* we showed up with eight IPMs [international police monitors], which was a mistake," recalls Paul Browne, a former assistant commissioner under Kelly and his second-in-command in Haiti. "The priest thought we had come to arrest him, and he tried to run," says Browne. "We tried to convince him that we only needed his help finding François, but he kept insisting that he had stopped practicing black magic and that almost all his business lately was undoing the bad magic of other priests."

Nonetheless, the priest—who, like most of his confederates, was sensitive to the prevailing political winds in Haiti—led the team to François's *houngan,* who also proved eager to cooperate. The *houngan* contacted the fugitive and told him he could make him an invisibility potion. But, he said, it would work only if François met him at a voodoo ceremony in an isolated village, came unarmed, brought all the money he had stolen, wore only his underwear, and carried goat meat over his head.

It was in exactly this state that Collège François was arrested. Police also recovered two bottles of invisibility potion.

HAITI CAUGHT RAY KELLY—A squat, firepluggish 53-year-old with a snub nose and the mien of an old-school untouchable—at an odd time. Last January, after a too-short term, the 30-year police-force veteran had been precipitously let go as police commissioner when Mayor Giuliani brought William Bratton in from Boston. Kelly had just started a lucrative job as president of the Investigative Group, a corporate-security firm, when a Clinton-administration official approached him last fall about playing General MacArthur to the newly democratic Haiti. Still, he was hooked. "From the beginning, I thought it was a good idea," he says cheerily, as if recalling a country outing, "the kind of experience you're glad you had ten years later."

You can tell, though, he hasn't let go of his old milieu. Sitting at the bar at the Oloffson Hotel, the funky haunt made famous in Graham Greene's *The Comedians,* Kelly seems no more than a quick subway ride away from One Police Plaza. "What do you think about changing the color of the uniform?" he asks abruptly. He's talking about the NYPD.

Kelly still seems to be smarting from the abrupt end to his long career—he was wildly popular among beat cops, who saw him as one of their own, and with the public, who saw in his blunt demeanor a no-nonsense achiever. The Haitian gig may not have been a life's passion, but as a chance to be a singular Top Cop again, it's not without a certain appeal. Kelly, understandably, is not comfortable with this psychological interpretation. "This wasn't an attempt to get back in the business," he says. "This mission is a lot different than running a major municipal police department. Here, you have to be a diplomat, a negotiator, *and* a SWAT team."

When Kelly first showed up in Haiti in October, he found the Haitian national police scared for their lives. Almost daily, Kelly and Browne led their international police into angry mobs to rescue Haitian policemen and accused Attachés—the gang of brutes who enforced the rules of the old regime under General Raoul Cédras—who were being beaten to death. Between rescue missions, Kelly's team began rooting out the serious human-rights violators among the 7,000-strong Haitian army/police force. Three thousand fled, were fired, or were reassigned shortly after Kelly showed up; from the remaining 4,000, he arrested 620 people considered dangerous to the multinational force and then sorted out the remaining officers, transferring the most brutal among them to the army. This left Kelly with the difficult task of retraining a force of 3,000-odd "Good Germans," as one American official calls them—cops who had spent the Cédras years (and in some cases the Duvalier years as well) just following orders.

"Vetting was a hard process," says Kelly between bites of a hamburger at the restaurant of the Baptist Mission high above Port-au-Prince. (It took him 70 days, but Kelly, who has an encyclopedic knowledge of New York's diners, found the only burger in town.) "You always have to consider the source of these kinds of charges. People were getting torn apart by crowds when we got here because somebody wanted to settle a grudge and wrongfully accused them of being a bad guy. Everybody wanted to believe it."

Kelly's mission is to turn this intensely—*intensely*—unpopular group into a legitimate law-enforcement operation, and he's being expected to do it with the help of policemen from twenty nations, including officers-cum-instructors from such bastions of liberal-justice theory as Benin and Jordan. This task is made even more daunting by the fact that most Haitians, including newly returned president Jean-Bertrand Aristide, are unsure what role the hated bullyboys should play in the new order.

"In the last three years, when a rich guy had a problem or got robbed, he'd just go up to the police station and say, 'I need ten guys,' " explains Major Dany Toussaint, the former Aristide bodyguard who is chief of police in the rich neighborhood of Pétionville. "Ten guys would get into a truck, beat or kill somebody, and then go back to the station."

"It's a dilemma," admits Kelly. "You can't release these guys into the streets without a job—they're too volatile a group—but these guys have been kicking everybody's ass for years, and many people of goodwill don't want them to be police."

The most important step in resolving this quandary may be taken this month, when Aristide plans to open the country's first police academy. Eventually, all police recruits will have to be certified by the academy, an innovation Kelly and others hope will professionalize what has been a madly ad hoc organization. Applications for the academy were made available to the public last week, and no decision has been made about whether to allow the old cops a second chance.

This is a decision that understandably riles up average Haitians. "The policeman that the U.S. is training is the kind of guy who steps on your foot and then when you look at him, he takes out his 9-mm. and he beats you down," says Benjamin Thomas, 34, a Haitian who lived in Flatbush for three years during the eighties. "These guys rape your daughter, kill your mother, rape you if you fuck around. These are the guys we are reconciling with. In America, when you catch a crooked cop, does he get a second chance?"

THE CHILDREN WHO COME OUT TO meet the U.S. Army's Chinook transport helicopter are undaunted by the hell storm of dust and twigs and grass kicked up by the copter's two enormous rotors. The Chinook touches down on a field adjoining the Bangladeshi police barracks in Hinche—a remote outpost 65 miles northwest of Port-au-Prince—and out hops the commish. Kelly is "showing the flag," he says. "It's easy for these guys to feel isolated out here."

An understatement. Wearing the white polo shirt, black fatigue pants, and combat boots that—along with a .45 Colt automatic and a yellow police monitor's cap—have become his uniform, Kelly rounds the corner of the low, walled cement stockade. Followed by a parade of curious children, he passes three PVC pipes sticking diagonally out of the dirt—that's the outhouse.

Grinning like a maniac, the Bangladeshi commanding officer leads Kelly and the impromptu procession past a row of Chevy Blazers painted in green camouflage, not a few of which are on blocks. He walks Kelly through a narrow doorway into a compound too small to accommodate a half-court basketball game.

The unannounced visit is a habit Kelly picked up at the NYPD. He'd walk in and everybody would turn red and start saluting or shuffling papers. It was a way for Kelly to show that he was a presence, not just a virtual administrator.

The Bangladeshis knew he was coming, though, and they are prepared. Kelly is greeted by a great flurry of hammering and sawing by civilians who are building a lean-to for a food-storage freezer. A squad of twenty sharply dressed, heel-clicking Bangladeshi police stands at attention. (Developing nations often participate in international peacekeeping missions because somebody else is footing the bill. This enables countries low on cash to train and maintain standing armies without spending their own money.)

Still, for all the show, and for all of Kelly's rote keep-up-the-good-work banter, the Bangladeshi supervisor is clearly not just interested in sucking up. He stutteringly launches into a list of grievances, chief among them a seemingly reasonable plaint that nobody in his squad has been paid since they arrived in Haiti two months ago. Kelly smiles noncommittally.

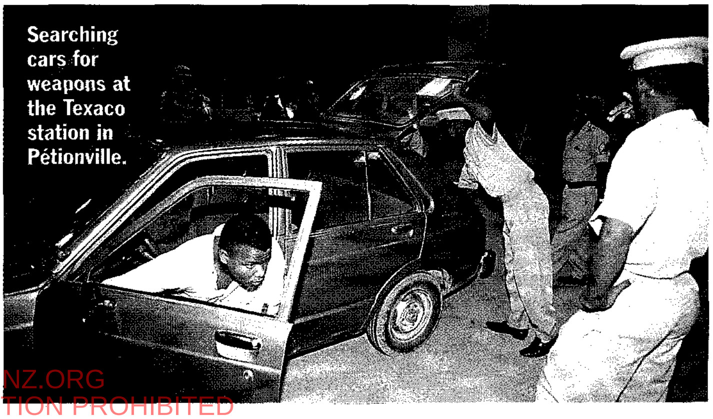
Not that there's anything to buy in Hinche, a drab valley town of about 10,000 people that is notable mostly for being the seat of the Central Plateau Region. This is market day, and the place is packed with people who have traveled miles to trade charcoal, cloves, handmade iron stoves, bars of soap, goat meat, and T-shirts.

Life is quieter in the imposing French Colonial–style police compound in the center of town. In a cool classroom off the interior courtyard, 30 men sit at six tables organized in three rows. They are part of a temporary training program for cops from the old regime, and they behave more like bored kids in summer school than like middle-aged men trying to hold on to their jobs. A Bangladeshi policeman lectures the Haitians, through an interpreter, on proper investigative techniques. "Do you know what the first question they ask is?" the Bangladeshi commanding officer asks. "They say, 'What is law? Please explain law.' "

s on your foot and then when you look at him, he takes out his
a, when you catch a crooked cop, does he get a second chance?"

While they never had to bother with it before, the Haitians almost certainly know what law is—they just have little interest in seeing the international advisers succeed. "I wouldn't rely on the Bangladeshi impression of the Haitian police," Jocelyn McCalla, executive director of the New York–based National Coalition for Haitian Refugees, warns later. "The Haitian police are having a field day doing nothing. It's a work slowdown. They think they'll win by inertia. They are making things difficult. They are not dumb."

While the lessons drone on, five young men sit in the shade of a tree in the walled courtyard. This is Hinche's decrepit jail. It seems the men could escape if they wanted to—there's a ladder against the far wall, the


Searching cars for weapons at the Texaco station in Pétionville.

front door is often left unlocked, and the men are unshackled—but few apparently ever try. It's a residual fear, left over from the old regime—the prisoners still think they'll be shot if they dare venture out.

In the center of the dirt yard, a tethered rooster clucks nervously. A small, gray-haired woman wanders over to the group and stands with her arms crossed over a ragged and dirty dress. When Major Mario LaPaix, a third-generation American of Haitian descent who lives in Bushwick and who is serving as Kelly's liaison and translator, asks her why she is in prison, she explains in Creole that she has been in jail since her husband died. The other detainees howl with outrage, explaining that her husband died because she killed *him*. The old woman shrugs absently.

A young man arrested for stealing a car says he was only riding in the stolen vehicle. Why, he asks, was the driver allowed to go free? Kelly is skeptical. "Like prisons everywhere," he says. "Filled with innocent people."

But Kelly also concedes that people spend too much time awaiting trial in Haiti's jails. "The justice system is broken. There aren't enough judges, and they aren't all very good," he says. He is asked if comparisons to New York's criminal-courts system might be in order. "Here, as in New York, there is a disproportionate amount of money spent on police," he concedes. "And courts and corrections suffer and are dysfunctional. We have problems in New York, sure, but it's nothing like this."

**The police have pulled over nearly 400 cars in the past two we**
**cars in New York," Kelly asks rhetorically as he oversees a ro**

The appalling conditions in jail stem from a disconnect between the police, who arrest the suspect; the prosecutor, who investigates the case; and the judge, who, once informed of the arrest, decides the merits of the case. Often, prosecutors don't even bother to tell the judges about an arrest—the prisoner, meanwhile, is forgotten in his cell. In time, no one may be sure what he's being held for.

"I don't know what Haitian law is, but nobody seems to," says First Lieutenant Rick Achison, a military policeman with the 101st Airborne. "We don't enforce Haitian law, we don't make it, we don't know it, so we just use common sense."

Major Toussaint recently arrested five people for gambling, even though gambling is not illegal in Haiti. "There was a lot of money in this game," Toussaint says by way of explanation, "and none of these guys have jobs."

THERE ARE ELEVEN HUMVEES parked in the neon brightness of the spanking new Texaco station in Pétionville. There is a three-ton truck and a full platoon of military police from New York State's 10th Mountain Division rolling out barbed wire and pulling over cars and searching them for guns. In keeping with the military doctrine of overwhelming force, there is enough hardware and personnel to take out an invading force from Cuba.

The police have pulled over nearly 400 cars in the past two weeks and have recovered only two guns. It is accepted theory that the city is still flush with small arms, but the message sent by the show of force at the Texaco station is clear: Leave the guns at home. "If you pulled over 400 cars in New York, how many guns do you think we'd get?" asks Kelly, watching the action.

The police and soldiers are working from a profile. It seems that tonight, four-wheel-drive vehicles with light-skinned rich kids on their way to a concert by the Haitian *compas* singer Sweet Micky are considered likely to be packing heat. The official logic is that the rich are the only people who can afford guns. The unofficial rationale is less precise but more telling.

General David Meade has joined the party at the gas station. Meade is a tall, wiry man with a narrow face who, when he takes off his helmet and slicks back his thin hair, looks as much like an Agway salesman as he does like the man in charge of the once 20,000-strong multinational force of Operation Uphold Democracy. And he's just plain tickled by what he's seeing. "Three months ago, nobody would have stopped for this roadblock," he explains. "They would have rolled up to these cops and flashed an Attaché I.D. card or something and winked and rolled on through. Some of these guys have had their style cramped."

A young man in leather espadrilles and blue jeans, who prefers not to be identified by name, is not pleased about the new role the police have assumed. "This is harassment. We have no guns," he insists. "I mean, come on, does she look like she has a gun?" he entreats, gesturing to his date, whose white linen dress conceals absolutely nothing.

*"Mare-see,"* a pimply-faced American corporal says in chalkboard-scratchingly bad French as he waves the brooding couple back into their white Montero.

The man who owns the Texaco station is livid, too. A balding Haitian of Arab descent, wearing a white linen shirt and two gold chains, he is protesting bitterly to another military officer. The Americans have dubbed the gas-station man "Mr. Popularity"—he seems to know someone in almost every four-by-four being pulled over. "I am closing now," he whines. "The soldiers have intimidated all my customers. I just opened this station three weeks ago, and tonight I will lose 3,000 [Haitian] dollars"—about $1,500 U.S.

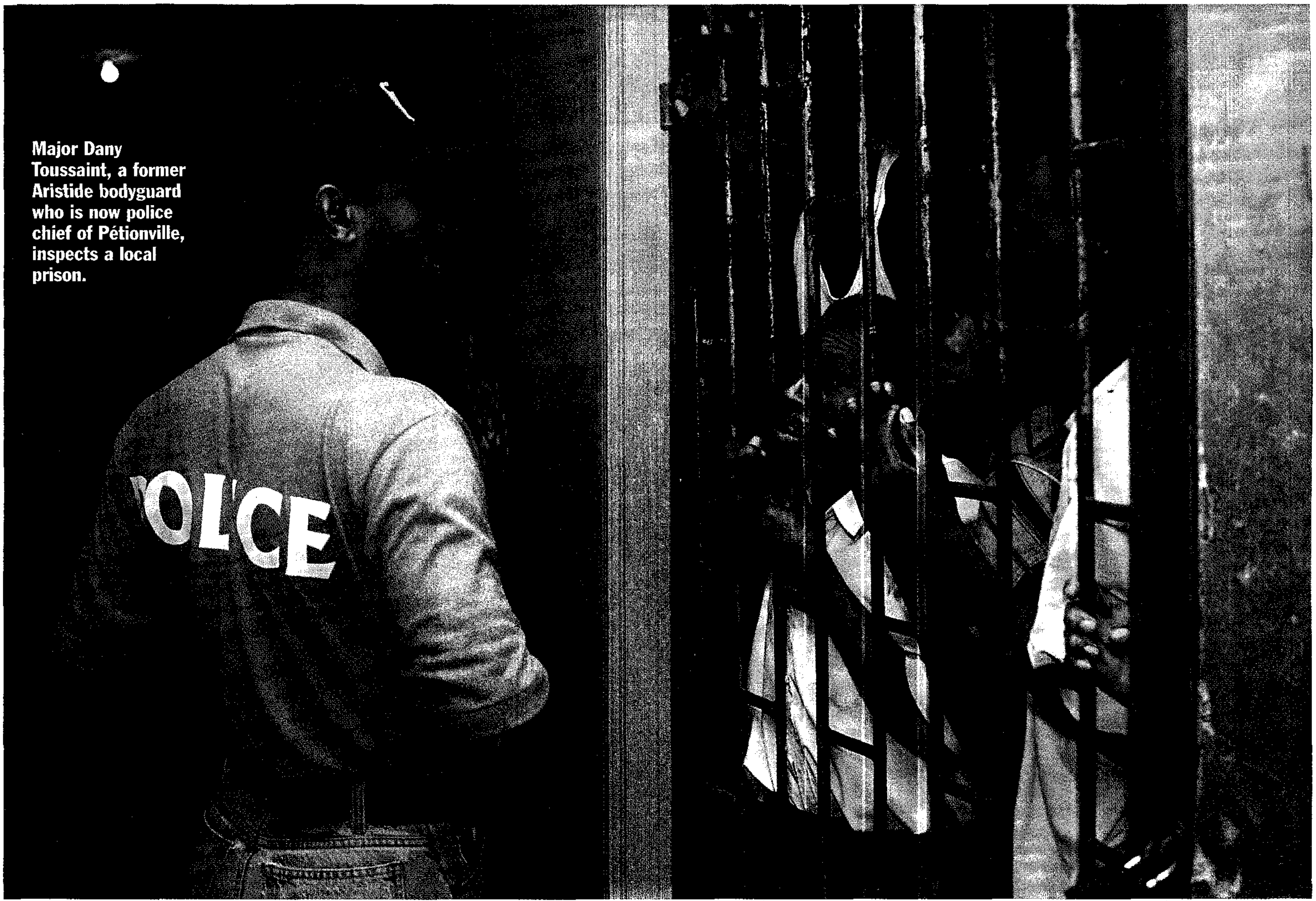
Upsetting the rich is a new role for the Haitian police, and they are not very comfortable with it. In contrast, the American military police seem to relish the opportunity to inconvenience the partygoers.

It's still hard to break the law in Port-au-Prince if you're rich, though. Because the American brief tonight is limited to searching cars for weapons, U.S. police can only smirk when a young reveler staggers out from behind the wheel, a bottle of Courvoisier in his hand, and begins drunkenly berating a Haitian cop. After all, it's not illegal to drink and drive in Haiti.

FOR ALL OF KELLY'S EFFORTS, FIGURES SHOW an increase in crime since Aristide's return. But this seems to be largely semantics. As Police Chief Toussaint points out, the 4,000 murders that human-rights groups estimate were committed by the police, army, or Attachés in Haiti during the past three years never made it onto crime tallies. The current "increase" is due to the fact that, for the first time in memory, people are actually comfortable telling officials what has happened to them.

Still, Kelly believes crimes of the more mundane variety probably *have* gone up, as they have in the post-totalitarian former Soviet Union. Democracy—or "demokracy," as it's spelled in Creole graffiti—is seen by many as a system in which almost anything is tolerated. "There is more traditional crime: robbery, burglary, and mayhem," he says. "But it is much lower, considering the density and poverty in Port-au-Prince, than in any major U.S. city." Actually, his own figures don't exactly bear this out. Kelly, who instituted the first scientific crime-reporting methods in Haiti's history, says there have been 50 murders in Port-au-Prince, a city of 1.5-million people, since October. Over the same period of time, there were 318 mur-

**With the Bangladeshi police monitors at Hinche's prison.**



**Major Dany Toussaint, a former Aristide bodyguard who is now police chief of Pétionville, inspects a local prison.**

s and have recovered only two ns. “If you pulled over 400
block, “how many guns do you think we’d get?”

ders in New York City. Given that New York is about five times the size of Port-au-Prince, the murder rates are roughly comparable.

IT’S NOT A QUESTION OF *macoute,*” says Sister Mary Élen, a Belgian-born mother superior who is a veteran of missionary campaigns in Vietnam and the Belgian Congo. She and Kelly are talking on the airless front porch of the convent of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul in Cité Soleil, a Port-au-Prince slum. She is referring to the *tontons macoute,* the vigilantes who enforced the Duvaliers’ reign of terror from the sixties through the eighties. They were so feared that the name has since become a generic term for political violence, even though the *macoute* no longer exist. “Crime now is boys doing drugs and drinking and smoking, and I feel sorry for them,” the missionary says.

Sister Mary was recently a victim of these new criminals, the “late-at-night people,” as she calls them. Kelly paid her a visit after children on the street told him that the nuns were getting beaten up and wouldn’t report it.

Sister Mary explains that the nuns are not being hurt, but that the water pump and the new TV and VCR had been stolen from the school building across the street. She asks Kelly whether he can put up a barbed-wire fence. (Later that day, Kelly will stop by “Camp Democracy,” General Meade’s headquarters, and arrange to have the barbed wire delivered.)

“We will have patrols come by here and check on you and your school,” Kelly assures her.

“Ah,” she sighs, continuing in the measured tones of a skillful politician, “I’m very glad that the army is here, but there has been no security. Now that the Americans are starting to go, the thugs are coming out of the woodwork.”

Kelly’s translator, LaPaix, explains that Kelly is not regular U.S. Army but the former commissioner of the NYPD. *“Ah nou paka kité allé* [we cannot let him leave],” the mother superior exclaims in Creole. “Everyone else is leaving—he must stay.”

Alas, no. Kelly’s commitment lasts only until the academy is up and running. The U.N. is expected to take over in March, and the National Coalition for Haitian Refugees’ McCalla says that Aristide, who has been nurturing relations with the Canadian government, considers the Canadians more steadfast than the embattled Clinton administration. “If I was in Kelly’s shoes,” says McCalla, “I would honor the contract until March and then say bye-bye. It’s a thankless job, right?”

For Kelly, the mission *is* losing some of its early excitement. Now, he says, it’s more of a “ticket punching” operation—debriefing various dignitaries and squiring State Department fact-finders around the country. In the meantime, Haiti is serving as a nice way to burnish his image. He is clearly not ignorant of how his good works play at home or of the connection between substance and symbolism. Late one evening, while making one of his unannounced precinct visits, Kelly stands in front of the police headquarters in downtown Port-au-Prince, by a wooden cargo flat piled high with dented, empty paint cans. He is having all the station houses in Haiti, which used to be a jaundice yellow, painted white as a sign that things are looking up. Is white a practical color for a city so clotted with dust that on some days it’s difficult to breathe? “Probably not,” says Kelly. “They’ll probably have to be painted again in a year. But that is somebody else’s problem.” ■

# The Future W

## 21st-Century New York? Ferries and Trolley

GETTING FROM POINT A TO POINT B IN NEW YORK CITY HAS NEVER BEEN A PLEASURABLE experience at rush hour. "Surely there must be some exceptional advantage to outweigh the inconvenience of traveling thru a tube, packed like herring, and with no diverting landscape," Henry Irving Dodge wrote in 1910 about the odd and very new Manhattan subway. As Dodge reasoned, there *was* an exceptional advantage: "Standing up may be

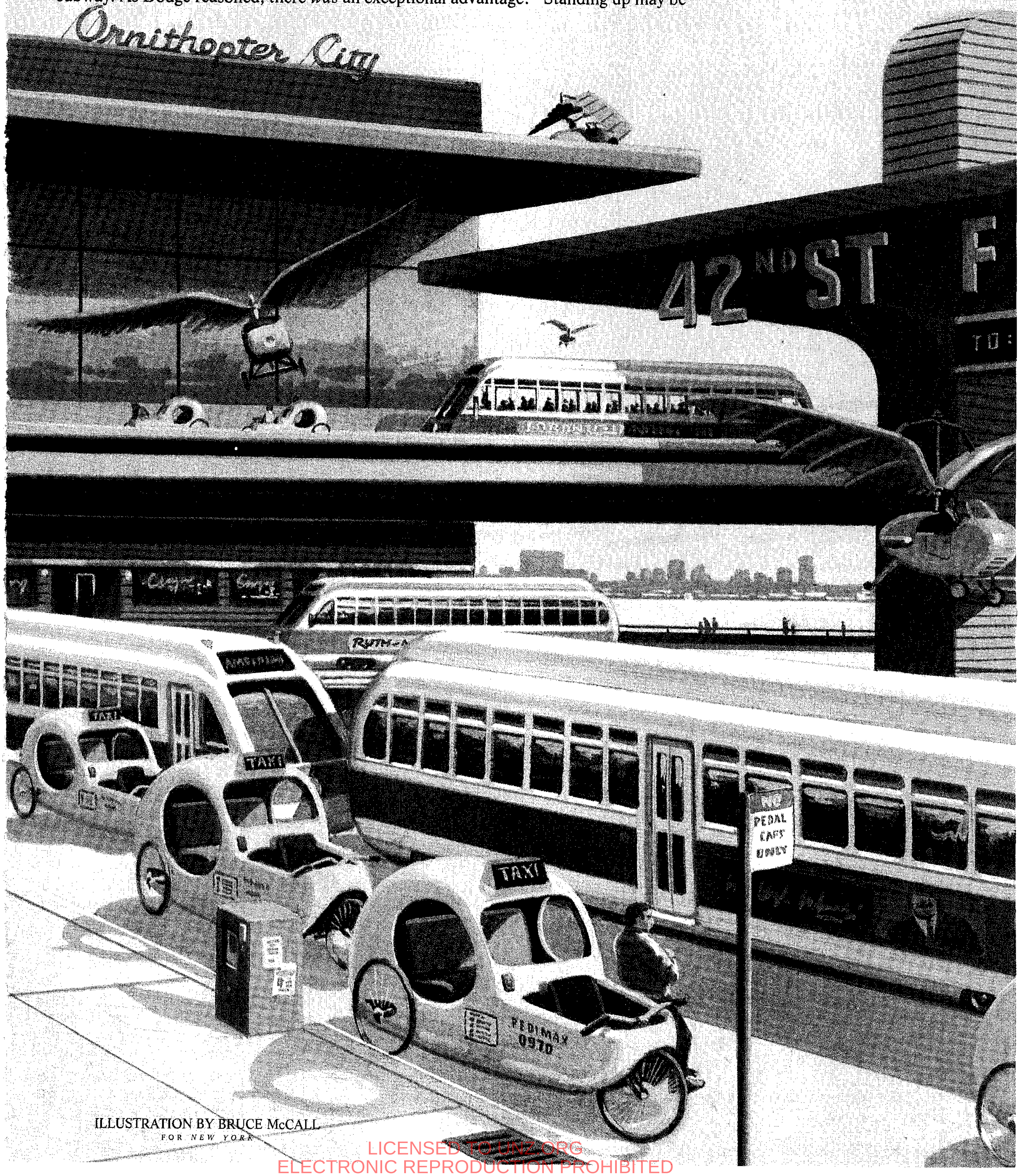

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ILLUSTRATION BY BRUCE McCALL
FOR NEW YORK

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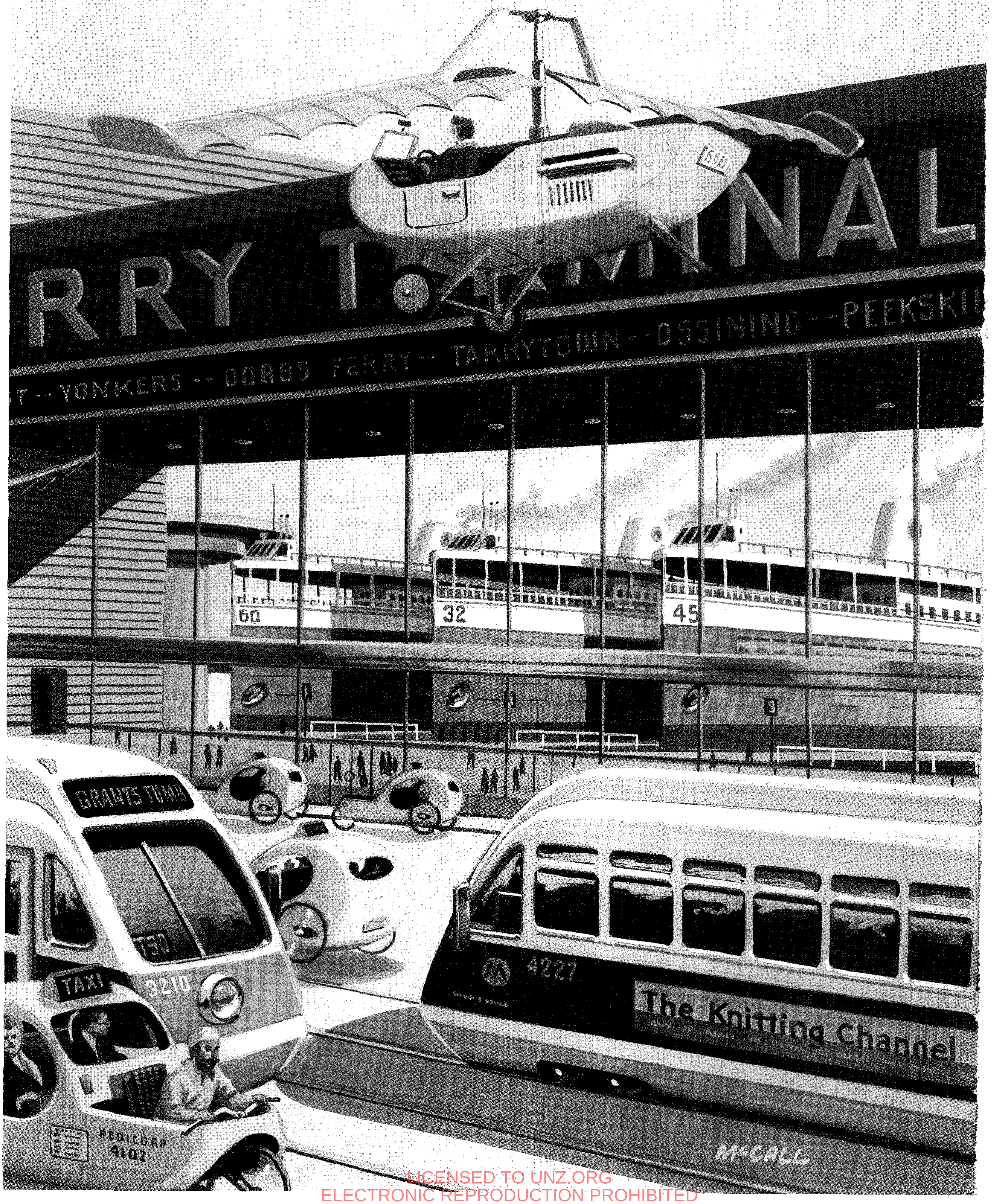
BY JON GERTNER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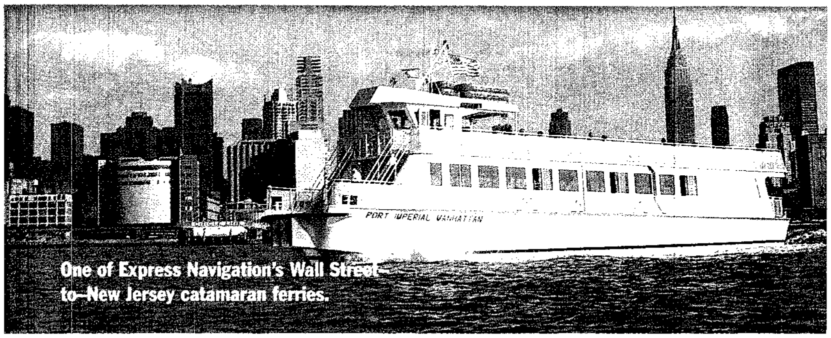


One of Express Navigation's Wall Street–to–New Jersey catamaran ferries.

beneficial to many persons who have to remain seated during the day, and swinging around and twisting on the strap is the only exercise many of them get."

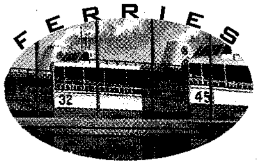
Eighty-five years later, that evening slog home can be just as arduous and uncomfortable. For bus riders and drivers, congestion seems to grow worse each year. The subways, even though the Transit Authority plans to begin replacing its creaky rolling stock with high-technology trains in the next two years, can still inconvenience with track fires, flooding, tardiness, and the occasional mad bomber. And though it might be accurate to conclude that the city's transportation infrastructure hasn't nearly approached its evolutionary limits, budgetary shortfalls have made any quantum leaps to the cutting edge of transit impossible. Does it make sense, then, to go back rather than forward?

Those caught up in urban planning's ascendant new traditionalism might say yes. The gee-whiz technology of the fifties and sixties never did live up to utopian prophecies; the rapid evolution of our cities soon outpaced the abilities of our engineers to accommodate sprawl and decay. *Post-* got appended to *modernism* before many of the more ambitious plans were realized. The charms of the past began to exert their pull again—giving rise to the growing national fascination with smallness, simplicity, and frugality. In government, that has cleared the way for a certain portly pol from Georgia; in the arena of public works, it means the bigger-is-better dreamathon is over. Those twenty-lane bridges and billion-dollar monorails are definitely on hold. Antique commuting modes such as ferries and trolleys are making a spirited comeback in New York City. Even the lowly propeller plane is no longer a casualty of the Jet Age. According to the Regional Airline Association, prop planes carried approximately 47 million passengers in 1993, and since 1988, turboprop activity at the largest airports has grown by 75 percent.

This, at the end of the millennium, counts as progress. And for some alternative-mass-transit advocates, there seems to be no better source of inspiration than the historical record (or, if you're interested in pedicabs, certain Third World cities). The city's civic spirit and thirst for transportation ingenuity aren't dead; they just took a 40-year breather. The big picture, as it turns out, is full of promise, vision, and talkative idealists who dream of a well-oiled, intermodal city where commuters leave their cars behind, board a ferry to the big town, and take a trolley, subway, or pedicab—or a combination of all three—to a final destination.

That's not as larky as it might sound. Nor should oldfangled or alien styles of transport be dismissed because they are eccentric. If the MTA's plans to offer commuters bus-to-train transfers can indeed be implemented—and if some of the retro ideas now circulating can make it past the city's bureaucratic trip wires—the mix of old and new could prove environmentally sound and modishly efficient. "New York's problem is automania," says George Haikalis, whose newly minted group, the Village Crosstown Trolley Coalition, launched a somewhat quixotic campaign for a river-to-river streetcar line on Manhattan's 8th Street just before Christmas. "The public benefits of these kinds of transportation are obvious."

Perhaps. But can old forms of transit make economic sense—enough so that they'll flourish in an era when privatization is next to godliness? "Either you have to assume New York's privately owned ferries are profitable," says Alan Olmsted, director of Private Ferry Operations at the Department of Transportation, "or these people have a very strange hobby."



SOMETIME IN THE WINTER OF 1853, John A. Roebling and his son, Washington, spent several hours trapped on an icebound East River ferry on their way to Brooklyn. Legend has it that the elder Roebling—frustrated by the delay—determined at that moment to build his famous bridge.

Now, of course, drivers stuck on Roebling's gridlocked wonder might look past the catenary curve of the suspension cables toward the water, wishing that there were another way. In 1908, more than 200 million passengers boarded commuter ferries that plied the Hudson and East rivers, and even up until the mid-thirties, hundreds of thousands of commuters took boats to and from work. But by the sixties, ferrying was dead. Millions of New Yorkers had switched to the four-borough network of subways that crisscrossed the East and Harlem rivers; on the West Side, the 1910 trans-Hudson tunnels into Penn Station brought many intercity rail passengers (who had previously taken ferries from the New Jersey side of the river) straight into Manhattan. And from the thirties onward, interborough car and bus trips made convenient by Robert Moses's system of bridges, tunnels, and roadways finished off what few ferry lines remained. Except for the hugely unprofitable and highly subsidized Staten Island line—which, due to a lack of subway lines or bridges linking Staten Island to Manhattan, has continued to stay afloat out of sheer necessity—ferrying seemed over, done, gone.

Since the late eighties, however, the city's ferries have undergone something of a renaissance. Four private companies now run trips across New York Harbor for a daily ridership of about 22,000 passengers per day. The ferries now cater to about 3 percent of the people who cross the Hudson to enter Manhattan every workday morning. (In addition to the private ships, the Staten Island Ferry carries about 62,000 commuters daily.) "You'll probably see a doubling in traffic on the private ferries to about 40,000 riders within five years," predicts Donald Liloia, ferry-programs supervisor at the Port Authority.

Nightmarish traffic—especially at the Hudson River crossings—has helped, but much of the credit for the increase in ferry passengers might go to Arthur Imperatore, the ambitious New Jersey developer who started the ball rolling in 1986 with his route from Port Imperial in Weehawken to West 38th Street. Aside from six commuter ferries that Imperatore currently runs—five New Jersey–to–Manhattan routes and a new line from Hunter's Point in Queens to East 34th Street—his company NY Waterway plans to introduce ferries from the Nyack vicinity to West 38th Street, and from East 34th Street to Yankee Stadium. In the warmer months, NY Waterway also operates a handful of leisure ferries, including one to Kykuit, the lavish Rockefeller estate in the Pocantico Hills. Other entrepreneurs are following suit: In the next two years, commuters will be able to go from the Brooklyn Army Terminal to lower and midtown Manhattan. A high-speed Staten Island ferry to midtown is also in the works.

The city offers no subsidies to private ferry companies, and ticket prices (which can range from $2 to $15) are generally more than the cost of a bus or train ride. But speed is also a plus; the leg of a trip going from Bay Ridge to Wall Street on a catamaran operated by Express Navigation takes just under fifteen minutes, compared with 30 minutes by the R train. And apart from the wind and open sea, the ferries do have one other thing going for them. "We've moved over 21 million people already since January 1987," says Imperatore. "And we've never had one mugging." While it's true that ferries can still get icebound, as they did in John Roebling's day—this past winter was one of the worst on record in terms of ice conditions—the boats are blessedly unaffected by snow.

FRED PAPERT SEEMS TO ENJOY SAYING things like "New York's specialty is a zest for inertia." But ever since the proposal for a 42nd Street Trolley—a project that Papert, president of the 42nd Street Development Corporation, has worked on for nearly two decades—won City Council approval last year, he's been tantalized by the possibility of forward motion. By the late spring, a private company will be chosen to design, build, and operate the 2.2-mile stretch of light rail that will run from the United Nations on the East Side to a terminal near the Javits Convention Center on West 39th Street. The tentative completion date is two (or three) years from now, and the Department of Transportation estimates a cost of $135 million; $60 million will come from the city.

That is, if things go according to plan. After months of municipal zigs and zags culminating in various bureaucratic delays, Papert is itching to get ahead. "Our borrowed theme—we got permission from Steven Spielberg a couple of years ago—is 'Back to the Future,' " says Papert, who claims that trolleys (which hold more passengers, run cleaner, and last longer than buses) will be a boon to tourism and the environment.

In 1907, Manhattan had 300 miles of trolley track and 47 lines; 571 million fares were paid that year. And these days, Papert is actually just one of many trolley enthusiasts who envision a better city that strides forward by stepping back. Bob Diamond, of the Brooklyn Historic Railway Association, is in the midst of building a trolley line that will run along the edge of the Red Hook waterfront. He plans to run his four trolleys—one that was made in 1897, three from 1951—along a 3,000-foot stretch by spring; eventually, he intends to go all the way north into the Fulton Mall area and loop through downtown Brooklyn. His proposal is currently under review by city officials, and Diamond is waiting to hear the results of a $267,000 federal grant application.

"Aside from being a whole other form of urban transportation," says Diamond, "trolleys are also nostalgic. You're getting a tourist attraction." Whether Papert's and Diamond's plans come to fruition remains to be seen (some detractors have already charged that trolleys are boutique investments that could create more traffic-congestion problems than they solve). But last July 10, Diamond did achieve a major victory for trolleyists that went widely unheralded. On that day, the first trolley run in New York since 1956 occurred on a 200-foot stretch of Diamond's rail line inside a south Brooklyn warehouse. But Diamond still sees it as a landmark event. "A trolley car was invented in New York in 1886 on East 24th Street on 200 feet of track," he says. "If they could invent it on 200 feet, then we can reinvent it on 200 feet."

**This pedicab may soon be regularly picking up passengers in lower Manhattan.**

SEVEN YEARS AGO, GEORGE BLISS WAS RUNNING a salvage business on the Lower East Side. Then came a flurry of bad luck: The van got towed, Bliss was broke, and the van got auctioned off. Undaunted, Bliss built a sturdy tricycle from scrap metal so he could keep scavenging for another year. He began to tinker with more experimental transport vehicles and started a small downtown courier business with what he calls "dump trikes."

Last year, Bliss bought 23 pedicabs that were built a dozen years ago in California and were used successfully in Honolulu. To start PONY (Pedicabs of New York), he wants to introduce six of the brightly colored, fiberglass, three-wheeled, pedal-powered taxis to lower Manhattan whenever he can secure the right insurance broker—by early April, Bliss hopes. He plans on expanding the fleet to twenty vehicles that would operate each evening out of pedicab stands at the World Trade Center, South Street Seaport, and Battery Park by late summer.

Bliss's goal is to create a link between alternative transportation and job creation among underemployed or unemployed workers—offering drivers independent contracts to operate their own pedicabs in downtown Manhattan and Greenwich Village. "This," says Bliss, "is my idea of how to change the world."

Will it work? A pedicab's weight (200 pounds) and the city's grueling topography and traffic will require drivers to be extraordinarily athletic, not to mention civil. "Pedicabs are funny and romantic," says Bliss. "If the driver can be charming as well, then people will see a different face of New York"—not, adds Bliss, the typically disgruntled mug, and grunt, of a taxi driver.

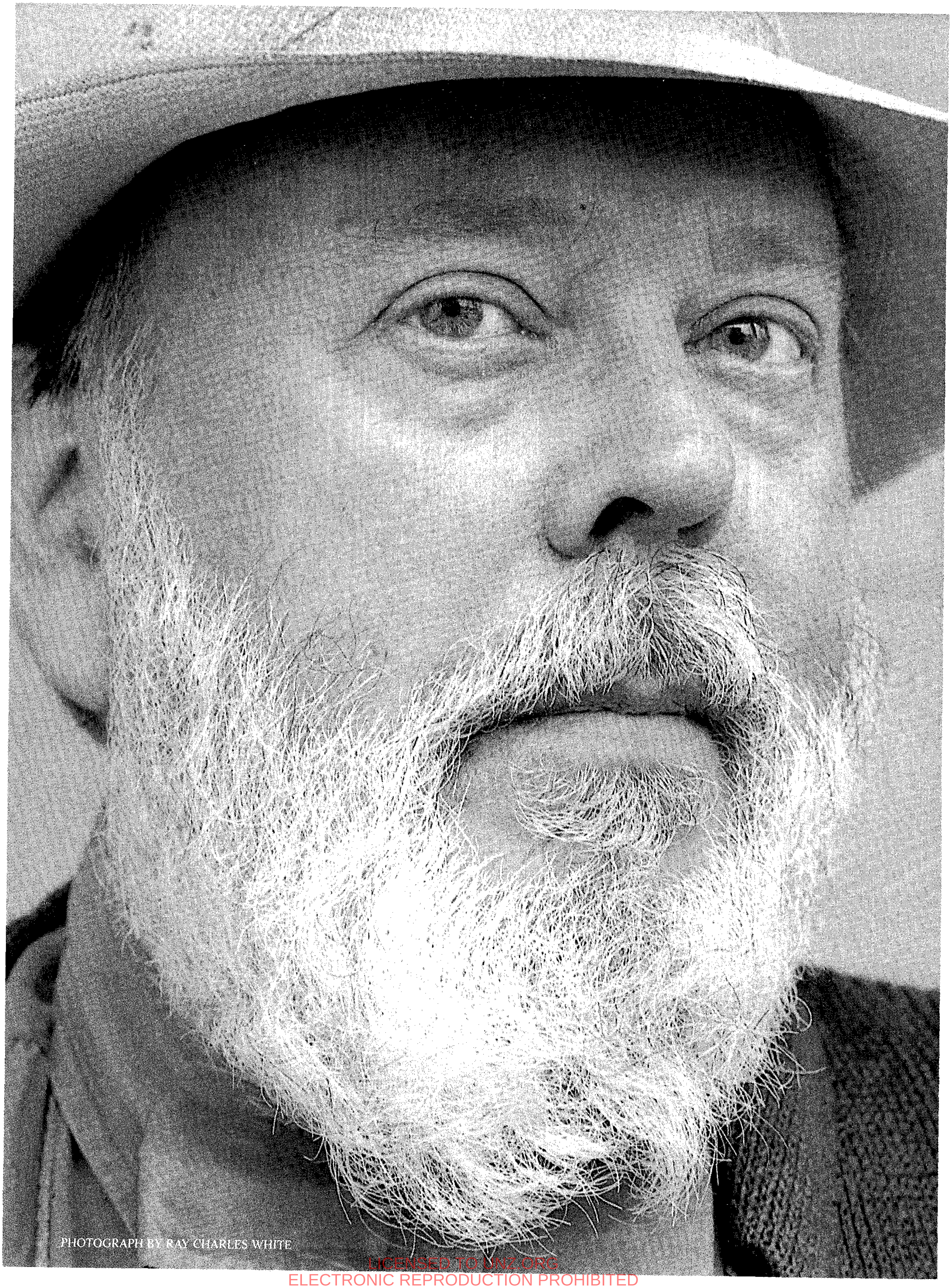
THE ORNITHOPTER

IT DID NOT, OF COURSE, CATCH ON. IN fact, it barely got off the ground. But in a *faux*-Tudor house set high on a hill in the St. George section of Staten Island, an 88-year-old man named James L. G. FitzPatrick still believes in the future of the ornithopter—a hydraulic, motorized device resembling a hang glider that flaps giant wings in a furious effort to rise above all this.

FitzPatrick—a former dean of Staten Island Community College—spent a lifetime perfecting his machines until old age and illness sidelined his efforts. Perhaps the island's relative isolation from the rest of the city sparked his interest. As Richmond County's very own spiritual heir to Leonardo and Icarus, he modeled his early, unsuccessful prototypes after turkeys and bats. He was convinced his machine could be useful to commuters. He gave lectures to military-intelligence officers at CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia. He wrote the "1969 Report on Beating Wings & Fins." He studied the physiology of the hummingbird, examined the respiratory and cardiac responses of the pigeon, calculated the hover and thrust of the horsefly. He reckoned with wind vortices and puzzled over quantitative vectors of flight. "Birds," says FitzPatrick, "are very interesting animals." He even modeled one ornithopter on the pterodactyl.

And eventually, it worked. Sort of. During short flights at Princeton University's Flight Research Laboratory during the seventies and early eighties, FitzPatrick remembers getting his machine slightly into the air, and several Princeton officials recall a clearance of six to ten inches. "I was very cautious," FitzPatrick says. "I didn't want to break anything." He didn't. But these days, standing amid the unfulfilled promise of yellowed documents, junked motors, wingspan diagrams, and rusted springs in a cluttered attic thick with the fug of engine grease, he admits, "There's a loss of interest in this type of aircraft. It's really unfortunate that this is the case." Actually, the world's first officially successful ornithopter flight was unmanned and guided by radio control in 1991. But FitzPatrick's ornithopter, which could carry one pilot, is still down in Princeton. In his basement, three file cabinets are stuffed with scientific esoterica; in the adjoining workroom, FitzPatrick's bric-a-brac, accumulated during a lifetime spent on the fringe of aeronautics, gathers dust.

Few people come knocking. And few commuters seem interested. But does he think that at some point in the distant future the world might be ready for ornithopters? "In another 50 years," he says confidently, "they might just make a comeback." ■



PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY CHARLES WHITE

Henry Geldzahler was for three decades a prescient champion of young artists, of Andy Warhol, David Hockney, Keith Haring, and many more. Meet fourteen of the unheralded artists Geldzahler was enthusing about when he died last August at 59

Opposite, portrait by the artist, a young man: Geldzahler in 1986, by Ray Charles White. Above, left to right: Andy Warhol (rear), Henry, David Hockney, and writer Jeff Goodman, shot in New York by Dennis Hopper in 1963.

# Regarding Henry

### By Julia Szabo

THE FIRST DIRECTOR OF THE VISUAL-ARTS PROgram of the National Endowment for the Arts; the first curator for the department of twentieth-century art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art; commissioner of cultural affairs in the Koch administration; guest curator at P.S. 1 and curator of the Dia Art Foundation's Bridgehampton gallery—Henry Geldzahler, who died last August, was no mere arts apparatchik. He was a pioneer, a true lover and collector of art and artists, an intrepid visitor of ateliers no matter how remote, a Maecenas with the Midas touch. A

Photograph: top right, Dennis Hopper

list of Geldzahler's friends is a pantheon of contemporary art: Andy Warhol (whose best "serious" work Geldzahler personally provoked), David Hockney, Frank Stella, Francesco Clemente, Sandro Chia, Keith Haring. (At the coffeehouse Geldzahler ran in Harvard Square in the early sixties, he also booked gigs by a then-unheard-of young folk singer named Joan Baez.)

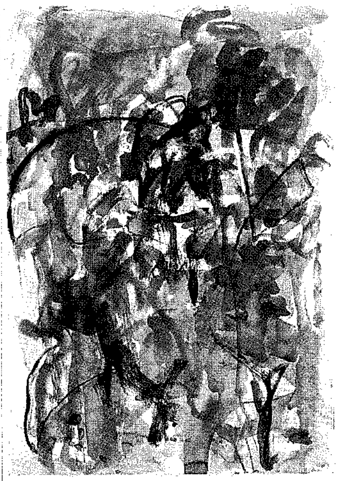
"When he was commissioner, Henry went to Jean-Michel [Basquiat]'s studio and bought a painting," says Raymond Foye, Henry's companion of many years and publisher of Hanuman Books. "He brought it back to his office, called in his staff, and said, 'Look at this picture. I just paid $500 for it. It's a masterpiece.' He explained to them why, and then he said, 'I will give you this guy's address. If you know what you're doing, you'll go there and buy paintings, because you can all put your kids through college twenty years from now.' They thought he was nuts."

Who knows where the next mark-making young talent is? Henry knew. And because he was constantly scoping out new talent, no consideration of his legacy is complete without a reading of the signals he registered with his unfailing radar of the cutting edge. The following are the emerging artists (Henry would have called them "younger underknowns") he befriended and championed in the last years of his life. Coming soon to a gallery near you: twelve men and two women who benefited from Henry's considerable support. (The first six are the protégés who benefited the most.) Go and check out their new work. (Upcoming U.S. shows are listed.) That's what Henry would have done.

**Robert Harms,** 32, abstract painter. Met Henry on the New York–bound Jitney in 1989. If Henry had any absolute favorites among his "kids," Harms was definitely one of them. Five of his paintings hang in Henry's house, one of them to the right of the bed (to the left is a Paul Strand that the photographer gave to Geldzahler).

*What Henry wrote:* "Robert looks hard at nature, ingests what he sees, contemplates it at length, squaring it in the process with his own temperament. He produces watercolors (often on the spot on multiple visits) and studio paintings that are both strong and delicate, honest and full of artfulness, and, I find, quite simply beautiful, a word of which we have perhaps become too wary."

*Where to see the work:* Group show, "Painting After Nature," curated by Roberto Juarez, Center of Contemporary Art, Miami, Florida; through January 28.


Courtesy of the David Beitzel Gallery.

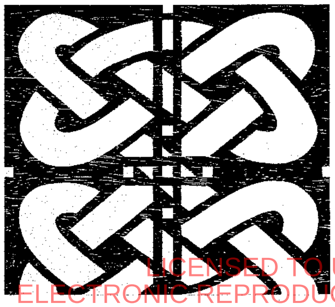
**A Robert Harms painting from 1994.**

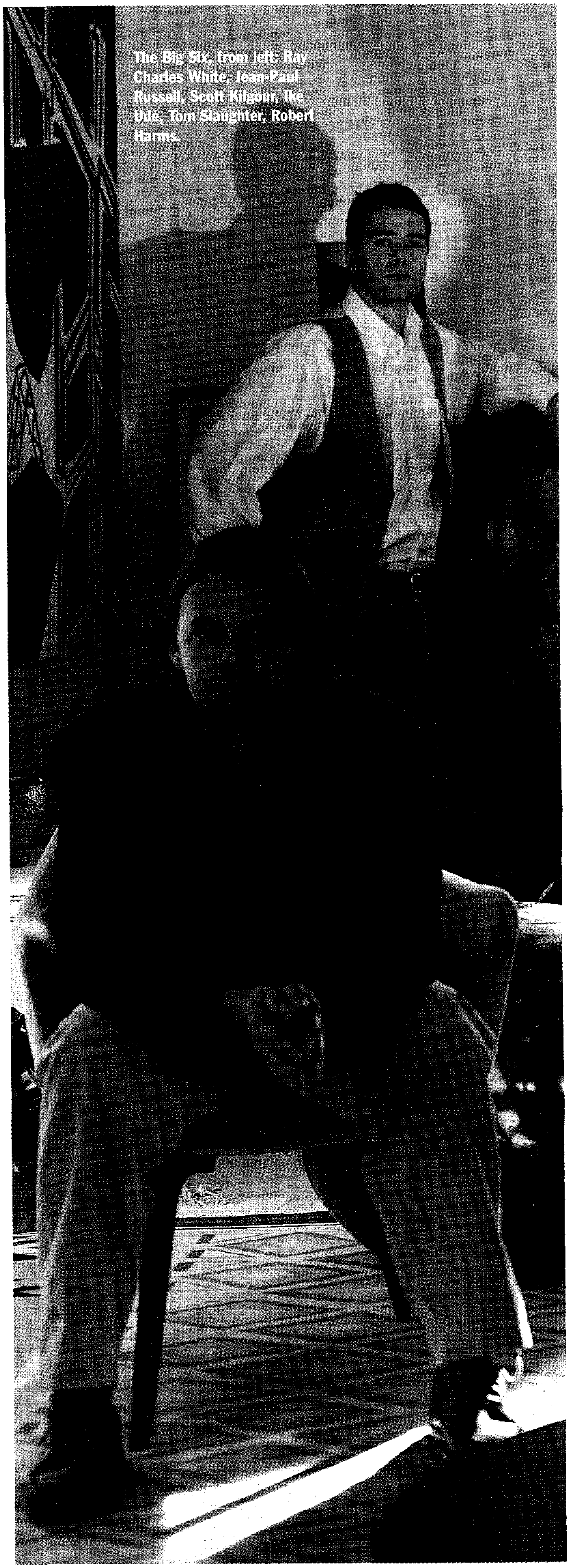
**Scott Kilgour,** 34, painter. Henry's other favorite emerging artist. Came to New York from Glasgow in 1983. Wide range of styles in his work, all informed by various aspects of his country of origin: Celtic knots (he uses them to create "Dark Age symbols for the twenty-first century"), the *Book of Kells,* tartans, Charles Rennie Mackintosh. Henry curated Kilgour's first one-man show (in 1987) and appeared with him in a "Dewar's Profiles New York" advertisement in 1989.

*What Henry wrote:* "Scott Kilgour's personality is cool, at a slight distance, but never cruel or ironic. The world he experiences and transmits is idealized without being dewy-eyed . . . it is to Picasso's transcendental neo-classical harlequins and dancers of 1922 and 1923 that [his] sense of wholeness and absolute balance refers so memorably, so movingly."

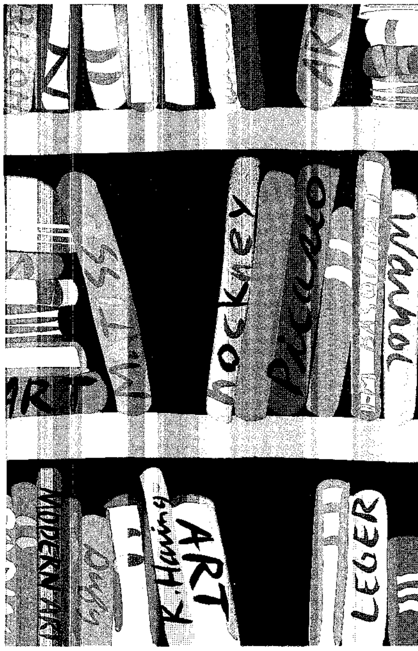
**Jean-Paul "J. P." Russell,** 28,

**Scott Kilgour's 1994 *Translations.***




The Big Six, from left: Ray Charles White, Jean-Paul Russell, Scott Kilgour, Ike Ude, Tom Slaughter, Robert Harms.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX AGUILERA-HELLWEG
FOR NEW YORK



D. James Dee

A limited-edition silk screen by Tom Slaughter.

printmaker, owner of Durham Press; has done work for artists both well known (Warhol, Haring) and "underknown" (Tom Slaughter, Kilgour, Ray Charles White). Met Henry through the Dutch publisher George Mulder in 1988. Russell also designs furniture; the most impressive pieces, in wood and steel, are George Nakashima–meets–Frank Lloyd Wright.

*What Henry wrote:* "Lodged in a stone building in Durham, Pennsylvania, Durham Press belongs at the top of the new generation of print workshops."

**Tom Slaughter,** 39, painter. In 1986, artist Calvin Churchman suggested that Slaughter give him a painting to present to Henry. To Slaughter's amazement, that painting wound up hanging in Henry's house alongside an Ellsworth Kelly. Most recently, Geldzahler asked Slaughter to paint an image for the cover of *Making It New* (Turtle Point Press), a book of Geldzahler's essays and talks published last year.

*What Henry wrote:* "The quality of freshness, the familiar world re-seen, from the water towers of New York City to the rural pleasures of boating, is the most immediately arresting aspect of Tom Slaughter's art. Strongly depicted large forms, most often in black over bold bright colors swiftly laid down, echo with resonances: Léger and Stuart Davis, Raoul Dufy and Roy Lichtenstein. All are artists who lived their lives in the brilliant light of imagined skies where the time is always high noon or midnight."

*Where to see the work:* His limited-edition wristwatches are sold at the Whitney Museum Store Next Door.

A recent Iké Udé installation at Exit Art.

**Iké Udé,** "late twenties." Multimedia artist; publisher and editor of *aRUDE,* a forthcoming quarterly devoted to art and culture. (The first issue will hit newsstands at the end of February.) Specialty: "Uli" body painting on the likes of Marianne Faithfull and Deborah Harry. (Udé also bears a striking resemblance to Henry's beloved Basquiat, right down to the funky hairstyle.)

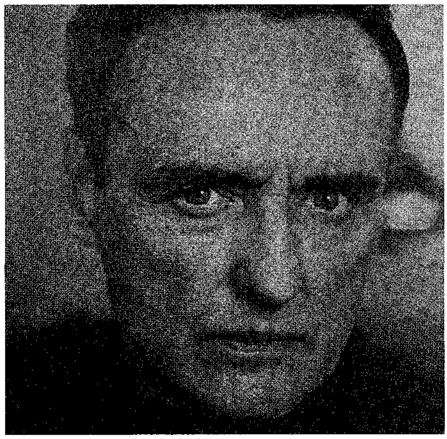
*What Henry wrote:* "I am touched and amazed at the ways in which he manages to blend invisibly the modernist tradition with his own Nigerian roots. There is never anything forced in the conjunction; air and light seem to be his media."

Note: While he appreciated Conceptualism, "what Henry liked was paint on canvas," says Raymond Foye. Geldzahler saw only a few early examples of Udé's conceptual work (a recent development in the artist's canon); he based his assessment on the paintings and constructions.

*Where to see the work:* "Narcissistic Disturbance," a conceptual installation/performance in collaboration with artist-photographer Lyle Ashton Harris, Otis College of Art and Design, Los Angeles, February 4 to April 1; benefit exhibition at White Columns, 154 Christopher Street, February 18 to March 3.

**Ray Charles White,** 32, "photo-silk-screen portraitist." Son of a prominent Canadian dental surgeon, who later worked on Henry's teeth. White's willing subjects include iconic leaves and many of Henry's friends and associates (Hockney, Dennis Hopper, William Burroughs, others).

About four weeks before he died, Geldzahler invited White to Southampton to take his photographic portrait. The resultant image, however, while haunting, was not the last word: Ellsworth Kelly drew a beautiful portrait of Henry, and a heartbroken David Hockney flew east from L.A. and made many drawings of his best friend two weeks before he died.



Ray Charles White

Ray Charles White's 1993 Dennis Hopper silk screen.

*What Henry wrote:* "There is a picture of me with David Hockney in my bedroom that only Ray could have taken, because both David and I swear we were alone at the time. . . . [His] portraits reveal their subjects as both ancient and immediate. Lit naturally, laying bare the workings of time, they stand, plainspoken, stripped of camouflage. Unsmiling, boldly pinned to the page, Ray's portraits are never unflattering. He fixes his images tenderly yet forcefully."

*Where to see the work:* Thicket, 44 Lispenard Street, February 16 to March 16; Helander Gallery, Palm Beach, Florida, in April.

**David Band,** 34, painter. Aptly named Scot whose work has appeared on numerous album covers for rock bands (Spandau Ballet, Aztec Camera, Altered Images, others); based in Australia. Perhaps most notable as the person who introduced Henry to Scott Kilgour.

*What Henry wrote:* "I had seen the work of [Kilgour's] classmate and friend David Band. I asked David if there were any more at home like him—did the Glasgow School of Art turn out talented artists as a matter of course? His answer was to send me photographs of work by a few friends, prominent among them Scott Kilgour."

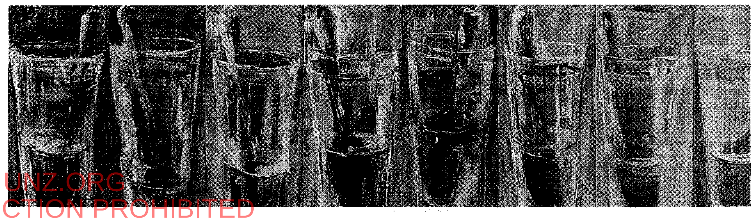
**Stefano Bicini,** 37, painter. Came to New York in 1984 from Perugia, Italy; met Geldzahler in 1990 while artist-in-residence at the Edward Albee Foundation.

Although Henry did not write about Bicini, he was impressed by his gifts as a colorist and the general sophistication of his abstractions.

**Michelle Charles,** 35, painter. Winner of a Pollock/Krasner Foundation Fellowship and an Elizabeth Foundation Fellowship. Came to the States from London in 1982; introduced to Henry by Michael Rosch (see below).

*What Henry wrote:* "I find her work to be beautiful, a word I use sparingly, in its tension between the ancient (glass vessels, for instance) and the absolutely contemporary. In her work she incorporates palimpsestic drawing and re-drawing in her search for the true noumenal shape of things. Cubism and Duchamp lie behind her work, both in its drawing and its obsessive drive to 'get it right.' "

***Stirring Spoons,*** **by Michelle Charles.**



*Where to see the work:* The Project Room at John Weber Gallery, 142 Greene Street, April 29 to May 27. (Other artists represented by the gallery include Sol LeWitt and Hans Haacke.)

**Martin Kline,** 33, painter and art dealer. Met Henry through dealer Stephen Mazoh, with whom he works. (No relation to Franz Kline, whom, incidentally, Henry got to know while summering in Provincetown as a graduate student.)

*What Henry wrote:* "Many images are evoked by these mannerist paper paintings; floral bouquets of the Dutch Seventeenth Century; rococo cartouches for proclamations from the throne of Louis XVth; the elaborate hairdos worn by the Baltimore ladies in John Waters films; and even, in outline and detail, John Chamberlain's metal assemblages."

**Roy Kortick,** 26, painter. Met Geldzahler through Raymond Foye while working for Hanuman Books.

On a visit to Kortick's studio in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, Geldzahler selected a small, apocalyptic oil-on-canvas of a marsupial with an exploding stomach. The choice is significant because Geldzahler, who collected teddy bears, was plagued by severe abdominal pains caused by his soft-tissue cancer. Equally significant: Kortick's painting hangs in the bathroom of Geldzahler's Southampton house, along with a painting by Robert Harms and a signed print of Gisèle Freund's famous portrait of Virginia Woolf.

*Where to see the work:* By appointment, in the artist's Brooklyn loft, 718-387-7887.

**Nancy Parkinson,** 39, photographer. Worked as a studio assistant to Irving Penn. Known for her sensitive portraits of children; other subjects have included Robert Rauschenberg, Leo Castelli, and Roy Lichtenstein.

Parkinson's color portrait of Henry, taken in 1992 and evocative of a Rembrandt genre painting, was one of his favorites.

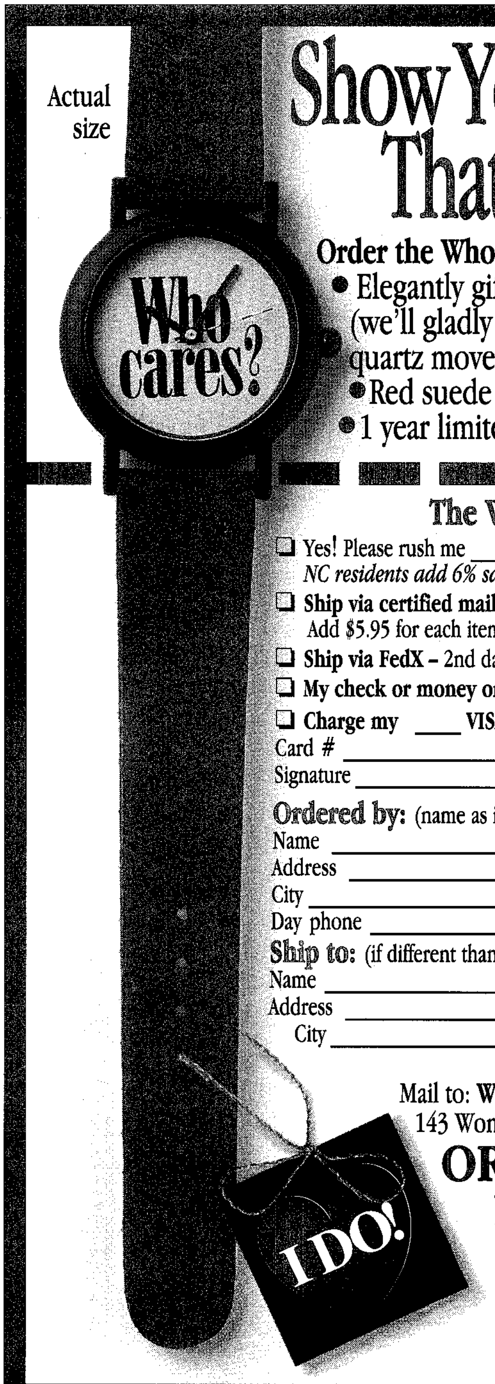
**Michael Rosch,** 35, painter and sculptor. Met Henry after winning the Guild Hall Museum Purchase Prize in 1986.

*What Henry wrote:* "[Rosch's work is] art that is soaked in, drunk on Nature, refracted to us, his viewers, through the prism of abstract art."

**Hunt Slonem,** 43, paints abstract portraits of exotic birds. Introduced to Henry by Slonem's brother, Jeffrey.

*What Henry wrote:* "Slonem's canvases emphasize an esthetic of ocular activity; the viewer's eye is set in almost constant motion, flicking about to take in the entire rectangle. . . . [He] creates beautiful work that continually gives joy and surprise."

*Where to see the work:* Robert McClain Gallery, Houston, Texas, through January; also Hall-Barnett gallery, New Orleans, through February 15. ■



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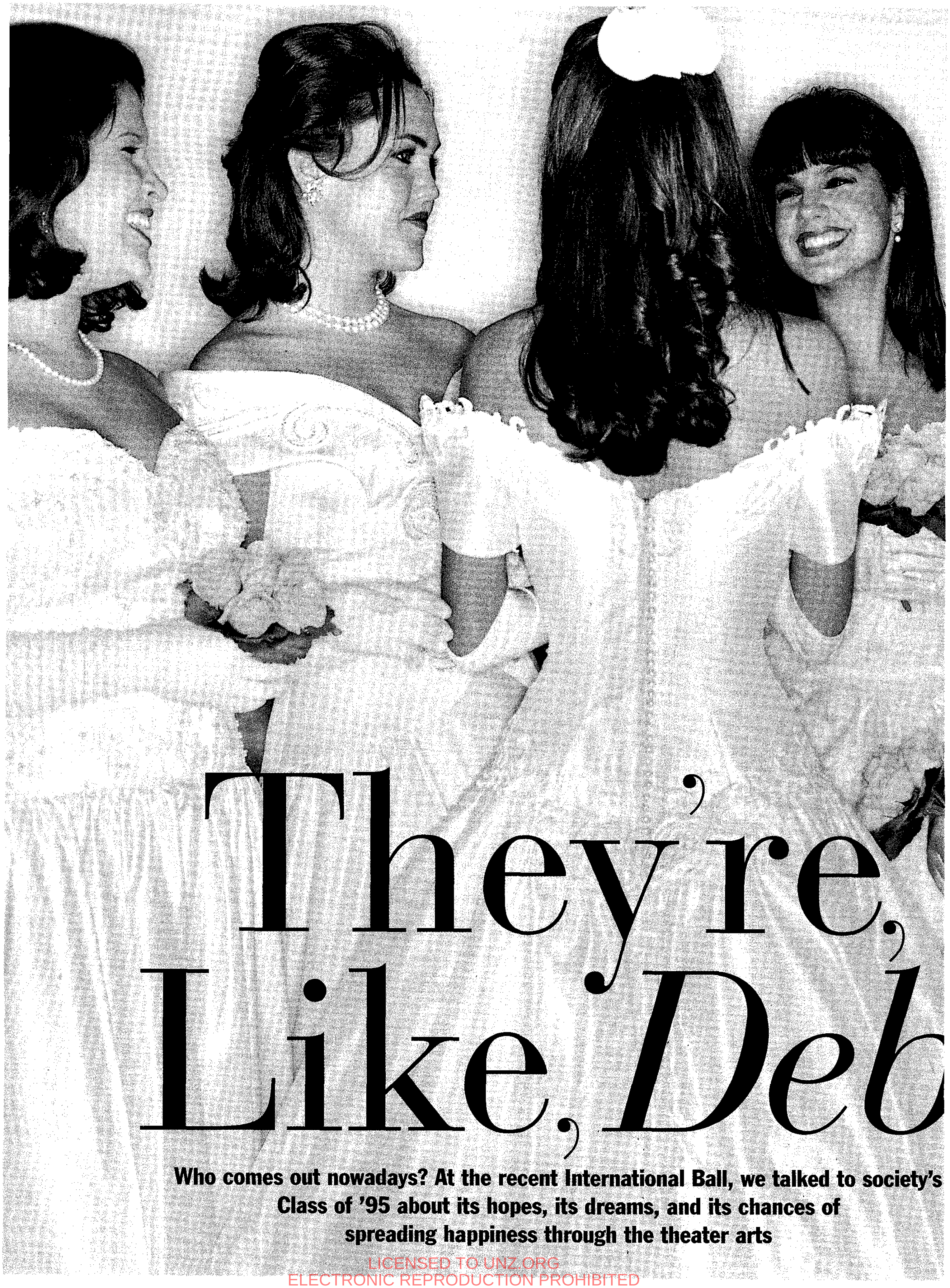


# They're, Like, *Deb*

**Who comes out nowadays? At the recent International Ball, we talked to society's Class of '95 about its hopes, its dreams, and its chances of spreading happiness through the theater arts**

“WHEN I CAME OUT AT THE QUEEN Charlotte Ball in England,” Charlotte Adelaide Forbes, the debutante and niece of Malcolm, admits cheerfully, “that got a lot of snickers.” Snickers tend to go with the territory. Perhaps it’s all the white chiffon, all the white everything, all that confected *chasteness*, that seems so irresistibly comic. And, yes, it is self-evident to everyone, including the participants, that coming out is not about to rival going to a Sonic Youth concert for hipster credibility.

Still, it seems worth noting that lots of girls—well aware of the ironies of their situation, of questions about whether “society” is something worth joining, and of the possibility that everyone they know will totally gag—come out anyway. It’s a chance, as deb Dorothy Giordano put it, to “P-A-R-T-Y.”

We caught up with some of the current crop at the International Debutante Ball, which invites young women from around the world to the Waldorf Hotel just before New Year’s to curtsy before parents, brothers, sisters, friends, and goofy uncles. It may or may not be an accurate indicator of economic and political trends to note that the number of debutantes in the ball increased from 23 at its inception in 1954 (the ball was started as a multinational homage to the then-nascent “Jet Set Age”) to a high of 67 in 1987, just two months after the stock-market crash. “That was too much,” says Margaret Hedberg, chairman of the ball. “It takes 47 seconds for a girl to do two bows. You add that up, and it makes for a very tiresome evening.” Luckily for Hedberg, the number of participants promptly plunged, bottoming out at 23 in 1993. When the music started on December 29, the number had improved a bit, to 27 (including Miss Charlotte Adelaide Forbes), enough to prompt the ball’s publicist, David Gould, to declare that the whole debuting thing is coming back. “The reason there weren’t more,” he explains, “is that some girls might rather go skiing and hold it off until next year.” On the following pages, we talk to some of the girls who opted to do it this year, in New York City.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JESSE FROHMAN
FOR *NEW YORK*

REPORTED BY DANY LEVY

### CHARLOTTE ADELAIDE FORBES

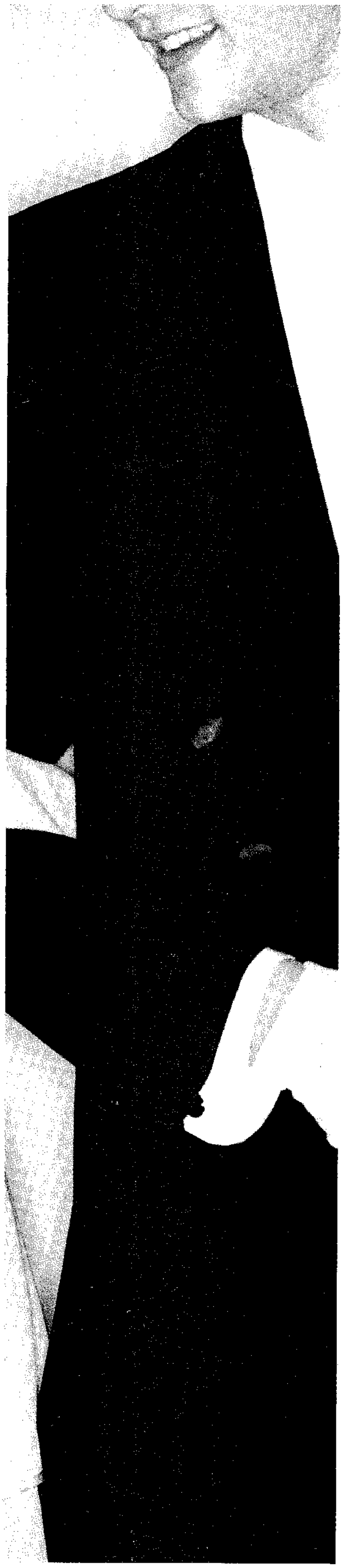
*Far Hills, New Jersey*
***Age:*** 19
***Parents:*** Astrid and Christopher Forbes
***School:*** Princeton University

***My dream:*** "To be an artist."
***My reality:*** "I'm an art-history major."
***I can be heard saying:*** *"C'est la vie."*
***My role model:*** "Eleanor of Aquitaine."
***I can be found:*** "Reading a novel."
***My best-kept secret:*** "Myself."
***In twenty years . . .*** "I'll be ready to start a different career."
***Why debut?*** "I sorta think it's fun. . . . It is certainly something my father enjoys."

### CATHERINE FORBES

*Bedminster, New Jersey*
***Age:*** 18
***Parents:*** Sabina and Malcolm Forbes Jr.
***School:*** None (interning at the American Enterprise Institute)

***My dream:*** "To have a nice family and be happy."
***My reality:*** "Life throws unexpected curves all the time, so one can never plan."
***I can be heard saying:*** "Life is like a roller coaster."
***My role models:*** "Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan."
***I can be found:*** "In my room, reading."
***My best-kept secret:*** "I love tennis even though I'm not an athlete."
***In twenty years . . .*** "I'd like to be a mother with a lot of children and a good career."
***Why debut?*** "I'm a history buff, and every important figure in Britain debuted—it's my tie with history."



## GINGER WILLIAMS

*Memphis, Tennessee*
***Age:*** 16
***Parents:*** Martha Victoria and John Calhoun Williams
***School:*** The Hutchison School

***My dream:*** "Broadway."
***My reality:*** "The Hutchison School Theater."
***I can be heard saying:*** "There's a perfectly good reason why I am late."
***My role model:*** "My father."
***I can be found:*** "Telling a very long and pointless story."
***My best-kept secret:*** "I once modeled as Barbie."
***In twenty years . . .*** "I'll be a missionary/soap-opera star."
***Why debut?*** "I like to take advantage of every opportunity that comes my way."

## CHERISH ANGELICA MICHAELA THOMPSON

*Fort Lauderdale, Florida*
***Age:*** 17
***Parent:*** Dr. Christina M. Madonna Thompson
***School:*** Pine Crest Preparatory School

***My dream:*** "To spread happiness through theater arts, to do *My Fair Lady* on Broadway, and to be directed by Kenneth Branagh."
***My reality:*** "I am a diligent youth living life to the fullest. . . . I'm studying hard, reading books, waiting to be accepted at Yale; I jog for weight control."
***I can be heard saying:*** "Laugh and the world laughs with you. Snore and you sleep alone."
***My role models:*** "Audrey Hepburn, Grace Kelly, Emma Thompson, and Jodie Foster."
***I can be found:*** "Onstage, performing."
***My best-kept secret:*** "Rejection and doubt make me stronger. . . . I guess it's just the Taurus in me."
***In twenty years . . .*** "I'll be as accomplished as my role models. . . . I'll be a success no matter what, because I live every day to the fullest."
***Why debut?*** "It's a family tradition. . . . The meaning of it all in the old days was that girls weren't allowed to date until they came out. I haven't been allowed to date yet. Now I can."

## JENNY JACLYN SHERMAN

*Overland Park, Kansas*
***Age:*** 18
***Parents:*** Eileen and Dr. Neal J. Sherman
***School:*** Marymount Manhattan College

***My dream:*** "To live in the penthouse of the Westbury Hotel, next door to Mike Nichols and Diane Sawyer."
***My reality:*** "This has been the best year of my life so far—I am becoming a New Yorker."
***I can be heard saying:*** "Nothing ventured, nothing ventured."
***My role models:*** "My parents, because their high-school romance still endures."
***I can be found:*** "With my brother Joshua at the Gardenia restaurant, eating the best turkey platter in town, and then at Margo Feiden Galleries, schmoozing with my friends Lynn, David, Jay, Ronnie, and Michele."
***My best-kept secret:*** "My mother named me after Jaclyn Smith, because she thought she was such a beauty."
***In twenty years . . .*** "I want a great husband, great kids, a fabulous career, and, of course, to be living in the penthouse of the Westbury Hotel."
***Why debut?*** "I always loved *My Fair Lady* with Audrey Hepburn; I wanted to be like Eliza Doolittle."

### CYNTHIA LEE RICHARDS

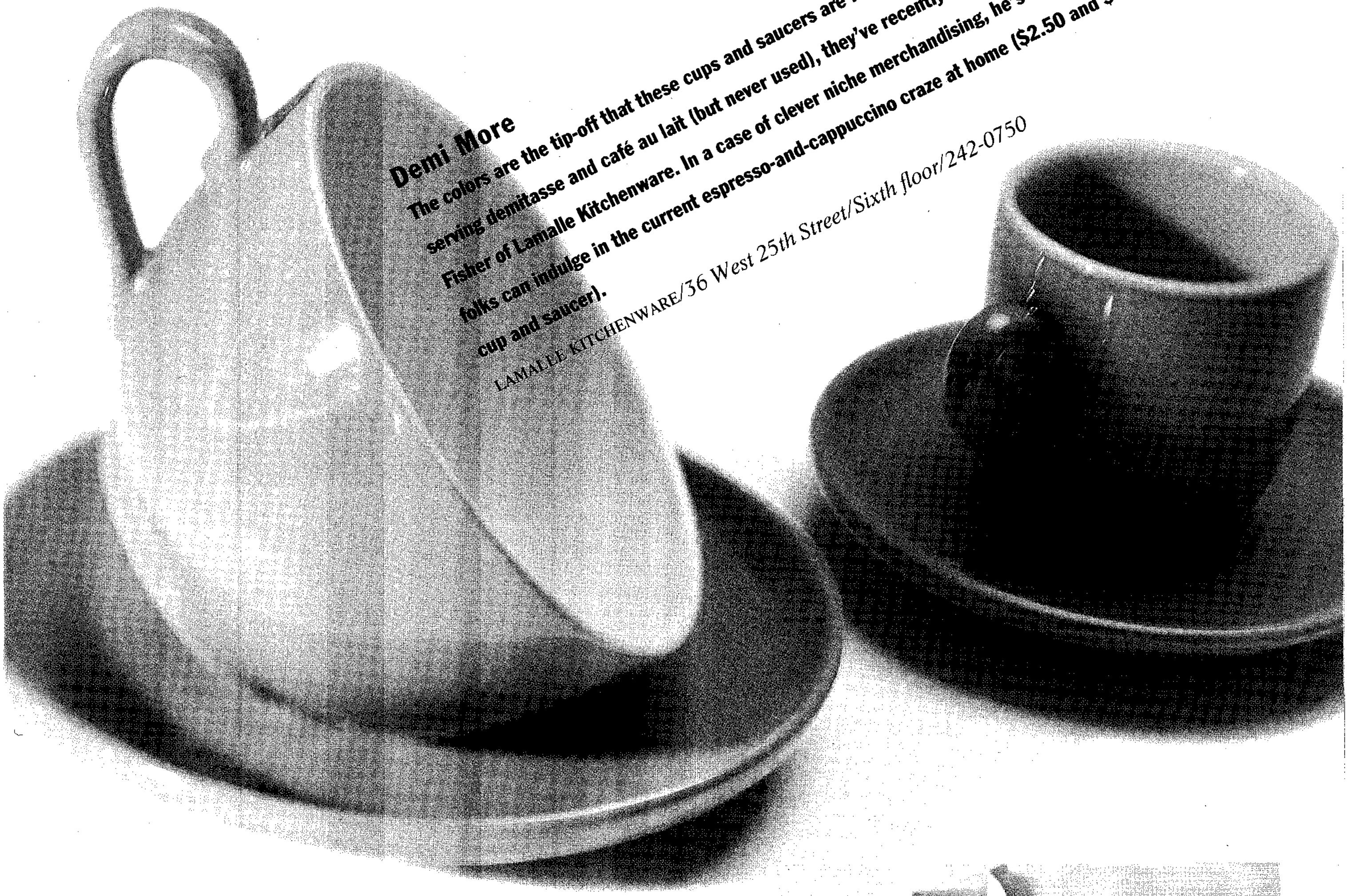
*New Canaan, Connecticut*
***Age:*** 18
***Parents:*** Cheryle and Eric P. Richards
***School:*** Bucknell University

***My dream:*** "To be organized."
***My reality:*** "I rush."
***I can be heard saying:*** "Anything to make people laugh."
***My role model:*** "Ginger Rogers, because, as they say, she did everything Fred Astaire did, but backwards and in heels."
***I can be found:*** "In an art studio."
***My best-kept secret:*** "I study tae kwon do."
***In twenty years . . .*** "Still procrastinating."
***Why debut?*** "Actually, it was an opportunity to give money to a charitable cause. And, also, I come from a long line of debutantes."

# BEST BETS

### BY CORKY POLLAN

*The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities*



## Demi More

The colors are the tip-off that these cups and saucers are from the fifties. Made in France for serving demitasse and café au lait (but never used), they've recently surfaced here, thanks to Chip Fisher of Lamalle Kitchenware. In a case of clever niche merchandising, he's imported them so folks can indulge in the current espresso-and-cappuccino craze at home ($2.50 and $4.50 for a cup and saucer).

LAMALLE KITCHENWARE/*36 West 25th Street/Sixth floor/242-0750*

## Baby Grand

Not satisfied with seeking to dress us and our tables, beds, and living rooms, Ralph Lauren is now designing stuff for our babies. He's turned his Polo shirts into practical rompers and soft little dresses, converted his rugby shirts into coveralls, and made his cable-knit cotton sweaters and USA sweatshirts teeny enough to fit the diaper set. Not surprisingly, he's done conventionally elegant things too: a "couture" collection, piqué dresses, even cashmere receiving blankets. (From $15 for a T-shirt to $62 for a cotton cardigan to $125 for a hand-smocked piqué dress to $350 for a cashmere blanket.)

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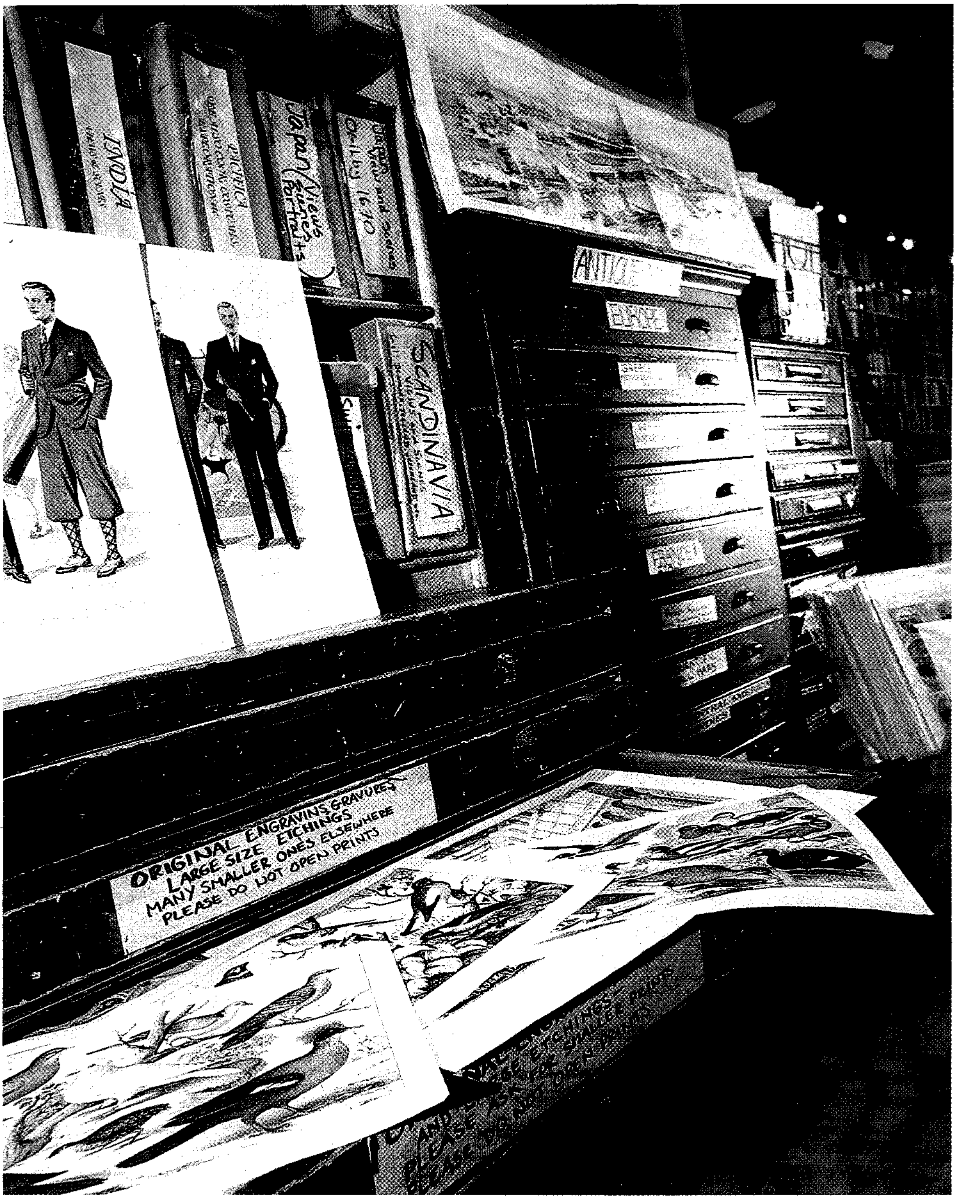
WOLFMAN-GOLD & GOOD COMPANY/*116 Greene Street/431-1888*

## Prints of the City

Pageant Book & Print Shop was a book lover's paradise long before its brief appearance in *Hannah and Her Sisters*. Sidney Solomon opened the store in 1946, when Fourth Avenue from 9th to 14th Street was lined with shops selling rare, hard-to-find, and merely used books. Though Pageant—with its creaky floors and disheveled shelves, but terrific selection of books—survived after most of the stores on Book Row had disappeared, this past summer it finally succumbed. But now Sidney's daughter, Shirley (with partner David Peller), has reopened Pageant, and it's spacious and tidy. Thousands of prints from the fifteenth through the early twentieth century are organized by subject: Maps, botanicals, and city views are a specialty. For now, the stock of books is sparse, but come spring, there'll be a room devoted to them. (From 25 cents for a copy of an Audubon print to $300 for a 1715 architectural engraving.)

PAGEANT BOOK & PRINT SHOP/*114 West Houston Street/674-5296*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Photographs: clockwise from top left, Jonathan Gross (2); Andrew Garn; Carin & David Riley.

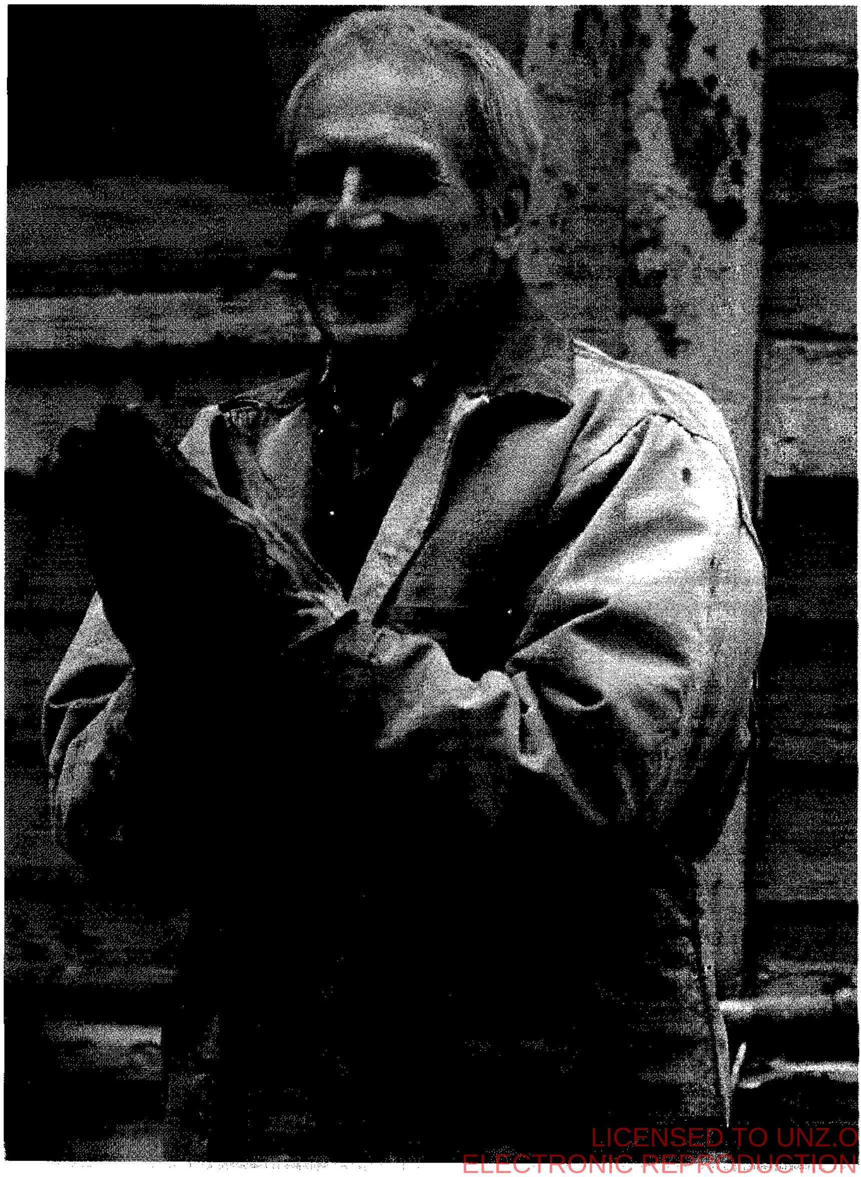
### DAVID DENBY

# *Fool's* Gold

*'Nobody's Fool' achieves a mix of acerbity and sweetness, and 'Dumb and Dumber' is occasionally hilarious.*

IN NORTH BATH, NEW YORK—A TOWN SO DEPLETED that the jailbirds are employed as pallbearers—a banner hangs over the grimy main street. The banner announces that an entertainment paradise, "The Ultimate Escape Theme Park," will be built there in the near future. Escape? From North Bath? **Nobody's Fool,** an affecting chronicle of life in this dim burg, doesn't entertain any such illusions. People stay forever, grimly attached to the boarded-up houses, the old bar, the lone diner. A number of them work for the sleazy deadbeat Carl Roebuck (Bruce Willis), who owns a local construction-and-renovation company; no one likes the cynical Roebuck, but he's the only game in town. Sully (Paul Newman), twenty years older than Roebuck but still a better man, has been working for him for years, even though he's suing him for nonpayment. Forever unsettled, a lifetime screwup, Sully lives as a boarder in the house of his former schoolteacher (Jessica Tandy) and flirts with Roebuck's wife (Melanie Griffith), a North Bath beauty developing lines around her mouth—from despair, perhaps, as she waits for Sully to make his move. The movie is set from Thanksgiving to Christmas, the season of joy, when the sun never shines in North Bath, and Sully comes to terms with his past, forgiving his long-dead father and accepting forgiveness from his son.

**Paul Newman in *Nobody's Fool.***



Photograph by Myles Aronowitz/Paramount Pictures.

In *Nobody's Fool,* Robert Benton achieves the mix of acerbity and sweetness, wit and sentiment, that eluded him in such earlier down-home films as *Places in the Heart* and *Nadine.* Adapting Richard Russo's novel, Benton displays a gentle yet steady touch: There's a continuity of mood, an evenness of light, a flow of mordant joking and gossip from one quiet scene to the next. The movie is a beautifully sustained piece of upstate melancholy. Nothing much is going on, but after a while the nothing much begins to seem like something, a way of life—not, to be sure, a successful way of life, but far from death.

The North Bathers are a community of kibitzers, wringing jokes from the general seedy depression. People work a little, but mostly they play poker, drink, argue, and sit around, sharing the blues. The movie recognizes sitting around for what it is—one of life's principal activities. In this town of losers, few things matter more than a successful passing remark; one's honor can be saved for a week by topping someone else's put-down. Under the joshing surface, the movie is serious about missed connections between parents and children and surrogates stepping in for the absent child, the absent parent. But Benton is very tender; he doesn't intrude on the characters too much, or reveal all their secrets for a melodramatic climax. The citizens of North Bath may be losers, but they keep their dignity. *Nobody's Fool* is an anti-*Oprah* movie, a model of stoicism; it values booze and sociability above "truth."

Sully is superior to his surroundings, and everyone knows it, but he won't make the effort to improve his situation. He'd rather be a bum, doing odd jobs; failure is central to his aging-hipster's pride. "Hang in there"—that's his motto, and it might be Newman's too. Newman's light, easy authority isn't challenged enough in this movie—no one deeply upsets Sully—but everything he does is wonderfully satisfying. He gives a coolly ironic performance: His Sully knows that he's no more than king of the scrap heap, but that's enough for him as long as no one pushes him around; he socks a stupid police officer when the man offends him aesthetically. Macho refined and macho crude, Newman and Bruce Willis match up well together. The look-at-me shmuckiness that was offensive in Willis's performances as a leading man—the sarcastic open mouth, the negligent shrug of the shoulders—work well in this supporting performance as a hollow dumbbell stud. Willis may be as effective as a character actor as he is tiresome as a star.

One problem. Sully is meant to be a screwup, but Newman projects sweetness and candor, and Sully's actual nature tends to be at odds with whatever is said about him. The allegedly selfish Sully, a man who ran away from responsibility, actually takes care of everyone in sight—his landlady; his inept, one-legged lawyer (Gene Saks); his bedraggled, resentful friend (Pruitt Taylor Vince), who works for him and adores him. Noblesse oblige. Sully actually holds the entire town together. He's only *pretending* to be selfish. And the more we look at this passed-over town, the stranger and more unlikely it seems in some ways. The movie is set in the present, but it might as well be set in the mid-forties. Mass electronic culture doesn't exist. At night, rather than retire into their huts to watch the tube, people gather to *talk,* which must make North Bath unique among American nowheresvilles. These people also have Sully to look after them. Aren't they really living in a kind of ramshackle paradise?

WITH HIS CHIPPED FRONT TOOTH, MONK'S bangs, and sizable jug ears, the maniacal Jim Carrey, in **Dumb and Dumber,** bears some resemblance to Moe, the great slobbo of the Three Stooges. Spazzing around the sets, he may also remind you of the young, many-elbowed Jerry Lewis. But Carrey has a physical volatility that is all his own. His body moves as fast as Robin Williams's mouth, and like Williams, he's immensely knowing, making reference to a dozen things in pop culture—only doing it physically rather than verbally. A speed freak. In the funniest bit in *Dumb and Dumber,* Carrey dreams of impressing a beautiful woman he has met. They are dining together at a posh restaurant. Some thugs enter, and he dispatches them kung fu–style. Then the restaurant's cook—a person of indeterminate Asian birth—comes out of the kitchen and engages in some preliminary Ninja whirling and hissing. Not to be outdone, Carrey spins, pinwheels, prances, pirouettes, falls to his knees, pulls on his ears, all the while screeching in Korean (or some such tongue)—and the chef is undone before he even begins to fight. Carrey goes so far into physical comedy he seems to leave normal body movements behind: His work is a free-form slapstick fantasia rather than a set of routines. In *Dumb and Dumber,* he exudes demented self-approval, a certainty of suavity that cannot be defeated. He's a comic without reserve, without protective nets of any sort beneath him.

Carrey's brows go straight across his forehead and then fall in commas on the sides of his eyes. Literally a lowbrow, he's got a born clown's face and temperament. But Jeff Daniels, his fellow defective in *Dumb and Dumber,* isn't naturally uninhibited. Daniels projects an actor's dissatisfaction. His blond hair, worn long and straight in this movie, hangs disconsolately around the sides of his face and along his big nose and jaw. In *Dumb and Dumber,* he has the sadness, the remoteness, and near-masochistic doggedness of a heavy-bodied man without grace. Perhaps Daniels, who has never quite made it as a leading man, thought, "What the hell? Nothing to lose. Let's squirt some ketchup." But he isn't fast and volatile like Carrey, and one senses that he's pushing himself into it; occasionally, his disgust shows.

As you may have gathered, *Dumb and Dumber* is a crude, wallowing-in-the-mud, occasionally very funny comedy about two men who don't have a clue. Nothing works for these guys. Unlike that other ninny, Forrest Gump, they don't receive love or respect; when they lose, they really *lose,* and they fall all the way into humiliation. The movie is big on physical punishment and bodily functions. Major quantities of excreta flow about, and serious punitive work is performed on genitals and tongues and other tender body parts. *Dumb and Dumber* goes low and lower into some sub-burlesque nirvana that makes teenage boys giddy. The most recognizable human emotion in the movie is the bottom-dog loyalty the two doofuses feel toward each other.

Some grown-ups are getting giddy as well. What accounts for this amazing nineties phenomenon of put-on stupidity? Idiocy has become the educated person's chosen form of relaxation. A wild guess: Despite a healthy economy, many of us are ruled by job anxiety, the sense that skills laboriously acquired and vigorously defended may soon appear outmoded. The pressure to *keep up* can be intolerable. Who wants to be smart all the time? Stupidity can be a release. Not only are the two men of *Dumb and Dumber* in no way a threat, they may represent a form of wished-for freedom—Jim Carrey as the ultimate liberated id, seeking not erotic bliss but the greater, wilder bliss of being completely out of it.

**In brief:** THE NEW FRED SCHEPISI ROMANTIC comedy, **I.Q.,** is filled with the kind of awful packaged whimsy—Albert Einstein on the back of a motorcycle, and so on—that I thought had gone out of our movies sometime around 1946. Set at Princeton in the fifties, *I.Q.* turns Einstein and four of his colleagues into harmless old sillies playing Cupid for mathematician Meg Ryan and garage mechanic Tim Robbins, and its message is that "the heart" is more important than "the mind"—an idea forever consoling to people untroubled by much of the latter. *I.Q.* patronizes everybody, intellectual or not, and the movie is so fussily overstructured and unspontaneous that it appears at times to be chucking itself under the chin. ■

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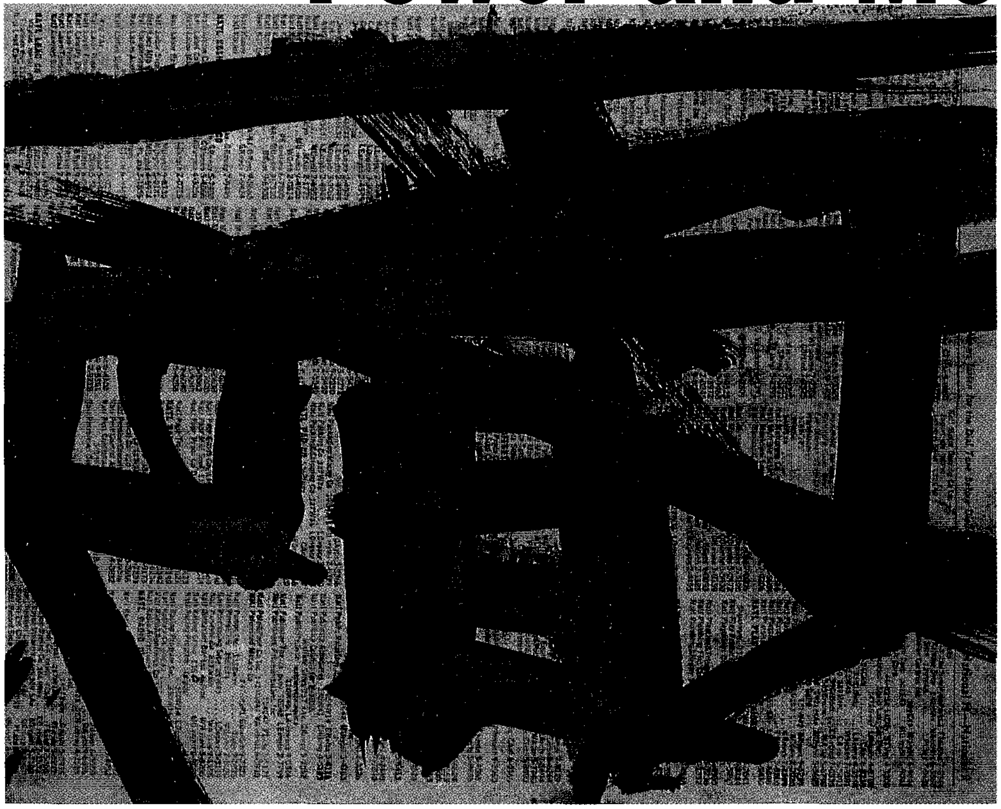
**ART** MARK STEVENS

# Power and Melancholy

*The Whitney show aims to enrich—that is, complicate—the general understanding of Franz Kline's black-and-white paintings.*



**Franz Kline's *Study for Mahoning, 1951;* the painter in April 1961.**

FRANZ KLINE WAS A PAINTER ABOUT WHOM OTHER painters told stories. He was probably the most beloved figure of the Abstract Expressionist period, a convivial regular at the Cedar Tavern, on University Place. One of the better stories came from Elaine de Kooning. Her friend the artist Edvard Lieber reported that she was once sitting with Kline at the bar when a man strode up and began furiously denouncing Barnett Newman's latest show. "How simple can an artist be and get away with it? There was absolutely nothing there."

"Nothing?" asked Kline. "How many canvases were in the show?"

"Oh, maybe ten or twelve—all exactly the same—just one stripe down the center."

"All the same size?" Kline asked.

"Well, no. They were different sizes."

"Same colors?"

"Different colors—each canvas painted one flat color, you know, like a house painter would do it. Then there was this stripe down the center."

"All the stripes the same color?"

"No."

"Were they the same width?"

"Let's see. No. I guess not. Some were maybe two inches wide, some a little more."

"Was the stripe painted on top of the background color, or was the background color painted around the stripe?"

"I'm not sure—it was hard to tell—I guess it could have been done either way."

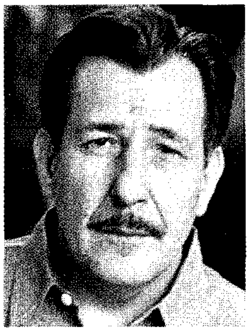
"Well, I don't know," said Kline, "it all sounds damn complicated to me."

The story (which I have shortened somewhat) is as telling about Kline's work as it is about Newman's. In the late forties and fifties, Kline developed one of Abstract Expressionism's signature styles: dramatic black-and-white paintings whose eruptive brushstrokes came to epitomize for many people what the critic Harold Rosenberg called "action painting." And for many people, that was about it: One Kline, like one Newman, seemed much like another. An important purpose of **Franz Kline: Black & White, 1950–1961,** which recently opened at the Whitney Museum of American Art, is to enrich what the curators regard as a limited view of the painter—to complicate what has been taken too simply.

Curated by David Whitney for the Menil Collection in Houston, the show, which includes 28 paintings and 17 works on paper, also provides an important occasion for a fresh judgment of Kline's work. It treats only the artist's "black-and-white" period, from 1950 to 1961, the year before his death. This has the virtue of highlighting his main achievement. For much of his life, Kline, who received considerable academic training, painted representational pictures, often melancholy portrayals of the coal country in eastern Pennsylvania, where he grew up. In the late forties, he began experimenting with small abstract drawings in black ink that reminded many people of Oriental calligraphy.

Friends urged Kline to increase their size—an idea he was probably considering himself—and make large abstract paintings. He did so. Soon, he was regarded as a leading Abstract Expressionist. His black-and-white paintings evoked mine-haunted Pennsylvania, the night streets of New York, and the urban architecture of bridges, beams, and girders. They combined a steelworker's brawn with a calligraphic delicacy of rhythm, line, and feeling.

In the best Klines, such as the Whitney's *Mahoning,* there is also a melancholy that, unlike the melancholy in his earlier, representational work, contains nothing sad-sack. In their power there seems to be something broken that one would not wish fixed. The energy in Kline's broad brushstrokes appears thwarted—the bridges go nowhere—yet such works have a rhythmic coherence that makes their inchoate force all the more moving. (Art is often best when it makes the mute eloquent.) "To think of ways of disorganizing can be a form of organization, you know," Kline once said. Early viewers



Photographs: top, courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art; bottom, Fred McDarrah.

of his pictures called them "melted Mondrians."

Although Kline's conversion to Abstract Expressionism was for many years thought to be all but instantaneous—an almost miraculous transformation—scholars have shown otherwise; they have also demonstrated that his pictures, for all their seeming spontaneity, were carefully rehearsed. Still, his late coming to the style has aroused a certain suspicion, as if he were not truly in touch with the sources of the movement in the late thirties and forties. In his catalogue essay on Kline, David Anfam makes a virtue of this suspicion by arguing that, in fact, Kline's art looks forward to the concerns of the fifties and sixties rather than back to Abstract Expressionism.

Anfam emphasizes how close Kline was both to the important photographers of the fifties and to those artists, like Cy Twombly and Robert Rauschenberg, who were trying to escape the influence of Abstract Expressionism and find a new direction. What distinguished Kline, in Anfam's view, was his insistence upon the down-to-earth rather than the apocalyptic, mythic, or transcendent. "With a taste for the vernacular instead of the sublime, and harboring no desire to reach the stars," Anfam writes, "Kline ironically seems more in tune with the present than those who sought a universal language of the emotions."

The point is well argued, but not entirely convincing. Kline may have resisted the starry metaphysics of Newman, Still, and Pollock. (So did de Kooning.) But he nonetheless retained in art a grandly romantic sense of self. If his scale was not that of the stars, it was hardly modest—for his dramatic brushstroke made a dark star of the artist himself. As a man of the fifties, Kline could also suffer from the main problem of what is called the "second generation" of Abstract Expressionism—which was exactly a problem of scale, both visual and metaphysical. Such work often overinflated the artist's persona, making a grandiloquent melodrama of the artist's brushstroke. The desire for transcendence in a Pollock or a Newman had the virtue, at least, of lifting the eye from the self.

To my eye, some of the Klines at the Whitney declare, rather than embody, power; they are pictorially slack: The brushstrokes, however seductive, fail to hold the large space they inhabit. He is often better when working smaller—in his marvelous drawings, which create a vast feeling of scale in a modest space, or in works like *Pittston, 1958* or *Black and White No. 1, 1952.* But he also made a few larger paintings, like *Mahoning,* in which complex rhythms of line work brilliantly in their space and there is no question of the too-easy rhetorical effect. In describing Kline, Anfam recalls a memorable phrase of Irving Howe's about Walt Whitman, another artist who elevated the vernacular—another American self writ large. Howe called Whitman an "ecstatic carpenter." ▬

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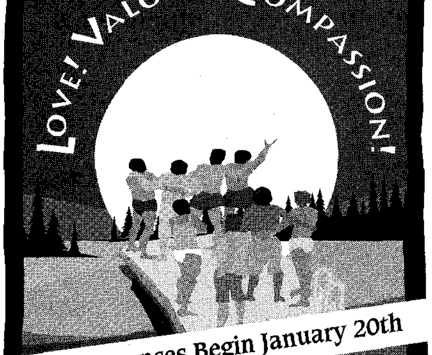

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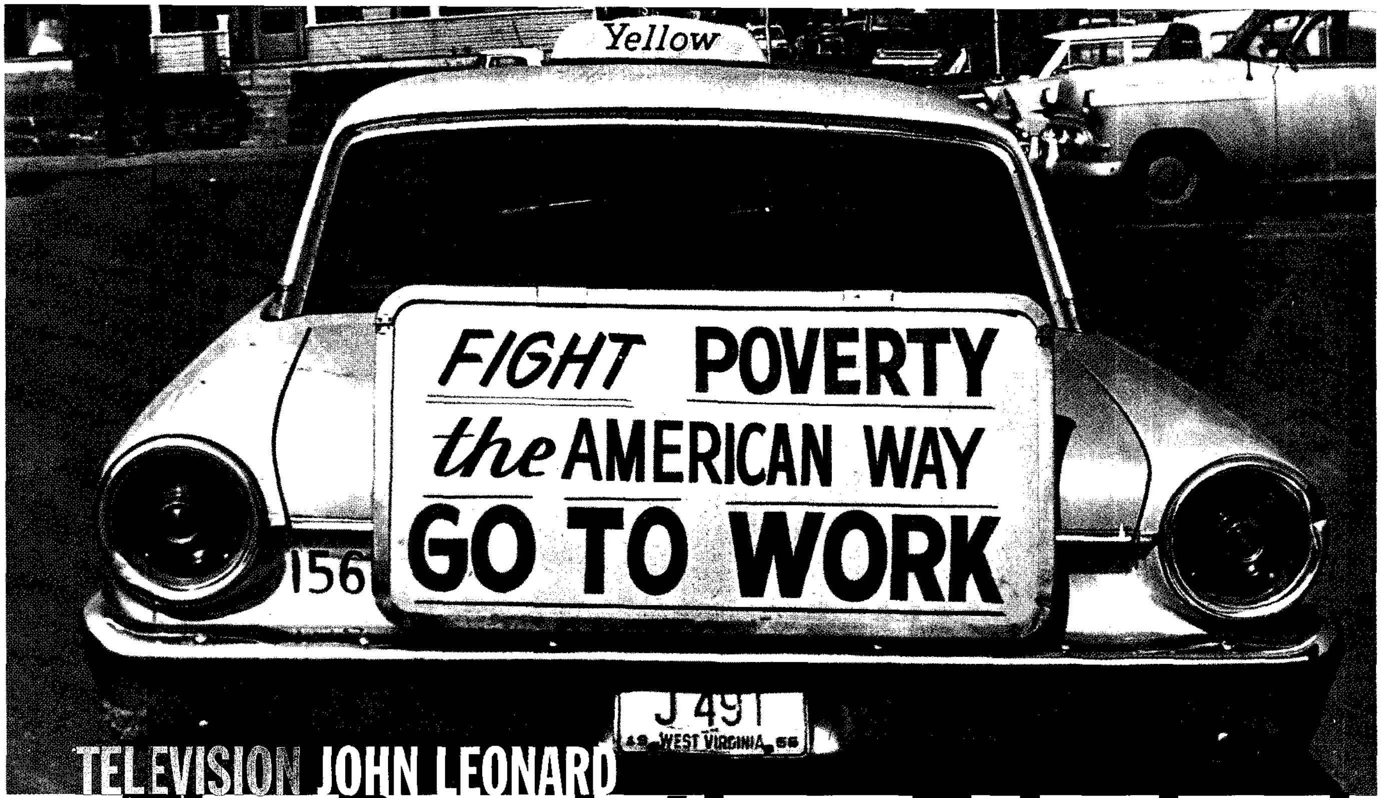

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

# The Revolution, Televised

*Sensuous images, sinewy arguments—'America's War on Poverty' is just the sort of public-TV series that riles Republicans.*

***America's War on Poverty*** **provides dissenting viewpoints—like this sign on a taxi in Charleston, West Virginia, in 1966.**

IF YOU NEED REMINDING WHY PUBLIC TELEVISION IS high on the hit list of the new Khmer Rouge Republican Congress, just look at what the pointyheads are up to next week. In five hours of sensuous image and sinewy argument, **America's War on Poverty** (Monday, January 16, 9 to 11 P.M.; Tuesday, January 17, 9 to 11 P.M.; and Wednesday, January 18, 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) suggests that once upon a time in the 1960s, we actually felt we had a civic duty to help the disadvantaged, as well as the ingenuity to try. That Great Society programs like Head Start and VISTA actually worked, maybe too well for their own good. That these programs were abandoned or disemboweled not only because the money ran out in the open wound of war in Vietnam but also because they threatened the local "I'm all right, Jack" mandarinates of mayors, governors, congressmen, and corporations. That if sedating the poor with modest supplemental benefits was one thing, enabling them to interfere with business as usual was quite another, and probably subversive, amounting to what Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. called "a radical redistribution of economic power."

From the folks at Blackside who gave us such Emmy-winning documentary series as *Eyes on the Prize* and *The Great Depression, America's War on Poverty* employs the same techniques of surprisingly intimate period footage, on-camera retrospections by participants and survivors, expert rationalizations, historical hindsights, and graphic factoids. Some of the people we meet, at the equable urging of narrator Lynne Thigpen, are familiar from decades of the culture wars—Joseph Califano, Hodding Carter III, Marian Wright Edelman, John Ehrlichman, Daniel Schorr, Doris Kearns Goodwin, Amiri Baraka—and there's quite a bit of airtime for that weather vane in the winds of change Sargent Shriver, handpicked by LBJ as first chief and principal whipping boy at the Office of Economic Opportunity. But what really distinguishes these hours, besides the passionate witness of those who volunteered, those who were briefly empowered, and those who resented every aspect of the process, is the case studies of the grassroots programs themselves. It's as if the pores of the body politic had been magnified by an electron microscope.

In Kentucky, for instance, the Appalachia Volunteers ran into charges of sedition when they took on coal-company strip-mining. In Mississippi, Head Start people were accused of branching out into . . . voter registration! In Newark, the United Community Corporation actually insisted on social services in exchange for the "eminent domain" destruction of inner-city neighborhoods to make way for a new medical school. In Governor Ronald Reagan's own state, young lawyers from California Rural Legal Assistance were seen to conspire with Cesar Chavez and his farmworkers' union against the grape and lettuce lobbies. What could be scarier to New York than a welfare-rights organization savvy enough to take its case to the courts and the streets?

Looking back, the veterans of these aborted campaigns not only feel better about themselves for having enlisted—the opposite of victimhood—but also point to incremental progress on several fronts (surprise, surprise: Education, health care, jobs, and shelter actually make a difference). Perhaps, though, they miss a darker point. This new mean season in the American cycle of caring suggests that the war on poverty failed not because it didn't work but because it could have worked. A buck-grubby, status-anxious society that measures everyone by his or her

Photograph courtesy of WGBH Boston.

ability to produce wealth, and morally condemns anybody who fails to prosper, may need to believe that the poor, by definition, are undeserving. Isn't it pretty to think so, like a bell curve?

AS IF FIVE HOURS OF PUBLIC TELEVISION DEvoted to America's war on poverty weren't already too much, they are preceded by five and a half hours on a social problem even less susceptible to incantations of ritual virtue. Four hours of **What Can We Do About Violence? A Bill Moyers Special** (Monday, January 9, and Wednesday, January 11; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) are sandwiched around a 90-minute *Frontline* episode that asks the question **Does TV Kill?** (Tuesday, January 10; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) and answers with an unequivocal maybe.

Moyers will go anywhere and hear out anyone. Like Charles Kuralt, he listens better than most people talk. He will visit California's Ventura School for young, hard-case offenders, male and female; and Florida's Last Chance Ranch, in the Everglades swamps, where inner-city losers audition as farmhands; and a remarkable cop who runs a domestic-violence center in Nashville; and a remarkable minister who has declared war, in his Boston parish of basketball courts, on "a sociopathic idea of manhood." He reports on the surprising background to the New Orleans murder of James Darby, the little boy who wrote a letter to President Clinton days before he died. And spends time with Teens on Target, a group of paraplegic victims of random gunfire who take their stories and example into neighborhood schools. And elicits from unusual talking heads in Portland, Cleveland, Ann Arbor, Salt Lake City, and the Bronx ingenious suggestions for parent training, conflict resolution, drug and alcohol rehabilitation, alternative sentencing, and "childproof" firearms. The gun lobby isn't neglected, nor violence in the entertainment media, including a frightful montage of images, most of them from Hollywood movies, that exploits even as it deplores such pandering to our addictive need for some cracklike hit of dismemberment.

What is neglected is the history of violence in this culture, from Wounded Knee to lynching bees; from slave rebellions, railway strikes, and mountain blood feuds to night riders, vigilantes, and urban riots; from the Liberty Boys, Know-Nothings, Molly Maguires, Pinkertons, and Ku Klux Klan to the Haymarket riot, the Homestead strike, Harlan County, the Black Hole of Ludlow, the Ghost Dance Wars, East St. Louis, and Watts. Violence has always been, if not our solution, at least our narrative. What the worthy Moyers is at such scrupulous pains to explore is kinder, gentler narratives, where not every plot falls deathward. Imagine the subversive sort of television that says, *Here's a social problem. Now meet some people trying to do something about it.* ■

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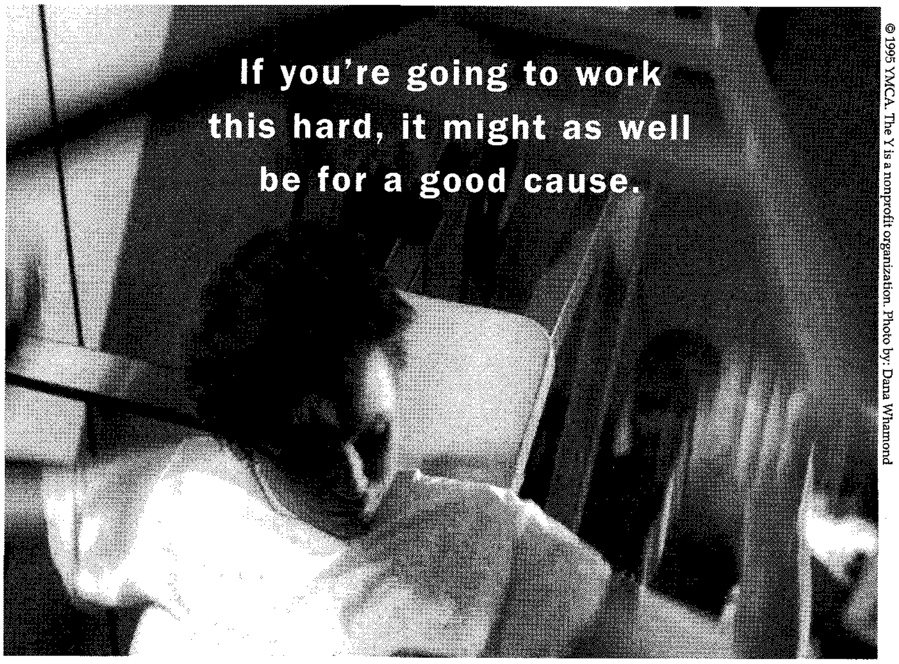
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# SALES & BARGAINS

*From party dresses to women's suits, Turkish kilims to European toys—and, for the kids' rooms, cabinets shaped like castles and cottages.*

## Dutch Treat

ONE-OF-A-KIND PROTOTYPES OF IMAGinative hand-painted birch-veneer storage cabinets for children's rooms, artist-signed, shaped and painted to look like French, Dutch or Italian houses, castles, bell towers, and Cotswold cottages are all 30 percent off. For example: a stepped-top Dutch house, was $1,200, now $840; three-piece medieval castle with two towers and a center unit, was $4,300, now $3,010. The store also has expensive famous-label children's clothing in girls' sizes 4 to 12 years and boys' sizes 6 months–2 years, at 30 to 40 percent off, including girls' wool, velvet, and silk party dresses, were $100–$450, now $60–$270; one- and few-of-a-kind christening gowns and *Bris* outfits, were $250–$600, now $175–$420. M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. Delivery additional; furniture sold as-is. *Nooks & Granny's, 21 E. 73rd St. (249-5097); Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–5 p.m. or by appointment; while stock lasts.*

## Cool Runnings

LARGE AND SMALL HOME APPLIANCES ARE available at substantial discounts here. All items are new and are covered by manufacturers' warranties; some are floor samples and/or last pieces; others are in limited quantities. Items include a 5,100-Btu, 5.7-amp Carrier air conditioner with 8.1 EER, here $199; Akai multisystem 14-in. color TV, here $239; Akai multisystem VCR, here $199; Eagle 20-in. pilot-light gas range, here $199; Hotpoint 14.4-cubic-foot refrigerator, here $389; Bionaire two-gallon humidifier, here $59; and more. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; delivery and installation at additional cost. *RCI/Radio Clinic, Inc., 2599 Broadway, at 98th St. (864-6000); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; through 1/21.*

## Her Suits

THIS EAST SIDE CLOTHING BOUTIQUE HAS one-of-a-kind samples of couture garments and famous-designer copies in sizes up to 12; the largest selection is of sizes 8 and 10. Everything is now half price, except for dresses, which are 75 percent off. Examples: wool-and-glitter bouclé jacket, was $950, now $475; a number of suits, including a brown wool-tweed, was $950 for the jacket, $265 for the skirt, now $475 and $132.50, respectively; wool-challis dress with pleated skirt, was $950, now $237.50. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *Mandana Custom Couture, 1175 Lexington Ave., at 80th St. (988-0800); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–4 p.m.; through 1/21.*

**DO NOT PHONE:** *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

## Turkish Delights

THIS MONTH, ALL OF THIS DEALER'S NEW, old, and antique handwoven Turkish kilim rugs and pillows are 30 percent off. For instance: Denizli and Aydin kilims, approximately 6 by 9 ft., were $1,700, now $1,190; Balikesir and Konya kilims, 4 by 6 ft. and 5 by 7 ft., were $165–$1,260, now $115–$882; 3-by-5-ft. Sivas kilims, were $400–$700, now $280–$490; runners in many colors and designs, $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 10 ft. up to 3 ft. by 12 ft., were $400–$1,400, now $280–$980; scatter rugs (approx. 2 by 3 ft.) and kilim pillows ranging in size from 12 in. sq. up to 2 ft. by 3 ft., were $45–$350, now $31–$245. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; exchanges possible within ten days. *Beyond the Bosphorus, 79 Sullivan St., near Spring St. (219-8257); Tues.–Sun. noon–6 p.m.; through 1/31.*

## Play's the Thing

HUNDREDS OF NAME-BRAND TOYS, BUILDING sets, dolls, stuffed toys, games, and doll and child furniture are now 20 percent off. A few examples: the Playmobil pirate-island play set, was $86.95, now $69.56; Brio train set, was $69.95, now $55.96; Lego table, was $69.95, now $55.96; 43-piece set of T. C. Timber blocks, was $26.95, now $21.56; Ravensburger games, were $6.95–$24.95, now $5.56–$19.96; Alex art toys, were $2.95–$24.95, now $2.36–$19.96; strollers and carriages, were $26.95–$109.95, now $21.56–$87.96; Barbie dolls, were $10.95–$23.95, now $8.76–$19.16; stuffed animals, were $10.95–$149.95, now $8.76–$119.96. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *A Bear's Place, 789 Lexington Ave., near 61st St. (826-6465); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 1/15.*

## Woolgathering

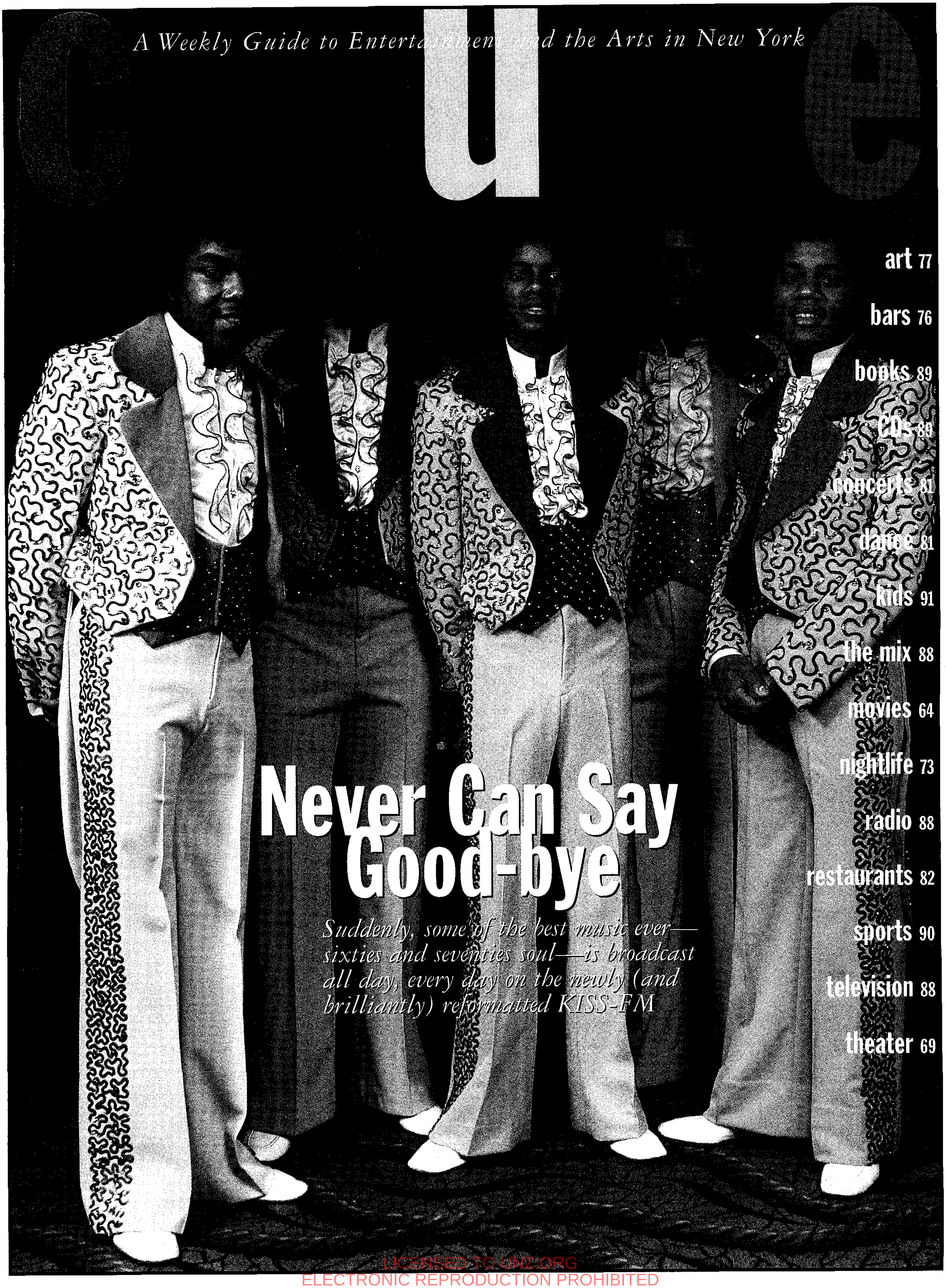
WOMEN'S WINTER AND DRESSY WEAR IN sizes 2–14 is at least 50 percent off retail at this showroom. Sale items include Gruppo Americano Studio Italian wool-viscose-and-acetate coordinating separates, including notched-collar double-breasted or satin-backed crêpe jackets, retail $320 for either, here $150 and $120, respectively; matching trousers, retail $180, here $89; short shawl-collar jacket in black and cream, retail $278, here $125; matching short pleated skirt, retail $156, here $75; straight skirt, retail $114, here $50; mock-turtle sweater or cable-front cardigan in Italian cashmere, silk, and wool, retail $187, here $85 for either; zipper-front 100 percent merino-wool cardigan, retail $242, here $110; plus past seasons' merchandise, now 70–80 percent off. No credit cards; checks accepted as deposits only; merchandise held until they clear; all sales final. *Maison Jamak, 200 W. 70th St., Suite 12C (787-0278); Mon.–Sun. 11 a.m.–7 p.m.; through 1/20.*

## Rocks of Ages

OLD, ANTIQUE, AND NEW JEWELRY FROM around the world is now $33\frac{1}{3}$ percent off here. Fourteen- and 18-karat-gold rings set with precious and semiprecious stones, were $45–$450, now $30–$300; 14-karat bracelets, chains, charms, and earrings, were $20 per gram, now $13; 18-karat-gold pieces, were $26 per gram, now $17.25; cultured- and freshwater-pearl necklaces, were $30–$600, now $20–$400; coral necklaces, were $40–$500, now $26.67–$333.50; silver-and-turquoise Native American jewelry, including rings, earrings, pins, bracelets, and pendants, was $20–$450, now $13.33–$300; sterling-silver pins, chains, bracelets, rings, and earrings, were $5–$200, now $3.33–$133.33; necklaces with semiprecious stones, such as jade, onyx, agate, amethyst, and jasper, were $25–$250, here $16.67–$166.67; much more. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible. *Max Nass, Inc., 118 E. 28th St. (679-8154); Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. till 4 p.m.; through 1/28.* ■

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

Cue



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# Never Can Say Good-bye

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# movies

## Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!...Gay Cub

## New Films

**Boys Life**—A compilation of three short films about young men coming to terms with their sexual orientation, *Boys Life* is well made, well acted, funny, and happily free of the angst that usually typifies the portrayal of gays in movies. All are notable first and foremost as promising and entertaining debuts, rather than for any strides they may make in advancing onscreen portrayals of gays. That's just a bonus. (1 hr. 30 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

**Bullets Over Broadway**—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny: Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair. But it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sellout. Why care about this guy? What's fatally missing from the movie is any love for the way of life being mocked. There's too much contempt—contempt joined strangely with self-exculpation. If we believe what Allen's saying, any kind of stupid behavior can be justified as necessary in the service of art. What can't be justified, however—not even by Woody's sleight of hand—is bad art With Chazz Palmenteri and Tracey Ullman. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**Clerks**—In Kevin Smith and Scott Mosier's defiantly and at times hilariously low-rent Jersey comedy, two hyperarticulate guys waste their days at a convenience store. The guys are guys and nothing but guys. They play roller hockey and curse a lot, and they talk coarsely of women, whom they nevertheless desperately need. A series of blackout comedy sketches, shot mainly from the customer's point of view, *Clerks* is naggingly funny, a kind of talented-slacker demo tape. What comes next? (Denby; 11/7/94) (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 68th Street Playhouse.*

**Cobb**—Baseball great Ty Cobb was an ornery bastard, sharpening his spikes before a game so he could do some serious damage when sliding into an opponent, getting into fights with other players at the drop of a hat, cursing, spitting, drinking, hurling racial epithets with venom, and much more. But he *was* great, and that's why his talent is so intriguing to those who expect exceptional skill to be married to exceptional character—or at least human decency. Not the case here, and writer/director Ron Shelton explores the reasons why in this movie about the later years in Cobb's life, when he was a bitter, old man (Tommy Lee Jones) trying to convince a sports writer (Robert Wuhl) to write his biography. (2 hrs. 10 min.; R) *Village East; Gemini Twin.*

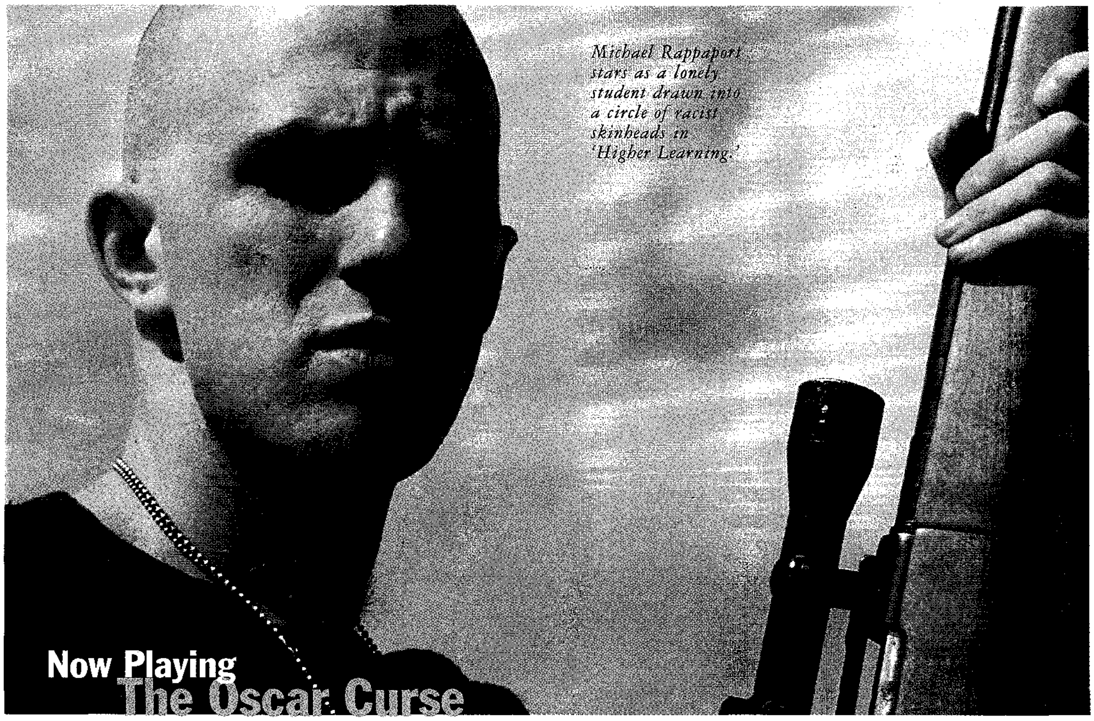
**Colonel Chabert**—Gerard Dépardieu stars in this epic drama based on the Balzac classic. In a twist on *The Return of Martin Guerre,* Depardieu plays a returning war hero thought dead who finds his wife has remarried and claimed his inheritance. Directed by Yves Angelo. In French. (1 hr. 50 min.; NR.) *Lincoln Square.*

**The Congress of Penguins**—A slightly surreal look at Antarctica that uses that stark setting to study our relationship to the environment (hint: we're not the heroes of this piece). The penguins serve as a sort of Greek chorus, waddling on and off stage with aplomb. Directed by Hans-Ulrich Schlumpf. In German. (1 hr. 31 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

**Death and the Maiden**—Roman Polanski attempts to repeat his stage success with this film adaptation of Ariel Dorfman's drama about a woman (Sigourney Weaver) who believes she's found the man (Ben Kingsley) responsible for torturing her during a political imprisonment many years ago. All three leads are thoroughly unconvincing as Latinos (they don't even try, really), and Weaver hasn't found the right tone for her character—a few of her line readings are unintentionally funny. The entire affair looks and feels contrived, with only Kingsley managing to come alive during a closing monologue. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Paris Theatre.*

**Demon Knight**—A feature-film spinoff of *Tales From The Crypt,* it features one story line—about a renegade named Breaker (Billy Zane) who defends the members of a boardinghouse against an army of demons. With Jada Pinkett. Directed by Ernest Dickerson (*Juice;* cinematographer on a number of Spike Lee movies), who just might give this a jolt of B-movie fun. (1 hr. 25 min.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; National Twin; 86th Street; Metro Cinema.*

**Disclosure**—This intelligent and entertaining thriller is not really about sexual harassment: Director Barry Levinson and screenwriter Paul Attanasio have reshaped Michael Crichton's material into a fascinating movie about the paradoxes of modern paranoia. Tom Sanders (Michael Douglas)—an ace electronics engineer—loses the promotion he had hoped for to an old girlfriend, Meredith (Demi Moore). The day she's promoted, Meredith improbably jumps Tom in her office, and when he pulls away, she accuses him of harassing her. What's going on—lust or calculation? Moore, aflame or passive, is a proudly humorless actress, a Joan Crawford for the postfeminist age; she has the sense to make use of what's most dislikable in her style—a huffy self-righteousness. Douglas gives his best performance in years; for once, his anger seems firmly planted in a situation, not an aggressive statement ladled on top of it. What the movie promises, it delivers: narrative speed and tension, teasing ambiguity, a complex enfolding structure of hints and appearances with as many corners and levels as an M.C. Escher drawing. With Donald



*Michael Rappaport stars as a lonely student drawn into a circle of racist skinheads in 'Higher Learning.'*

### Now Playing
### The Oscar Curse

*With 'Boyz N the Hood,' John Singleton became the youngest person ever to be nominated for a Best Director Oscar. His follow-up— 'Poetic Justice'—was a high-profile summer flop. Now Singleton's ambitious 'Higher Learning' has come out during the dog days of January, which doesn't usually bode well for a movie's prospects.*

### Ground Rules:

**These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.**

Photograph by Eli Reed/Columbia Pictures.

"Cue" cover photograph by Costello/Retna.

Sutherland and Dennis Miller. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

**Dumb and Dumber**—Well, duh. Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels star as two fellows who are one nit short of a wit. There's a plot, but it hardly matters. Expect silliness and stupidity and bathroom humor, and hope for some laughs. Somebody wrote it and somebody directed it, but that's hardly the point here. Carrey is. (1 hr. 47 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas.*

★**Eat Drink Man Woman**—The greatest chef in Taipei, Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung), still grieving over his long-dead wife, busies himself by cooking for his three grown daughters, who live at home. Working with the two screenwriters Hui Ling Wang and James Schamus, director Ang Lee (*The Wedding Banquet*) offers the routine yet mesmerizing anguish of love and romance and filial piety. Every plot development passes through the comic family banquets, a formal device that brings order to flux. *Eat Drink Man Woman* is an abundant yet disciplined work that marks a huge step forward for Lee. With Chien-Lien Wu and Kuei-Mei Yang. (Denby, 8/29/94) (2 hrs. 3 min.; NR) *Worldwide Cinema.*

**Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog**—A boy and his dog are separated from pop during a storm in the Pacific Northwest. Since they're releasing it in the dog days of January, *Yellow Dog* is probably no *Free Willy.* With Jesse Bradford and Mimi Rogers. Directed by Phillip Borsos. (1 hr. 21 min.; PG) *Movieland 8th Street; Chelsea; Eastside Playhouse; National Twin; Lincoln Square.*

**Fast Trip, Long Drop**—New York video maker and activist Gregg Bordowitz has chronicled his life and the changes it's undergone since he tested HIV-positive in 1988. Skewers the usual targets (the media, the government, the medical establishment), but proves more embracing when it explores Bordowitz's Jewish heritage, his response to his father's death and a friend's diagnosis of breast cancer, and the evolving shape of the gay community. Paired with *The Darker Side of Black,* an Isaac Julien documentary about hip-hop and dance-hall culture that focuses on the misogyny, homophobia, and glorification of violence so prevalent in those genres. (*Fast Trip,* 54 min.; *Darker Side,* 50 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th Street.*

**Federal Hill**—Writer-director-producer Michael Corrente makes his feature-film debut with this Scorsesean tale of five young men growing up in an Italian, working-class neighborhood in Providence, Rhode Island. Filled with small-time gangsters and confused kids who don't know what they want, it focuses on Nicky (Anthony De Sando), who falls hard for a college girl, antagonizing his dangerously violent friend, Ralph (Nicholas Turturro). (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Columbus Circle.*

★**Forrest Gump**—Another idiot-savant picture, in the commercially lucrative line of *King of Hearts, Being There,* and *Rain Man;* and like those movies, it's marred by sentiment and cant and much flattery of the audience. If it's better than any of those movies—and at times it's a jaunty, high-flying cinematic experience—that's because the director, Robert Zemeckis, has the shrewdness and skill to turn what's most dubious about his ideas into poetic comedy. (Denby, 7/18/94) (2 hrs. 22 min.; PG-13) *Cinema 3.*

**Heavenly Creatures**—Based on the true story of the Parker-Hulme affair, this is the story of two girls who meet in New Zealand and develop an intense friendship that goes dangerously awry. Written and directed by Peter Jackson, it's an exceptionally ambitious movie that takes wild visual leaps when delving into the imaginations of the two girls and succeeds almost every time. It captures the vivid unreality of their insular and ultimately murderous world. One of the best-reviewed movies of the year, with stand-out performances fromWith Melanie Lynskey and Kate Winslet as the girls. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinema.*

**Higher Learning**—Director John Singleton takes a look at life on college campuses and, effectively, in America. He tackles bisexuality, gay-bashing, cultural diversity, racial tension, skinheads, violence, murder, and police brutality…in *one* scene. With Ice Cube, Omar Epps, Laurence Fishburne, Jennifer Connelly, and the dependably good Michael Rappaport. (2 hrs. 7 min.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends, who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. Though graced by much sweet struggle and several euphoric moments, *Hoop Dreams* is nevertheless tragic in its implications. America is interested in making these boys into stars but not into men. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *Film Forum; Quad Cinemas; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK
WINONA RYDER
LITTLE WOMEN
MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY THOMAS NEWMAN

**Recordings One of the best-reviewed movies of the year, *Little Women* also has one of the best scores. Composer Thomas Newman—son of the great Alfred Newman—provides a delicate bounce to the proceedings with sprightly melodies and an admirable avoidance of sentimentality. (Sony Classical; $16.98.)**

**Houseguest**—Sinbad undoubtedly hopes Tim Allen and Jim Carrey have set the tone for TV stars jumping to the big screen. His vehicle pairs Sinbad with Phil Hartman in a nutty, zany tale of a guy who, evading some loan sharks, impersonates an old friend that Hartman hasn't seen in 25 years. Directed by Randall Miller. (1 hr. 48 min.; PG)

**Immortal Beloved**—Beethoven wrote some nice tunes, sure. But the really exciting news is that he was sexy as hell, romanced a string of women, and left his estate to an unnamed "immortal beloved." This movie, starring Gary Oldman as the lover/composer, probes the mystery of who that woman was, centering on several tempting candidates—including Isabella Rossellini and Valerie Golina. Directed by Bernard Rose. (2 hrs.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

**Interview With the Vampire**—Perhaps the most expensive and beautiful cult movie of all time—a film of great technical distinction but no dramatic interest whatsoever. The movie is tedious and fairly disgusting, and it would be best to avoid it: Let the undead bury the undead. Directed by Neil Jordan; written by Anne Rice from her novel. (Denby; 11/21/94) (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Ziegfeld; Orpheum.*

**I.Q.**—Walter Matthau seems a natural to play Albert Einstein, but the scientist's neice (Meg Ryan) doesn't think nice lug Tim Robbins is a natural to be her boyfriend. That's when Al and his friends decide to play matchmaker, quickly proving they know more about the dance of atoms than the mating dance. Directed by Fred Schepisi. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea Cinema; Embassy 2–4; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

**Ladybird, Ladybird**—Director Ken Loach delivers a wrenching, memorable drama with this story about a single mother trapped in abusive relationships who manages to break free and begin a new life, only to find the government has decided she's unfit and has taken custody of her children. Crissy Rock has already received international praise for her raw and ferocious performance as Maggie. (1 hr. 42 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**The Last Seduction**—The new neo-*noir* thriller directed by the talented John Dahl (*Red Rock West*) moves with the devastating energy of its viciously inventive dark lady—a lying, cheating tramp named Bridget Gregory, played by the amusingly tough Linda Fiorentino. Before it goes sour at the end, most of this little movie is fast and exhilarating—not radical in form like *Pulp Fiction* but erotically ravenous, exceptionally witty, and impressively knowledgeable about all the dirty deals and low maneuvers that keep aorrupt world going. With superb performances by Bill Pullman and Peter Berg as two different kinds of helpless sap. Written by Steve Barancik. (Denby; 10/31/94) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton.*

**Legends of the Fall**—Edward Zwick of *Glory* directs this very old-fashioned tale from a Jim Harrison novella. It tells the story of three brothers—Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, and Henry Thomas—who all fall in love with the same woman (Julia Ormond, which makes it understandable). Their passion is played out against the backdrop of World War I and a towering, daunting father (Anthony Hopkins) who fights against conformity and embraces nature. The sort of movie where decades pass and everyone looks virtually the same. (2 hrs 13 min.; R.) *Chelsea Cinema; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

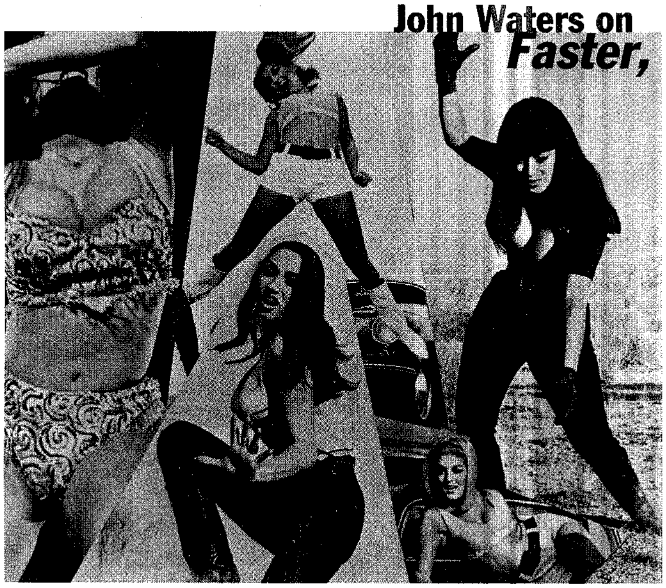
★**The Lion King**—A return engagement of Disney's latest animated blockbuster feature. (1 hr. 27 min.; G) *Movieland 8th Street; Embassy 1.*

**Little Women**—The classic tale, with Winona Ryder stepping into the role that Katharine Hepburn left her indelible stamp on. With Christian Bale, Susan Sarandon, and Gabriel Byrne. Directed by Gillian Armstrong. (1 hr. 50 min.; PG.) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

**The Madness of King George**—Achieves that state of theatrical blessedness that lies halfway between farce and tragedy—in this case, between Monty Python and *King Lear.* This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne, who played the role onstage for nearly three years, renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a greater physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. The flesh is tormented, the spirit harrowed, and something like poetry takes over. With Rupert Everett as the nasty popinjay the Prince of Wales, Julian Wadham as the manipulative prime minister Pitt the Younger, Ian Holm as a kind of proto-psychoanalyst, and Helen Mirren as the Queen. (2 hrs.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza.*

**A Man of No Importance**—Albert Finney stars as a bus employee in a small town who stages theatrical productions and has a crush on the handsome driver he works with. He seems too old to deal with the feelings he has, and his attempts to meet someone in a bar prove quite unsuccessful—

# John Waters on *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*



**"The sweetest kittens have the sharpest claws," read one of the ads for director Russ Meyer's low-budget *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (At Film Forum January 13–26.) John Waters, the director of *Pink Flamingos* and *Hairspray,* once wrote that the 1965 film was, "beyond a doubt, the best movie ever made...possibly better than any film that will be made in the future." And time hasn't dulled Waters's enthusiasm. He's more than happy to take time out of his busy schedule to discuss its many virtues. "You can tell a Russ Meyer movie right away," he says. "The fast cutting, way before MTV; big breasts; nasty dialogue; and women in control!" Waters first saw the movie at a drive-in in his hometown of Baltimore and was hooked. "I went back every night and took different people," he says. "Divine and I saw it many, many times. It was certainly an influence—and Russ would probably be surprised to hear this—on the Divine character." A drive-in seems like the perfect place to experience *Pussycat* in all its glory, but Waters disagrees. "No, I think it would be great to see in Buckingham Palace, really. I think it *deserves* more than the drive-in. To get its proper place in critical history, it has to be shown in New York." But what *is* its proper place? As a sexploitation classic? As camp? "It's as a *great action movie,* with the kind of movie stars we're hard-pressed to find anymore. Who are exploitation stars anymore? There aren't any, because Hollywood makes exploitation movies now and they aren't as much fun. The golden age of trash has been over for many years." So is classic dialogue. "One of my favorite lines," he says, "is when Tura Satana pulls into a gas station and the gas station attendant is looking down her blouse, and she says, 'You won't find it down there, Columbus!' " So it's not to be dismissed as a glorious bit of soft-core naughtiness? "Well, Russ did *not* want to ever do hard-core. He came as close as you could get to it and never did, which I think was wise. Although God knows he could make a good one."**

**Michael Giltz**

though not as disastrous as his staging of Oscar Wilde's scandalous *Salomé*. With Brenda Fricker. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza.*

**Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle**—A droll look at Dorothy Parker and her morose, but mordantly funny, life. With Jennifer Jason Leigh, Campbell Scott, and Matthew Broderick. Directed by Alan Rudolph. (2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 84th St. Six.*

**Nell**—Raised in isolation by a hermit-like mother, Jodie Foster is a "wild child" who speaks a language that seems entirely of her own devising when she's discovered by concerned folk Liam Neeson and Natasha Richardson. They have divergent ideas about what's best for Nell: Neeson sees her as a natural wonder that shouldn't be sullied and wants to leave her alone; Richardson wants Nell locked up so she can be studied like some freak. They battle it out as Nell tries to go about her business while dealing with these unexpected intruders into her world. Directed by Michael Apted. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13). *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinema; Baronet/Coronet; Orpheum; Regency.*

**Nobody's Fool**—Richard Russo's novel is the source for this story about a man (Paul Newman) who's been down on his luck all his life and may have one last chance to redeem himself...if he's willing to risk it. With smaller, juicy roles for Jessica Tandy and Bruce Willis. Directed by Robert Benton, who has a habit of eliciting Oscar-worthy performances. (2 hrs.; 30 min.; R.) *Village Theatre VII; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Pulp Fiction**— An ecstatically entertaining piece of suave mockery by Quentin Tarantino that revels in every manner of pulp flagrancy—murder and betrayal, drugs, sex, and episodes of sardonically distanced sadomasochism—all told in three overlapping tales. It's a very funky, American sort of pop masterpiece, improbable, uproarious, with bright colors and danger and blood right on the surface. With Uma Thurman as the mobster's woman. Co-written by Tarantino and Roger Avary. (Denby; 10/3/94) (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; 57th St. Playhouse; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six.*

**Queen Margot**—Isabelle Adjani stars in this bloody tale of passion, romance, and the seductive power of revenge. Directed by Claude Berri. With Vincent Perez and Daniel Auteuil. (2 hrs.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

**Ready To Wear**—Trivial. Robert Altman's fashion-world bash has the feeling of an egregious social mistake. The sets are awash with familiar faces, and the host, however eager for everyone to enjoy himself, loses track of the ebb and flow of the event. Intrigues high and low spin off into different rooms without adequate resolution; the evening grows incoherent, tedious, and redundant. What is Lauren Bacall doing here? Why does Stephen Rea, as the world's hottest fashion photographer, humiliate the three fashion-mag editors played by Linda Hunt, Tracey Ullman, and Sally Kellerman, and then photograph them? Is he blackmailing them? Into what? Each woman already wants him to work for her. Altman's worst movie since those earlier overstuffed parties, *H.E.A.L.T.H. and A Wedding,* it even misses the beauty. It's not particularly well photographed; the images are filmy—blurry and even ugly. With everyone. (2 hr. 12 min.; R) *Angelika Cinema; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza.*

**Red**—There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet.—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. Kieslowski constructs his movies with ineffable moments and with tiny visual motifs touched by grace. Yet the avant-garde techniques cannot conceal an extraordinarily weak dramatic sense and some very hoary ideas about women. (Denby; 11/28/94)(1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**Richie Rich**—Macaulay Culkin: The final chapter? Well, at least for his childhood roles, since Mac is edging into puberty. No matter; no one will be clamoring for a sequel to this. Directed by Donal Petrie. (1 hr. 30 min; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

**Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book**—A live-action version of the classic tale. With Jason Scott Lee as the lovable scamp Mowgli, Sam Neill, and the always pleasant Cary Elwes. (1 hr. 48 min.; PG.) *Village East; 23rd Street West; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

**Safe Passage**—Susan Sarandon is typically earnest as the harried mother of a brood of sons who's on the outs with her husband (Sam Shepherd) and trying to gain a little self-esteem by training to be a social worker. They're all brought together during the Gulf War when they're told the eldest—who serves in the military—might have been in a building that suffered a direct hit. The family spends two days waiting for the good/bad news and poring over old hurt feelings and misunderstandings. A fine cast—including Robert Sean Leonard, Sean Austin, and Jason London—but too earnest by half. (1 hr. 37 min.; PG-13) *Crown Gotham.*

**The Santa Clause**—Tim Allen is the quiet superstar: The most popular show on television, a best-selling book, and now the biggest comedy of the fall. Here he plays a father trying to reach out to his son when an unexpected turn of events makes him the new Santa. Directed by John Pasquin. (1 hr. 35 min.; PG) *Movieland 8th Street; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; 59th Street East; 86th Street East; 84th St. Six.*

**Sarraounia** (1987)—The story of the warrior queen Aznas, who led her people to a brief but glorious victory over the French colonialists taking over her country. A major African epic gaining its first U.S. commercial exposure. Directed by Med Hondo. In French. (2 hrs.; NR) *Thalia.*

**Speechless**—This story about rival political speechwriters would have been a natural for Tracy and Hepburn. But they would have been certain to include a script witty and accurate enough to be worthy of them. No such luck here. For director Ron Underwood (*Tremors, City Slickers*) the thrid time is not the charm. (1 hr. 38 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

**Star Trek—Generations**—For Trekkers only. The focus here is strictly on the new kids on the block. Picard (Patrick Stewart) grapples with a baddie (Malcolm McDowell) hoping to destroy the universe, and Data (Brent Spiner) grapples with an "emotion chip" that enables him to come closer than ever to being human. Directed by David Carson. (1 hr. 58 min.; PG) *23rd Street West; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; First & 62nd Street Cinema; New York Twin; 84th Street Six.*

**Street Fighter**—Video game. Van Damme. Violence? Vy, of course. (1 hr. 55 min.; R) *Essex; Village East; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinema.*

★**To Live**—Largely set in a small city in the north of China, it begins in the forties when Chiang Kai-shek is still in power, and takes a couple (Ge You and Gong Li) and their family and friends through the civil war, the Great Leap Forward, the Cultural Revolution, and into the seventies. Director Zhang Yimou is willing to admit that Communist idealism really meant something once, that the state forged a new kind of cooperative personality capable of kindness and generosity. But the revolution betrayed everyone, broke everyone's heart. It's a harrowing, comic, and spellbinding film. (Denby; 11/21/94)(2 hrs. 5 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Angelika 57.*

**Vanya on 42nd Street**—Over the years, Andre Gregory performed *Uncle Vanya* for select groups of friends. He, Wallace Shawn, and others explored the text again and again (using a David Mamet adaptation), finding new levels to the story that only repeated performances with a cohesive cast can bring. When one of the principals died, they decided to capture it on film and called director Louis Malle. The last time Malle, Shawn, and Gregory got together, it was for the memorable *My Dinner With Andre.* (1 hr. 59 min.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

## Manhattan

### Below 14th Street

**Angelika Film Center**—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle; Heavenly Creatures; To Live; Queen Margot; Clerks; Ready to Wear.*

**Art Greenwich Twin**—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Nell; Bullets Over Broadway.*

**Cinema Village 12th St.**—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Fast Trip, Long Drop; The Darker Side of Black.*

**Essex**—275 Grand St. (982-4455) *Street Fighter.*

**Film Forum**—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Hoop Dreams; Ladybird, Ladybird; The Congress of Penguins.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

**Movieland 8th Street**—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Higher Learning; The Santa Clause; The Shawshank Redemption; The Lion King; A Low Down Dirty Shame.* Opening 1/13: *Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog.*

**Quad Cinema**—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Boys Life; Vanya on 42nd Street; Hoop Dreams; Red.*

**Village East**—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Pulp Fiction; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Street Fighter; Interview With The Vampire; Dumb and Dumber; Cobb; Richie Rich; Houseguest.*

**Village Theatre VII**—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *I.Q.; Nobody's Fool; Little Women; Death and the Maiden; The Last Seduction; Immortal Beloved; Disclosure.*

**Waverly**—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Junior; Drop Zone; Speechless.* Opening 1/13: *Demon Knight.*

### 14th–41st Streets

**Chelsea**—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Little Women; Nell; Disclosure; Pulp Fiction; Legends of the Fall; Immortal Beloved; I.Q.* Opening 1/13: *Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog; Demon Knight.*

**Murray Hill Cinemas**—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Nell; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber; Pulp Fiction.*

**19th Street East**—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Higher Learning; Safe Passage; Houseguest; Ready to Wear; Interview With the Vampire; Drop Zone; Speechless; Dumb and Dumber.*

**23rd Street West Triplex**—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Street Fighter; Richie Rich.*

**34th Street East**—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Speechless.*

**34th Street Showplace**—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *I. Q.; Little Women; Drop Zone.*

### 42nd–60th Streets

**Angelika 57**—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *To Live.*

**Astor Plaza**—44th St. bet. Bway and Eighth (869-8340)) *Drop Zone.*

**Baronet/Coronet**—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Nell; Speechless.*

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520 *Vanya on 42nd St.; Hoop Dreams.*

**Cinema I, II, Third Ave.**—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Ready To Wear; Dumb and Dumber; Queen Margot.*

**Cinema 3**—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Forrest Gump.*

**Criterion Center**—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Higher Learning; Disclosure; Star Trek—Generations; Speechless; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; The Professional; Mixed Nuts.*

**Crown Gotham**—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Safe Passage.*

**Eastside Playhouse**—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *A Man of No Importance.* Opening 1/13: *Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog.*

**Embassy 1**—1560 Bway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Houseguest.*

**Embassy 2–4**—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *I.Q.; A Low Down Dirty Shame; Pulp Fiction.*

**57th Street Playhouse**—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360)(753-6022) *Brother-Minister—The Assassination of Malcolm X.*

**59th Street East**—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *The Santa Clause.*

**Guild 50th Street**—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*

**Manhattan Twin**—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Drop Zone; Street Fighter.* Opening 1/13: *Demon Knight.*

**Movieplex 42**—244 West 42nd St. (997-7522) *Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Mixed Nuts; Drop Zone; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber.*

**National Twin**—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Junior; Street Fighter.* Opening 1/13: *Demon Knight; Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog.*

**Paris Theater**—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Death and the Maiden.*

**Plaza**—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle.*

**Sutton**—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Last Seduction; Houseguest.*

**Worldwide Cinemas**—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *The Specialist; Star Gate; Barcelona; Eat Drink Man Woman; The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert; Miracle on 34th Street; The Swan Princess.*

Preview

## Velvet Revolution

**The next indie movie you'll be hearing a lot about is *Strawberry and Chocolate.* The Cuban entry for foreign-film Oscar consideration, it stars Vladimir Cruz as David, a young straight man who befriends a flamboyant older gay man. Opening January 27 at Lincoln Plaza.**

**Ziegfeld**—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Interview With the Vampire.*

### 61st Street and Above, East Side

**Beekman**—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Legends of the Fall.*

**First & 62nd St. Cinema**—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Immortal Beloved; Pulp Fiction; Richie Rich; Little Women.*

**Gemini Twin**—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Higher Learning; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book.*

**New York Twin**—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *I.Q.; Disclosure.*

**Orpheum**—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Higher Learning; Little Women; Houseguest; Richie Rich; Dumb and Dumber; Nell; Drop Zone; Disclosure.*

**68th Street Playhouse**—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Bullets Over Broadway.*

**86th Street**—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Street Fighter; Speechless.* Opening 1/13: *Demon Knight.*

**86th Street East**—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; A Low Down Dirty Shame; The Santa Clause.*

**Tower East**—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Nobody's Fool.*

**UA East**—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *I.Q.*

### 61st Street and Above, West Side

**Columbus Circle**—2 Gulf+Western Plaza, Bway and 61st St. (247-5070) *Federal Hill.*

**84th Street Six**—2310 Bway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Higher Learning; Safe Passage; Houseguest; Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Pulp Fiction; Richie Rich.*

**Harlem Victoria V**—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) *Alma's Rainbow.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

**Lincoln Plaza Cinemas**—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Bway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Madness of King George; Red; Bullets Over Broadway; Heavenly Creatures; A Man of No Importance; Ready to Wear.* Starting 1/27: *Strawberry and Chocolate.*

**Lincoln Square**—1992 Broadway, at 68th Street (336-5000) *Little Women; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; I.Q.; Colonel Chabert; Speechless; Disclosure; Dumb and Dumber.* Opening 1/13: *Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog.* IMAX: *Into the Deep; The Last Buffalo.*

**Metro Cinema**—2626 Bway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Speechless; Disclosure.* Opening 1/13: *Demon Knight.*

**New Coliseum**—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Drop Zone; Houseguest; Richie Rich; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book.*

**Nova**—3589 Bway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Houseguest; Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber.*

**Olympia Cinemas**—2770 Bway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter.*

**Regency**—1987 Bway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Nell.*

**62nd and Broadway**—1871 Bway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Junior.*

**Thalia**—250 W. 95th St. (316-4962) *Sarraounia; Sankofa.*

## Bronx

### Area Code 718

**Bay Plaza**—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Houseguest; Little Women; I.Q.; Dumb and Dumber; Nell; Street Fighter; Speechless; Richie Rich; Mixed Nuts; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Disclosure; Drop Zone; The Santa Clause; A Low Down Dirty Shame; Pulp Fiction.*

**Concourse Plaza**—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800)*Houseguest; Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Drop Zone; A Low Down Dirty Shame; The Lion King.*

**Interboro**—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Higher Learning; Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Disclosure.* Opening 1/13: *Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog.*

**Riverdale**—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Richie Rich; Disclosure; Little Women.*

**Whitestone**—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Houseguest; I.Q; Little Women; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Street Fighter; Richie Rich; Dumb and Dumber; Pulp Fiction; Disclosure; Drop Zone; A Low Down Dirty Shame; The Santa Clause; The Lion King.*

## Brooklyn

### Area Code 718

**Alpine**—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Disclosure; Little Women; I.Q.; Nell; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book; The Santa Clause; Speechless.*

**Brooklyn Heights**—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Dumb and Dumber; Nell.* Starting 1/13: *Nobody's Fool.*

**Canarsie**—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Dumb and Dumber; Disclosure; Houseguest; Ready to Wear; Richie Rich; Street Fighter.*

**Cobble Hill**—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Disclosure; Richie Rich; To Live; Safe Passage; Immortal Beloved; Little Women; Ready to Wear; Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book.*

**Commodore**—329 Bway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Dumb and Dumber; Houseguest; Streetfighter.*

**Fortway**—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Higher Learning; Houseguest; Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich.*

**Kenmore**—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Higher Learning; Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber; Houseguest.*

**Kent Triplex**—Coney Island Ave. at Avenue H (338-3371) *Dumb and Dumber; Drop Zone; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Houseguest; Richie Rich.*

**Kings Plaza**—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Higher Learning; Houseguest; Richie Rich; Street Fighter; Drop Zone.*

**Kingsway**—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Disclosure; Nell; Dumb and Dumber; Little Women; Speechless.*

**Marboro**—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Dumb and Dumber; Mixed Nuts; Speechless; Disclosure.* Opening 1/13: *Legends of the Fall; Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog; Demon Knight.* Opening 1/13: *Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog.*

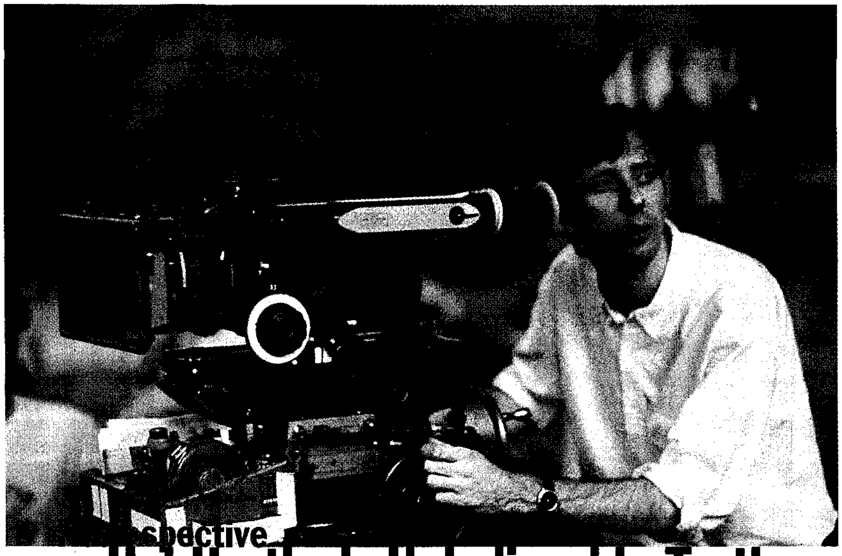
**Metropolitan**—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Higher Learning; Houseguest; Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter.*

**The Movies at Sheepshead Bay**—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Little Women; Nell; Dumb and Dumber; I.Q.; Speechless; Junior; The Santa Clause; Star Trek—Generations; Disclosure; Richie Rich; Drop Zone.*

**Oriental**—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *I.Q.; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Houseguest.*

**Plaza Twin**—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Street Fighter; Disclosure; Houseguest.*

**Ridgewood**—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Street `Fighter; Houseguest; Disclosure; Speechless; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book; Drop Zone.*



## Hal Hartley's Unbelievable Truth

*Droll dialogue, skewed plots, unnervingly attractive—and always slightly off— people: All can be found in director Hal Hartley's movies ('Trust, 'Simple Men'). An overview of his work is at the American Museum of the Moving Image January 14–January 29 (718-784-0077).*

## Queens

*Area Code 718*

**Astoria**—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279)*Higher Learning; Street Fighter; Dumb and Dumber; Santa Clause; Nell; Mixed Nuts; Drop Zone; Disclosure.* Opening 1/13: *Demon Knight; Far From Home.*

**Bay Terrace**—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Ready To Wear; Speechless; Jungle Book; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Santa Clause.*

**Center**—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Disclosure; Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*

**Cinema 5**—183–15 Horace Harding Blvd., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100)*Higher Learning; Houseguest; Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*

**Cinemart**—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Dumb and Dumber; The Santa Clause.*

**Continental**—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Ready to Wear; Safe Passage; Disclosure.*

**Crossbay**—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Higher Learning; Street Fighter; Star Trek—Generations; The Lion King; A Low Down Dirty Shame; Drop Zone.*

**Crossbay II**—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Little Women; Dumb and Dumber; Speechless; Santa Clause; Disclosure; Houseguest.* Opening 1/13: *Far From Home.*

**Elmwood**—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Houseguest; Dumb and Dumber; Jungle Book; Drop Zone; A Low Down Dirty Shame.*

**Forest Hills**—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Higher Learning; Nell; Little Women.*

**Fresh Meadows**—183–15 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Immortal Beloved; Nell; Disclosure; Drop Zone; Little Women; I. Q.; Speechless.*

**Jackson Triplex**—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Street Fighter; Houseguest; Richie Rich; Disclosure.*

**Main Street**—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Street Fighter; Ready to Wear; Disclosure; I.Q.* Opening 1/13: *Nobody's Fool.*

**Midway**—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Richie Rich; Street Fighter; Speechless; Junior; The Lion King.* Opening 1/13: *Legends of the Fall; Demon Knight; Far From Home.*

**The Movies at Bayside**—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Little Women; I.Q.; Dumb and Dumber; Safe Passage.* Opening 1/13: *Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool.*

**Movieworld**—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Houseguest; Little Women; I.Q.; Nell; Speechless; Strteet Fighter; Mixed Nuts; Star Trek—Generations; Drop Zone.* Opening 1/13: *Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Far From Home.*

**North Shore Towers**—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Last Seduction; Ready to Wear.*

**Plaza**—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Street Fighter; Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book* (both dubbed in Spanish).

**Quartet**—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Street Fighter; Speechless; Disclosure; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book.*

**Surfside**—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Dumb and Dumber; Street Fighter; Speechless; Pulp Fiction; Disclosure.*

**Trylon**—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *I.Q.*

**Utopia**—187–02 Union Tpke., at 188th St., Flushing (454-2323) *I.Q.; Little Women.*

## Staten Island

*Area Code 718*

**Atrium**—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *I.Q.; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; The Santa Clause; Pulp Fiction; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Disclosure.* Opening 1/13: *Legends of the Fall; Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog; Demon Knight.*

**Hylan Plaza**—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Ready to Wear; Dumb and Dumber; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Junior; Disclosure; Safe Passage.*

**The Movies at Staten Island**—141 East Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Little Women; I.Q.; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; Disclosure; Nell; Street Fighter; Speechless; Star Trek—Generations; Drop Zone; Houseguest.*

# Museums, Societies, Etc.

**American Museum of the Moving Image**—1/14–1/29: "True Fiction Pictures: A Hal Hartley Retrospective." A comprehensive overview of the writer-director's work, including shorts, TV projects, films, and works-in-progress. Hartley's quirky dialogue and low-key visual flair are put in the service of wildly extravagant plots involving radical shortstops, very sane bombers, and the lovelorn. Certainly one of the most distinctive filmmakers around, Hartley and his collaborators will all be present at one point or another. 1/14: *Simple Men* (1992) and two shorts, introduced by Hartley; a discussion with Hartley, including clips from his new movie *Amateur.* 1/15: *The Unbelievable Truth* (1989), introduced by Ted Hope; *Fugitive in Paris* (1987), directed by Joe Gibbons and one of Hartley's picks that will be shown throughout the retrospective. 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

**Film Forum**—See also "Movies." 1/13–1/26: *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1965). See interview with John Waters. 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

**The Film Society of Lincoln Center** (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Beyond Perestroika: Jews & History in the Global Village." Screens recent films from Europe and the former USSR to examine the changing ways Jews are portrayed in movies. 1/14–1/26: 1/14 and 1/17: *Freud Leaving Home* (1991). 1/15 and 1/17: *Balagan* (1993). 1/15: *Russian Ragtime* (1993) and *Comrade Stalin's Trip To Africa* (1991). 1/15 and 1/18: *Love* (1991). 1/16: *Viva Castro* (1993); *Bye Bye America* (1993); *Happy New Year, Moscow!* (1993); and *Just Beyond That Forest* (1991). 1/17: *Ladies' Tailor* (1990) and *The Light of Dying Stars* (1993). Through 1/13: *The Kingdom* (1994). Director Lars von Trier, who made the strikingly visual *Zentropa,* returns with this four-part drama about a massive Danish hospital haunted by spirits. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

**French Institute**—1/17: *Du Rififi chez les hommes.* (1955). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

**Harlem Victoria V**—See also its listing under "Movies." *Ashakara.* 235 W. 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

**Museum of Modern Art**—Through 1/24: "From the Archives: Sidney Gilliat." British screenwriter, producer, and director Gilliat had a broad, populist touch, able to collaborate on nifty thrillers with Alfred Hitchcock and turn out nutty working-class comedies with ease. Highlights include *Inspector Hornleigh on Holiday* (1939) on 1/14 and *The Belles of St. Trinian's* (1954), an exceptionally funny farce about a school of *very* rowdy girls that spawned a number of sequels. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); free with museum admission.

# Death of Christ...Birth of Man

## Broadway

*Now Playing*

**Beauty and the Beast**—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Susan Egan plays the girl; Terrence Mann plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Blood Brothers**—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. Carole King has just left the show, with a new marquee name à la Brooke Shields and Vanessa Williams to be announced shortly. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 West 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

**Carousel**—Closing 1/15. A wildly acclaimed revival of the 1945 Rodgers & Hammerstein musical about a carnival barker whose romance leads to violence and finally redemption. As contemporary as anything on Broadway. With James Barbour stepping in as Billy Bigelow. $55–$65. Opened 3/24/94. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 West 65th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 55 mins.*

**Cats**—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thur. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

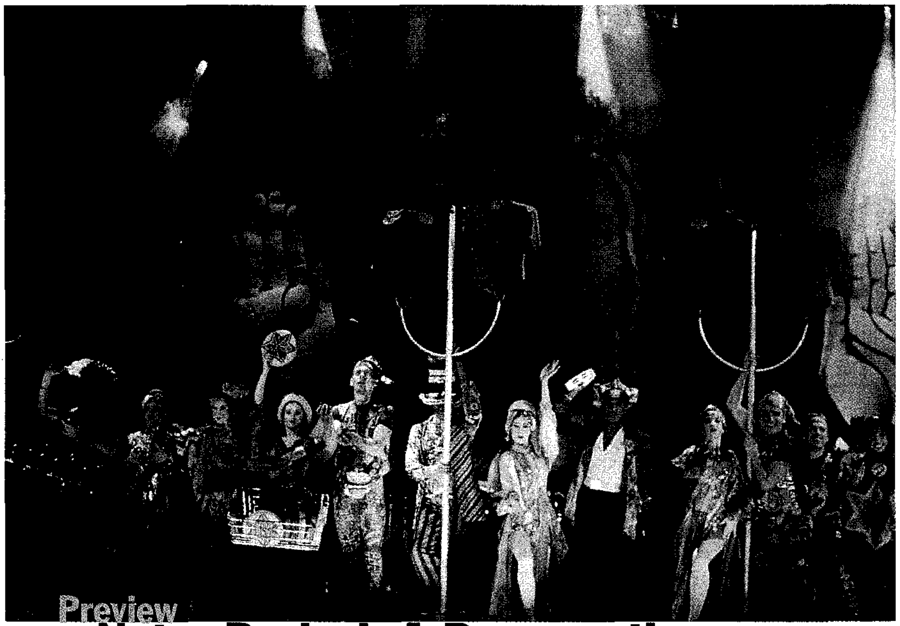
**Crazy for You**—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thur. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 West 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

**Grease!**—A crowd-pleasing production of the musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 West 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**An Inspector Calls**—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, for Best Play Revival, Best Direction (Stephen Daldry), Best Featured Actress (Jane Adams), and Best Lighting Design (Rick Fisher). With Kenneth Cranham, Rosemary Harris, and Philip Bosco. $45–$55. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 West 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

### Ground Rules:

**Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.**



Preview

## Not a Revival. A Resurrection.

*The new production of 'Jesus Christ Superstar' is likely to make the cheesy 'Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat' revival seem modest by comparison. With Dennis DeYoung of Styx as Pontius Pilate. At the Paramount.*

**Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect**—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 West 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

**Kiss of the Spider Woman**—Vanessa Williams has scored a personal triumph in the title role and extends her run (yet again) through the end of February. The show is based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $35–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Les Misérables**—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel recently notched its 3,000th performance, sturdy as ever. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 West 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

**Miss Saigon**—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

**The Phantom of the Opera**—An undeniable technical achievement, chock-full of gorgeous scenery and costumes. Davis Gaines plays the Phantom, who haunts the Paris Opera House as mercilessly as Puccini haunts Andrew Lloyd Webber. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 West 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Show Boat**—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvingly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetrantly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 West 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

**Sunset Boulevard**—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—

Photograph by Richard Feldman.

songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. The word about Glenn Close was that, though she couldn't quite sing the role, she certainly could act it, half of which proves true. If opulence is the opium of the masses, the show, should, however, do well, no matter what anyone may say. (Simon; 11/28/94) Though she remains the show until July, Close will take a two-week break 3/7–3/19; Karen Mason will play Norma during that period. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 West 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

> **"Even those who won't remember much else about *Zooman and the Sign* will be haunted by Larry Gilliard Jr.'s spookily alienated laugh, a mixture of disaffected cynicism and defensive bravado."**
>
> *John Simon, 1/9/95*

**Tommy**—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. Winner of five 1993 Tony awards. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 West 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

## Off Broadway

### *Previews and Openings*

**After-Play**—Four old friends reunite for an evening out to the theater and dinner, during which—naturally—they hash over past events and make some surprising revelations. The playwriting debut for Anne Meara, one half of the husband-and-wife comedy team Stiller & Meara. She's also written award-winning material for television and commercial spots for TV and radio. Directed by David Saint. With Barbara Barrie, Merwin Goldsmith, Larry Keith, Rue McClanahan, Rochelle Oliver, Lance Reddick, and John Vennema. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews 1/10; opening 1/31. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, West 55th St. between Sixth and Seventh Ave. (581-1212).*

**Heart of the Earth: A Popol Vuh Vuh Story**—See essay. $15–$20. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews 1/11; opening 1/14. Through 1/29. *Intar, 420 West 42nd St. (279-4200).*

**Jesus Christ Superstar**—A staging of Biblical proportions for the Andrew Lloyd Webber/Tim Rice blockbuster. Fortunately, its score can support a massive production much better than the paper-thin songs of *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat,* which was souped up a little while ago. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. 1/17–1/29. *Paramount Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (465-6741).*

**Living Proof**—A paroled junk-bond salesman has a passionate encounter in New Jersey with his ex-wife's stepdaughter. Written by Gordon Rayfield; directed by Allen Coulter. A Jewish Repertory Theatre production. $30. Tues.–Thur. and Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews; opening 1/15. *Playhouse 91, 316 East 91st St. (831-2000).*

**The School for Husbands/The Imaginary Cuckold**—Actor Brian Bedford—a Tony winner for his performance in Molière's *The School for Wives* in 1990—stars in a Molière double bill at the Roundabout. In *The School for Husbands,* he plays the overbearing guardian of a beautiful young woman who tries to keep her tucked away so he can marry her himself, while she does everything she can to reach the man she really loves. In the farce *The Imaginary Cuckold,* Bedford is half of a middle-aged bourgeois couple entangled with young lovers in a series of complications and jealously vivid misunderstandings. Translated by Richard Wilbur; directed by Michael Langham. $50. With Suzanne Bertish, Remak Ramsay, David Aaron Baker, Patricia Dunnock, Cheryl Gaysunas, Reg Rogers, and the ever-rising Malcolm Gets. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Exceptions: 1/15, 2/15, and 2/18 at 2 and 7:30; 1/19, 1/24, 1/26, 2/2, 2/14, and 2/17 at 7. In previews 1/11; opening 2/2. Through 3/12. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

### *Now Playing*

**All in the Timing**—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 West 42nd St. (239-6200).*

**Blue Man Group: Tubes**—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the blue not-so-meanies. Directed by Marlene Swartz. $25–$40. Wed. at 5 and 8; Thur. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 5. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

**Carmen**—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on…well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." Led by Everett Quinton. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. Through 1/29/95. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

**A Doll's Life**—A newly revised version of the musical sequel to Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House.* Basically, it imagines what happened after Nora (Jill Geddes) slammed the door on her old life. Music by Larry Grossman; book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Directed by Robert Brink. A York Theatre Company production. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Through 1/22/95. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (935-5820).*

**Dylan Thomas: Return Journey/The Truman Capote Talk Show**—Two one-man shows starring Bob Kingdom, who received strong notices in Great Britain, not to mention the patronage of Anthony Hopkins (who directed *Dylan Thomas*) and Eric Clapton (who decided to be one of Kingdom's producers). $25. **Thomas:** Tues. and Thur. at 8; Sat. at 6. **Capote:** Wed. and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 9; Sun. at 7. *Perry Street Theater, 31 Perry St. (307-4100).*

**The Fantasticks**—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan Street Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

**Grandma Sylvia's Funeral**—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members even before she's been laid to rest. $35, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

**Hapgood**—The New York premiere of Tom Stoppard's play about the head of a British government espionage agency who becomes entangled in a web of intrigue, family duty, twins, and nuclear particle physics. Already well-received in London, it's directed by Jack O'Brien and stars, naturally, Stockard Channing. With Clifton Davis, David Lansbury, Brian F. O'Byrne, Yaniv Segal, Josef Sommer, David Strathairn, and Michael Winther. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 12/4/94. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 West 65th St. (239-6200).*

**I've Got the Shakes**—A new theater piece by Richard Foreman, in which Madeline X feels certain she is destined to teach but doesn't know exactly what to impart. Don't expect a straightforward narrative; expect striking images and moments and a sense of theater à la Robert Wilson. Foreman has received numerous awards and encomiums, including six Obie Awards and recognition for his "outstanding record of accomplishment" by the National Endowment for the Arts. With Jan Leslie Harding, Mary McBride, Rebecca Moore, and Michael Osano. An Ontological-Hysteric production. $10–$15. Tues. and Thur.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/9/95. *Ontological at St. Mark's Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 East 10th St., second floor (533-4650).*

**Jelly Roll!**—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 6. Opened: 8/18/94. *47th Street Theatre, 304 West 47th St. (307-4100).*

**Nunsense 2: The Sequel**—After nine years, the long-running Off Broadway show *Nunsense* has metamorphosed into this sequel, which continues the tale of the Little Sisters of Hoboken and their attempts to mount a talent show. Written and directed by Dan Goggin. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/21/94. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 West 42nd St. (239-6200).*

**Perfect Crime**—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

**The Petrified Prince**—A ribald musical—based on an Ingmar Bergman screenplay—about a near-catatonic young prince awakened by the love of a young woman. Book by Edward Gallardo; music and lyrics by Michael John LaChiusa, who's had a run of success with *First Lady Suites* and *Hello Again.* Directed by Hal Prince, who's had a run of success with virtually every other musical around these days. $35. Through 1/15/95. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 475 Lafayette St. (598-7150).*

**Public Enemy**—Kenneth Branagh's play about a young man obsessed with James Cagney. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 2/28/95. *Irish Arts Center, 553 West 51st St. (757-3318).*

**Repertorio Español**—A theatrical company dedicated to the Spanish repertory, with many shows—but not all—featuring simultaneous translations. *Real Women Have Curves,* written by Jósefina López and directed by Susana Tubert. 1/13 and 1/14 at 8; 1/15 at 7. *Botánica,* written by Dolores Prida. 1/15 at 3. $15–$20. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 East 27th St. (889-2850).*

**Slavs! Thinking About the Longstanding Problems of Virtue and Happiness**—The latest work from encomium-heavy playwright Tony Kushner, his first since *Angels in America.* Drawing upon that piece's focus on a world in flux, *Slavs* focuses on the fall of the Soviet Union as symbolized by the death of the world's oldest living Bolshevik. Directed by Lisa Peterson. $22–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 12/12/94. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 East 4th St. (302-NYTW).*

**Stomp**—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. Far more engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., between 7th and 8th St. (307-4100).*

**That's Life!**—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butleroff. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 East 60th St. (838-9090).*

**Three Tall Women**—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

**Tony n' Tina's Wedding**—A wedding at St. John's Church, **81 Christopher St.;** then a reception at **147 Waverly Place,** with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(279-4200).*

**The Venetian Twins**—The third production for the Pearl Theatre Company in its new home is the commedia dell'arte masterpiece by Carlo Goldoni, in a new translation by Michael Feingold. A tale of mistaken identity when two twins—one good, one naughty—arrive in Venice at the same time and cause havoc with the confusion that ensues. Directed by John Rando. $20–$25. Tues., Thur., and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 5 and 9; Wed. and Sun. at 2. Through 1/28. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place (598-9802).*

**Vita and Virginia**—A delicious and absorbing duologue Eileen Atkins has extracted from the letters between Virginia Woolf (Atkins) and Vita Sackville-West (Vanessa Redgrave). You will find it easy to gather into your hearts Vita, Virginia, Vanessa, and Eileen in a delirious *ménage à quatre,* for all four of them are articulate charmers, perceptive and impassioned, witty and mischievous, and damn good company. "Effortless luxury" best describes these performances, by turns thrilling, hilarious, and wrenching as we follow almost two decades of correspondence and friendship. Like the two writers, the two actresses are perfect foils for each other. Zoe Caldwell has directed simply and stylishly on Ben Edwards' English-countryside set. (Simon; 12/5/94) $25–$45. Opened: 11/21/94. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 East 17th St. (307-4100).*

**You Should Be So Lucky**—A new home and an extended run for Charles Busch's latest romp, a typically outrageous tale of a West Village electrologist whisked away on a Cinderella-type adventure. $35–$37.50. Mon., Tues. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 6. *Westside Theatre, 407 West 43rd St. (307-4100).*

**Zooman and the Sign**—A revival of the 1980 Charles Fuller play about a young girl accidentally killed when caught in the crossfire of rival gangs. Fuller is the Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *A Soldier's Play.* $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 1/15/95. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

## Off-Off Broadway

**Beautiful People**—A musical search for truth, employing songs by Kurt Weill, Jacques Brel, and Melanie. Written by Tony Boutte; directed by Mark Owen. $10.50. Fri. at 8. 1/13, 1/20, and 1/27. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

**Cake Fur**—A one-woman/one-dog show by Claude Wampler and her barking dog. $10.50. Wed. at 7. 1/11, 1/18, and 1/25. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

**The Cherry Orchard**—With the former Soviet Union obviously undergoing a dramatic transformation, it seemed appropriate for the Jean Cocteau Repertory to stage a new production of Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard,* under the direction of Eve Adamson. $24. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 3/3/95. *Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

**Coney Island Circus Sideshow**—The human pincushion Kurt Steel, the snake charmer Delmonica, an erotic fire dancer, and a neon-sword swallower are just a few of the many amazements on display in this totally real, all true, genuinely authentic collection of oddities. $10.50. Fri. at 10:30; Sat. at 8 and 10:30; Sun. at 8. Through 3/31/95. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

**Da**—Hugh Leonard's Irish comedy about a man who returns to his boyhood home for Da's funeral and comes to grips with what his father means to him—with a little active help from Da himself. Directed by Karen Case Cook. $15. Thur.–Sat. at 7:30; Sun. at 5. Through 1/15. *Oasis Theatre Company, 230 East 9th St. (673-3706).*

**Dropping In on the Earth**—Two visitors from another planet survey contemporary life in this evening of skits and songs. Book and lyrics by Tom Attea; score by Arthur Abrams; directed (and two additional songs) by Mark Marcante. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/15. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

**The Emperor of the Moon**—Virginia Woolf once suggested that "all women together ought to let flowers fall upon the tomb of Aphra Behn…for it was she who earned them the right to speak their minds." The first woman to make her living by writing plays, Behn in 1687 delivered this witty satire about a Neapolitan philosopher who is convinced that the moon is inhabited and is determined to wed his daughter and niece to lunar beings. Directed by Karin Coonrod. An Arden Party production. $12. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/29. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (229-9004).*

**The Final Feast of Lucrezia Borgia**—A Renaissance-bondage production of a play recounting the life of Italy's most infamous homicidal queen and her rival Orsini as they battle over a young Italian boy. $10. Mon. at 8. Closing 1/30 to prepare for Theatre Couture's staging of *The Bad Weed '73* in West Hollywood, California. *CBGB Gallery, 313 Bowery St. (598-4307).*

**Full Frontal Comedy**—The latest collection of sketch comedy from the Lab Rats. Written and performed by Rick Mowat and Marty Grabstein; directed by Alan Braunstein. Free. Tues. at 8. Through 2/16. *Pozo Lounge, 15 St. Marks Place (674-7959).*

**Hair**—With *Godspell* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* either here or on the way, this makes it a regular hippie revival. A return engagement for this production of the show that features "Aquarius," "Let the Sunshine In," and nudity. $25. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *Theatre 1•2•5, 125 West 22nd St. (800-822-7846).*

**Have You Spoken to Any Jews Lately?**—A new comedy by Bruce Jay Friedman imagines what a resort community in the Northeast would be like if there were no Jews in America. Directed by Michael Rudman. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews; opening 1/22. No performance 1/20. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 West 26th St. (633-9797).*

## Talent
### (Silly) Scary Monsters

**Ralph Lee is perhaps best known by New Yorkers for being the guiding spirit of the legendarily eccentric Halloween parade in Greenwich Village. But as a puppeteer-designer, he spends most of his time trying to be in tune with the legends, folklore, and myths of others. His latest work, *Heart of the Earth: A Popol Vuh Story* (at Intar from January 11 to 29) is based on a Mayan creation myth. The story of two youths who travel to the underworld and play a deadly game of soccer with the Lords of Death, it was first tackled by Lee in 1980. The latest incarnation was one of the hits of the 1994 International Puppetry Festival at the Joseph Papp Public Theater, owing to both the fantastical, witty creatures (which he based on Mayan imagery) and his charming take on the old tale. "There's a lot of pottery put into Mayan graves," explains Lee, "and a lot of them depict scenes from the Popol Vuh. The Lords of Death are often depicted as decrepit, skeletal figures belching great farts, or they'll have some disgusting gases emanating from their mouths. That gave me a really good clue as to what kind of attitude to take: They're humorous and horrific at the same time." Growing up in Middlebury, Vermont, Lee used a hand-puppet theater to tell folk stories at birthday parties and for school groups. An early high point was a performance for his father's friend Robert Frost. "It wasn't very long, so he was able to endure it," Lee says with a laugh. Since then, he's dramatized myths and legends from Native American, Eskimo, and countless other cultures. "I try to be true to the original story, but at the same time acknowledge that I'm *not* a Winnebago Indian, for instance."**

**Michael Giltz**

Photographs by Jim Moore.

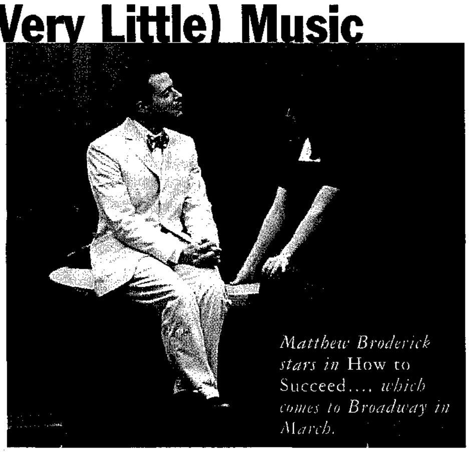
**The Honeymoon Is Over**—The latest one-woman show from actress/comedienne/Charles Busch regular Julie Halston has been extended again. She vents humorously on various topics and pulls hilarious tidbits out of various newspapers and magazines. $15, plus two-drink minimum. Wed. at 8. Through 1/25. *Eighty Eights, 228 West 10th St. (924-0088).*

**J**—It was, perhaps, inevitable. This is the first play inspired by the O. J. Simpson case. In it, a judge becomes increasingly obsessed by her sexual fantasies concerning a celebrity murder suspect in a trial she is presiding over. With Beverly Bonner as the judge and former U.S. kung fu champion J. B. Lunnon as J. Written and directed by Richard Haase. $20. Fri. and Sat. at 11; Sun.–Tues. at 8:30. In previews; opening 2/26. *Theatre East, 211 East 60th St. (718-237-0805).*

Data

## The Sound of (Very Little) Music

**Revivals—such as *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* (right)—continue to proliferate. But where will they come from in the future if nobody takes a chance on *new* musicals? This season saw one . . . by Andrew Lloyd Webber. Though theatergoers can head Off Broadway for plays, only the big 1,000-seat houses can afford to mount a major high-production-value musical. Below, a list of shows from the past four years.***



*Matthew Broderick stars in* How to Succeed.... *which comes to Broadway in March.*

| 1991–92 | 1992–93 | 1993–94 | 1994–95 |
|---|---|---|---|
| ***Nick & Nora*** | ***Anna Karenina*** | ***Cyrano—The Musical*** | ***Sunset Boulevard*** |
| ***Metro*** | ***My Favorite Year*** | ***The Red Shoes*** | |
| ***The High Rollers Social and Pleasure Club*** | ***The Goodbye Girl*** | ***Beauty and the Beast*** | |
| ***Jelly's Last Jam*** | ***The Who's Tommy*** | ***Passion*** | |
| ***Falsettos*** | ***Blood Brothers*** | ***The Best Little Whorehouse Goes Public*** | |
| | ***Kiss of the Spider Woman*** | | |

***Information courtesy of Price Berkley's Theatrical Index.**

**Jawbone: A Solo Seduction**—"Against a panoply of urban atrocities," reads the press release, it "follows the soul-contortions of a poetic naïf whose quest for beauty sweeps him, gasping for air, into the miasma of human barbarity." Written and performed by Rod McLucas. $10. 1/12–1/14 at 8. *Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 East 71st St. (362-8793).*

**Just One of Those Things: The Words and Music of Cole Porter**—A musical revue of Porter's music conceived by Mark Modano. It marks the return of the St. Bart's Players to their original home. $15. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2. 1/12–1/21. *St. Bart's Playhouse, Park Ave. at 50th St. (751-1616, ext. 219).*

**L.A.**—One night, six months after the Los Angeles riots, a film executive reveals to a friend that he executed a looter trying to pinch a toaster from the company kitchen. Written by Angus Fraser; directed by Nigel Maister. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/28. *28th St. Theatre, 120 West 28th St. (802-9967).*

**The Little Book of Professor Enigma**—Extended through 1/22. Seven people at an upstate arts colony engage in parlor games and battles of wit as two of the characters use the suicide of a third to frame a fourth for murder. Written by the late Harry Kondoleon; directed by Tom Gladwell. $15. Thur.–Sun. at 8. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

**Manifestations**—The third season for the world's longest-running pseudo-scientific paranoid conspiracy comedy serial. In it, the earth has been transported to a distant corner of the universe (as if it weren't in the boonies already) to escape destruction from an alien race. The benevolent Pope Pius XIII is found dead, and his successor—the bellicose Innocent XXIII—may have been responsible. The new pontiff leads the Swiss Guard up the boot of Italy to striking military success. It falls to a sexy C.I.A. agent and an inexperienced young scholar to keep in line the power-mad pope. New episodes every other Saturday. $5. 1/14 at 8. *Collective: Unconscious, 28 Ave. B, between 2nd and 3rd St. (614-9686).*

**Mistakes**—Thirtyish Manhattan couple Joan and Marshall spend the weekend alone in their brownstone, grappling with the news that they are HIV-positive. Written and directed by Steven Schwab. With Kim Nielsen and Peter Rizzo. $15. Thur.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2. Through 1/22. *Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave., between 22nd and 23rd St. (718-748-0739).*

**Old Times**—Harold Pinter's classic about a lesbian love affair, a threatened husband, and a psychotic murderer in a new production by the Independent Theatre Company, which had a success last year with Pinter's *The Birthday Party.* Directed by Dan Tedlie. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 1/28. *House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. (353-3088).*

**One Hundred Gates**—In the ultra-Orthodox community of Mea Shearim in Jerusalem, Moishe, the 18-year-old son of the late Grand Rabbi, feels himself torn between a life of contemplation and the enticing smile of the young Sabra girl he sees at the bus stop. Written by Tuvia Tenenbom; directed by Howard Rossen. The inaugural production of the Jewish Theater of New York. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2. 1/12–1/29. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (925-2349).*

**Pages**—Amber Chase's new drama traces a family's journey from its roots in Quebec to its final stand. $10. 1/14, 1/21, 1/28, 1/30, and 1/31 at 8. *Hamlet of Bank St. Theater, 155 Bank St. (989-6445).*

**Pass the Blutwurst, Bitte**—John Kelly uses choreography, film, and song to dramatize the life of Viennese Expressionist artist Egon Schiele. It focuses on his imprisonment as a pornographer (Schiele delved into erotica) and his untimely death, at age 28. An expanded version of the production that first gained attention for Kelly in 1986. $15. Thur.–Sun. at 7:30; Sun. at 3. Through 1/15/95. *La MaMa Annex Theater, 74A East 4th St. (475-7710).*

**Phone Sex**—A comedy by David Greer about life in the year 2021, when touching is forbidden; directed by Gretel Roenfeldt. Preceded by a short one-act. $10, plus two-drink minimum. Sat. at 8. *Trocadero, 368 Bleecker St. (642-5159).*

**The Players Club**—A new evening of performance comedy—a combination of sketch comedy, physical gags, and witty wordplay—written by David Latham and performed by Latham and Paul Boocock, a.k.a. Premium Bob. The latest in a series of well-received shows by the duo. $8.50. Fri. at 8. Through 2/3. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

**The Rehearsal**—At a French château shortly after World War II, a fanatical count insists on rehearsing and re-rehearsing a production of Marivaux's *The Double Inconstancy.* Written by Jean Anouilh; directed by John Daines. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 West 42nd St. (289-8698).*

**Schools of Fish**—A cult leader from Texas, a prosecuting attorney, and a jury foreman square off in this drama written by Jim Gardiner and Len Fink and directed by Ken Dashow. $8; two-drink minimum. Mon. at 9. Through 1/31/95. *Don't Tell Mama, 343 West 46th St. (757-0788).*

**The Shanghai Gambit**—In a Shanghai brothel in the twenties, it is Chinese New Year and Mother God Damn demands payment of all debts. Written by George Klaus; directed by A. M. Raychel. The fourth extension for this production. $16. Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2. Through 1/29. *Theatre-Studio, 750 Eighth Ave., second floor, at 46th St. (719-0500).*

**The Sugar Bean Sisters**—Two women living amongst the swampland and sugar cane fields of Watchalahoochie, Florida (the boonies, basically), await the 25th anniversary of a UFO landing in their backyard. Written by Nathan Sanders and directed by Evan Yionoulis. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews; opening 1/19. *WPA Theatre, 519 West 23rd St. (206-0523).*

**30,000 Pigs Roamed the City**—A new musical comedy with (and this gets complicated) book by Bill Baumer and Ed Stevens; music by Dean Meyers; lyrics by Meyers, Stevens, and Baumer; and directed and choreographed by Michael Piatkowski. $15. Thur. and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3:30. Through 2/11. *Wings Theater, 154 Christopher St. (627-2960).*

**Three Vignettes**—A music/performance peice by Jill Burton that combines mystical channeling and transformed electromagnetic fields. Followed by *Wax,* a "physical song" piece that pairs wax, ice, and metal/tape sculptures with echo-centric guitar wails. Performed by John King and Krzyszt Zarebski. $8.50. 1/11 at 9. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., south of Spring St. (647-0202).*

**The Tight Fit**—Set in the Orbit Diner (a combination of Edward Hopper's *Nighthawks* and *The Jetsons*), this depicts a short-order cook and part-time shrink whose customers/clients are an actress, a historian, and a mystery writer—all of whom turn out to play a part in one another's stories. $12. 1/11–1/14 at 8; 1/15 at 3:30 and 8. *La MaMa, 74A East 4th St. (475-7710).*

**Too Jewish**—A musical comedy revue created by and starring Avi Hoffman, including a Yiddish *Hamlet* and little-known comic and love songs from the golden years of Jewish theater. $20. Sat. at 5; Sun. at 2 and 5. In previews; opening 1/15/95. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 42nd St. (239-6200).*

**Twelfth Night**—Shakespeare's comedy, in a Blue Heron production directed by Brian Leahy Doyle. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8; 1/14 and 1/21 at 2; Sun. at 3. Through 1/22. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 West 42nd St. (332-0027).*

**Two Johns Kissin Leslie**—The latest comic improvisational show from Chicago City Limits and the first in its new home. It stars John Cameron Telfer, John Webber, Carl Kissin, and Leslie Upson. $17.50. Wed. and Thur. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30. *Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. and 61st St. (888-5233).*

**Uncle Bob**—A new two-character play written by Austin Pendleton. With George Morfogen and Adam Stein; directed by Kelly Morgan. Marks the beginning of the third season for the Mint Theater Company. $12 in previews; $20 after opening. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. In previews 1/11–1/30; opening 2/1. *Mint Theater, 311 West 43rd St., fifth floor (315-9434).*

**Young Torless**—Sadism in an Austrian military academy at the turn of the century. Adapted from the novel by Robert Musil; directed by A. M. Raychel. $16. Thur. and Fri. at 8. Through 1/27/95. *Theatre-Studio, Inc., 750 Eighth Ave., second floor, at 46th St. (719-0500).*

Photograph by Ken Howard.

# Gil Scott-Heron...The New Drag

## Concerts

**Deep Listening Band**—And they mean *deep:* Listeners are actually advised to wear loose clothing and bring sleeping bags. Accordionist Pauline Oliveros will lead full-body "Harmonic Humming." Trombonist Stuart Dempster will resonate with an over-size brass didgeridoo. Pianist David Gamper will man a room-size "Expanded Instrument System." For the open-minded and sonically adventurous only. Call for specific performance schedule. 1/11–1/14 at 8 P.M. *First Floor Main Performance Space, The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St., bet. Tenth and Eleventh Aves. (255-5793). $12–$15.*

**Dandara**—Samba from the Rio de Janeiro–born actress, singer, and dancer. 1/14 at 8 P.M. *Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. (545-7536). $12.*

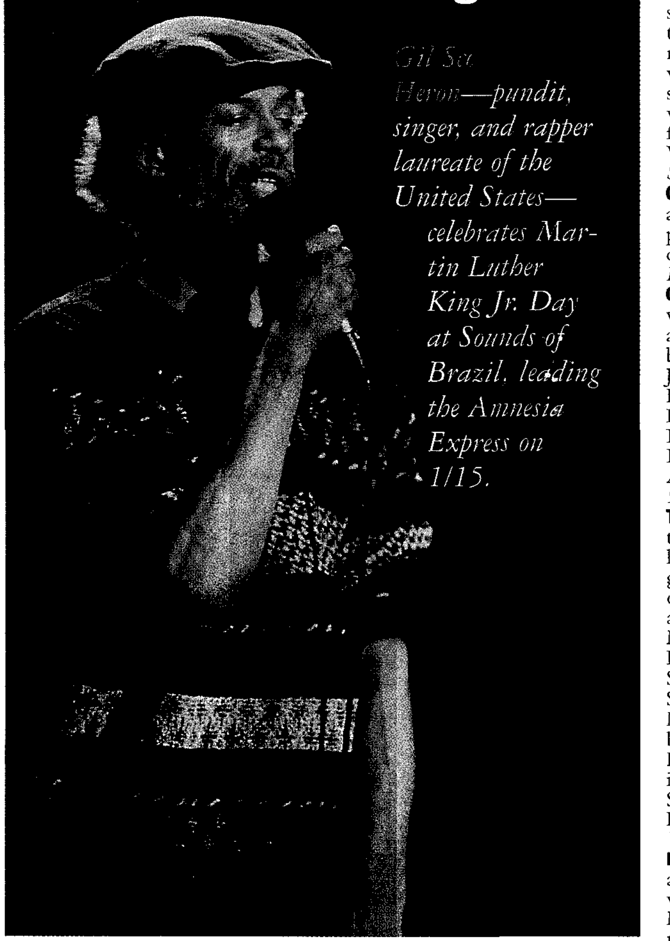
**Jazz at Noon at Citicorp**—Pianist Bross Townsend, drummer Jesse Hameen, and bassist Bob Cunningham. 1/16 at 12:30 P.M. *Citicorp Center's Atrium, 53rd St. and Lexington Ave. (599-6758). Free.*

**Jazz at Noon at Sardi's**—A nonpro jam session in the theater district, featuring weekend jazzfolk—doctors, lawyers, and the like—along with a new ringer every week. This Friday, it's vibraphonist Warren Chiasson. *230 W. 44th St. (221-8440). $6.*

**Wali Ahmad Raoufi with Broto Roy**—The duo perform the music of Afghanistan, on rubab and sarod (both Afghan-style lutes) and tabla. 1/13 at 8 P.M. *Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. (545-7536). $12.*

## Preview

### Down With the King



*Gil Scott-Heron—pundit, singer, and rapper laureate of the United States—celebrates Martin Luther King Jr. Day at Sounds of Brazil, leading the Amnesia Express on 1/15.*

## Clubland

**A.K.A.**—A smallish second-floor home to downtown hepsters, acid-jazzbos, and local alternarock bands. 1/11: Local jazz guru and saxophonist Arnie Lawrence leads the Funk Co-Elation, a weekly funk jam. 1/12: The Accidents. 1/13: Authority; Venus for Breakfast. 1/14: Jennifer Markard; Life Out of Balance; Ancient Chinese Secret. 1/18: Secret Nine. *77 W. Houston St., bet. W. Broadway and Wooster St. (673-7325).*

**Blarney Star**—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes, and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 1/13: Button accordionist James Keane, guitarist John Doyle, and jazz bassist Lindsay Horner. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

**Bottom Line**—Now celebrating two decades of giving rock, jazz, and folk artists good sound and great sight lines, the Bottom Line continues to be one of the best all-around venues in the city. Great fries too. 1/13: "Required Listening"—a series devoted to exposing new and unusual artists—premieres this week with Greg Brown, Paul Cebar and the Milwaukeans, Seattleite bassist Laura Love, and D.C.'s Zimmermans. 1/14: Rick Danko. 1/16: Blues-guitar great Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown; Ronnie Earl and the Broadcasters. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

**Brownie's**—Chris Whitley, who emerged as a dobro-playing blues wunderkind some years ago, has recently traded in the roots rock of his debut, *Living With the Law,* for the more grungily atmospheric rock of *Din of Ecstasy*, due out in March. An occasionally mesmerizing guitarist, Whitley also sings with an authoritatively dissolute drawl. His trio's five-night run (1/10–1/14) should be quite a scene. Shows at 9. *169 Avenue A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

**Cafe Wha?**—Once a stronghold of the Beat movement, now a low-ceilinged matrix of hippieish good vibes. The Cafe Wha? Band plays good-natured funk Wednesdays through Sundays. *115 MacDougal St., bet. W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. (254-3630).*

**CBGB & OMFUG**—Scott McCloud, the deep, cigarette-burned voice of Girls Against Boys, says the lyrics and music of his New York band come to him when he's out walking late at night. Judging from the titles of their latest records—*Venus Luxure No. 1 Baby* (named for a pornographic soap opera) and *Cruise Yourself*—it's not through the best neighborhoods. *Cruise Yourself* shows a jaundiced mix of wit and depravity, and, with two bassists, a sampler, and an expressionistic ear for sonic abuse, the band does have the trappings of an arty, supercilious noisecore outfit. Still, their recent tour with Chicago's mighty Jesus Lizard should be proof enough of their venue-wrecking mettle. Expect a ferocious show here on 1/13. 1/14: Velvet Crush. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

**CB's Gallery**—CB's tonier performance annex, with good beers at the bar, punky art on the walls, and slightly quieter musicians on the stage. *313 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (677-0455).*

**Chicago B.L.U.E.S.**—A new big-budget venue dedicated to bringing the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/11–1/14: Jimmy Johnson Blues Band. 1/16: The Legendary Moe Holmes and the Pioneers. 1/17: King Dice Rockin' Blues. 1/18–1/19: Shirley Johnson Blues Band. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

**The Cooler**—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 1/12: Tong, featuring avant-garde turntable artist Christian Marclay, Dougie Bowne, and John King. 1/14: The funky, chops-heavy Screaming Headless Torsos play with Soraya and the New World Band. Monday nights are cover-free and booked by longtime punk label Homestead records, this week featuring the pride of their new litter, Stratotanker, along with Supreme Dicks and Smack Dab on 1/16. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

**Fez**—The plush, *faux*-Moroccan ambience of the Time Cafe, along with an extremely posthumous Mingus craze, has made Thursday nights here the poseur hour of choice, complete with models and record execs. They're all turned out to bask in the vibes and music of the mighty Mingus Big Band. *380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

**Manny's Car Wash**—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side, with blues and good-time rock and roll every evening. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells there for Ladies Night. 1/10: The Flying Neutrinos, who have a real, live tap-dancing trombonist. 1/11: Memphis blues diva Sandra Wright. 1/12: Sonny Rhodes. 1/13: Danny Draher. 1/14: The Upstate Blues All-Stars. 1/16: Black Widow Band. 1/17: Paul Mark. 1/18: Local funksters Milo Z. Shows at 9. *1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-BLUES).*

**Maxwell's**—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB's West, this the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 1/13: Luna; Azalia Snail. 1/14: Luna; Air Miami. Shows at 10 Fri. and Sat., 9 Sun.–Thurs. $6–$8. *1039 Washington St.,*

**Ground Rules:**

**In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.**

## Performance

# Drag Lite

When drag first sashayed into the mainstream, it was with glamazons like RuPaul and Lypsinka, who wore five-inch heels, Ivana hair, and Joan Crawford attitude. But cross-dressing has come down off its platforms, so to speak. And club-scene fixture Joey Arias's weekly Tuesday-night show at Bar d'O, in the West Village—with no stage, and only a tape deck for accompaniment—is a softer and more spontaneous coed option for those who've grown weary of mainstream drag's brassy, often bitchy veneer. "This is our slightly warped cabaret," coos Arias, perched coyly on the edge of a countertop, clad in a black crochet cat suit and a subdued ponytail. "It's called *Les Trois Cerises*—'The Three Cherries.'" He gestures toward the other two singers—bodacious Raven-O (who sings a rousing "Love Me With a Feeling") and androgynous Edwige (who is an actual woman dressed like Steve Martin as the Wild and Crazy Guy, and who sings a smoky version of "Georgia on My Mind"). After their first set, the girls work the crowded red-lit room: Raven-O chats with two young professionals; Edwige cuddles with half a dozen Parisians, fresh from Kennedy airport, on one of the low-slung gray banquettes; Arias flirts with a well-groomed foursome sipping martinis. The evening's finale, a stark, dead-serious a cappella version of Madonna's "Holiday," devolves quickly into a sing-along, and then Joey, ever the considerate hostess, hugs and kisses all his new friends good-bye. ***Bar d'O, 29 Bedford Street, at Downing Street (627-1580).***

VIVIAN BARAD

*Hoboken (201-798-4064).* $.

**Mercury Lounge**—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's most happening music spots, the Mercury regularly hosts rock, country, and folk artists groomed for the more au courant time slots on MTV. 1/10: The Low Road; Parlor James; Flat Old World. 1/13: Madder Rose. 1/14: Adam Roth's Psychic Penguin; Anne Klein. 1/16: High Plains Drifters. 1/17: Julia Greenberg; Peter Elliott; She Said. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

**Paddy Reilly's Music Bar**—A regular Wednesday- and Saturday-night home to the rollicking hip-hop-driven Irish band Black 47, which is a lot better here after a few pints than on record or on the road. $10. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).* $.

**Sidewalk Cafe**—The back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. Shows nightly at 8. *94 Avenue A, at 6th St. (473-7373).* $.

**Sin-é**—A cozy Hibernian folk lounge, with nightly sets by local, national, and international singer-songwriters. *122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370).*

**Sounds of Brazil**—Probably the city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 1/13: Reggae singer Sister Carol. 1/14: The South African singer Letta Mbulu. 1/15: Gil Scott-Heron and the Amnesia Express play a special Martin Luther King Day celebration. Shows at 9. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies vinylfest Soul Kitchen. Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, a live jam by saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

**Tramps**—A star-filled tribute to the undersung, recently departed guitar great Danny Gatton features James Burton, Marshall Crenshaw, Les Paul, Bruce Cockburn, Albert Lee, Joey DeFrancesco, the Uptown Horns, and many others. The tribute runs 1/10–1/12. 1/13: John Hammond; Duke Robillard; Toots & the Maytals; Morgan Heritage. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

**Wetlands**—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie vibes and far-flung musical guests. *Nota bene:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 1/11: Chin Ho; Thanks to Gravity; Ominous Seapods. 1/13: Q. South; Inca; Java. 1/15: Philadelphia's rude-boy, hip-hop/rock band the Goats play with Leeway and rock/rap outfit A.D. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

## Jazz

**Birdland**—A two-tiered Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 1/13–1/14: Speaking the Truth, featuring trombonist Steve Turre, David Sanchez, and Fabio Morgera. 1/16: Rick Hardeman Quartet. 1/17: Yuka Yoneda Quartet. 1/18: Valerie Litchfield Trio. Shows nightly at 9, 10:30, and midnight. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

**Blue Note**—Probably the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two stars in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 1/10–1/15: Phyllis Hyman. 1/17–1/22: Najee. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

**Bradley's**—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. This month especially, with guest tenor-sax stars Javon Jackson and Joshua Redman. Through 1/14: Pianist Joanne Brackeen and bassist Ira Coleman. On 1/15, pianist Mulgrew Miller leads a trio featuring Javon Jackson. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

**Fat Tuesday's**—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. Through 1/15: Shannon Gibbons, a jazz singer who counts Patsy Cline and the Chieftains among her influences. 1/17–1/22: Allan Harris, an elegant Brooklyn-born crooner whom Tony Bennett reportedly called a "swinging romantic ballad singer." *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

**55 Bar**—A smoky West Village watering hole where the electrified post-bop guitarist Mike Stern plays most Mondays and Wednesdays. Shows at 11. *55 Christopher St. (929-9883).*

**Fifty-Seven Fifty-Seven**—A martini specialty bar (they make 13 different kinds) and a swank jazz spot. The well-traveled trio of pianist Donald Johnston, saxophonist Jerry Dodgion, and bassist Ron McClure—who pool experience with Benny Goodman; Blood, Sweat, and Tears; and Keith Jarrett—play for your sipping enjoyment. Fri.–Sat., 7–9. *Four Seasons Hotel, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

**Iridium**—The artfully wacky restaurant across the street from Lincoln Center crosses Gaudi with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts formidable jazz comers in its basement. 1/10–1/14: Danilo Perez. 1/15: Amina Claudine Myers. 1/17–1/21: Blacknote. Sets Sat. at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 A.M. On Sundays, the Sterling Trio plays Baroque trio sonatas and chamber works by Haydn, Mozart, and other cats for brunch. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

**Knickerbocker Bar & Grill**—A wood-paneled, brass-railed room with Old New York ambience, frequently visited by excellent pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

**Knitting Factory**—David Murray is a breach in the saxophone's space-time continuum, melding the furious wail of Albert Ayler right in with the avuncular strut of Coleman Hawkins. This week, the sax- and clarinet-playing dynamo leads an octet, featuring James Spaulding, Craig Harris, Wilbur Morris, and the exciting Detroit drummer Tani Tabbal. They play 1/11–1/14. 1/15: The impressionistic keyboardist Anthony Coleman; William Parker and the Little Huey Creative Music Orchestra. 1/18: Kamikaze Ground Crew East. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

**Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)**—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Monday, it's "Women in Jazz & Blues." Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. 1/11: Little Isadore & the Inquisadores. 1/13–1/15: Tess Marsalis. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

**Red Blazer Too**—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

**Small's**—A newish, feisty jazz club that's liquor-license-free and so stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. Nightly jams start round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565).* $.

**Sweet Basil**—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

**Swing Street Cafe**—A compact and festive midtown restaurant that specializes in jazz guitarists and Italian food. Sets Wed. and Thurs., 6–10; Fri. and Sat., 7–11. *253 East 52nd St. (754-4862).*

**Tavern on the Green**—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 1/15: The septuagenarian tenor man Illinois Jacquet leads his big band, swinging mightily as ever. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

**Village Corner**—NY'S CORNER OF WALK AND DON'T WALK, as the awning reads. Mark Thompson holds forth Sun., starting at 8. Other piano-playing regulars include Carol Britto, Bross Townsend, Michael Wilner, and Peggy Stern. Sets at 9. *142 Bleecker St. (473-9762).*

Photograph by Catherine McGann.

**Village Vanguard**—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky, 59-year-old institution is revered by fans around the world. 1/10–1/15: The great former Coltrane pianist Tommy Flanagan leads a trio that includes Peter Washington and Victor Lewis—no doubt worked to Flanagan's usual standards of near-telepathy. 1/17–1/22: The wonderful saxophonist Joe Lovano leads a quartet, featuring Mulgrew Miller, Christian McBride, and Lewis Nash. The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra keeps the faith on Mondays. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

**Visiones**—Spanish food and surprisingly avant jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 1/11–1/14: Tom Harrell Quintet, with Don Braden, Kenny Werner, Larry Grenadier, and Billy Hart. 1/17: Ron McClure Quartet. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quintet. *125 MacDougal St. (800-831-2326).*

**Zinno**—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno's is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

## Comedy

**Boston Comedy Club**—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno, who we're told was once funny, as well as several other comedy greats. Many of them came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

**Caroline's Comedy Club**—The big-budget site of A&E's comedy series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. 1/10: "Out [as in 'of the closet'] Comedy." 1/11: A.J. Jamal. 1/17–1/18: Bill Maher; Tom Hertz and Greg Giraldo. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

**Comedy Cellar**—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (260-5358).*

**Comic Strip**—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs., shows start at 9; Fri., at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat., at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

**Dangerfield's**—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 1/15: Willie Asbury, a regular on *It's Showtime at the Apollo,* does a pretty good Mike Tyson, Michael Jackson, Tom Jones, and Elvis. He performs with Gabe Abelson, Sam Greenfield, Mike Robles, Sean Donnellan, Scot Bruce, and Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

**Rebar**—Mondays, "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *127 W. 16th St. (627-1680).*

**Stand-Up New York**—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

**West End Gate**—Mondays, the Winged Nuts improvise comedy. Tues.–Wed., Bob & Mitch host a stand-up night. Sun., it's Tom Soter's Improv Comedy. *2911 Broadway (666-8687).*

## Cabaret

**Algonquin Hotel**—Nancy LaMott, one of the young cabaret singers who will surely be around for many years to come, brings her new show *Girl Talk* to the Oak Room. She covers standards sung by and about women, ranging from "Bill" to "You Can Count on Me" to "Pretty Woman." $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. 840-6800).*

**The Ballroom**—Thurs. at 6:30: Hellman's Angels. Fri. and Sat. at 6:30: Phillip Officer. $15. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

**Blue Angel**—*Les Incroyables,* a Parisian musical revue. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Wed. at 2. *The Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. (262-3333).*

**Cafe Carlyle**—Eartha Kitt is back in business, purring her trademark numbers through 1/18. $40 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

**Cafe 44**—Singer Priscilla Hood on Tues., Sat., and Sun. at 6. No cover. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

**Cleopatra's Supper Club**—*Cleopatra's Follies,* a continuous revue. $10–$15; $15 minimum. Wed.–Sun. at 9. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

**Copeland's**—Covers range from $5 to $10. *547 W. 145th St. (234-2357).*

**Danny's Skylight Room**—Various performers nightly. 1/11 and 1/17: Barbara Meister. 1/12 and 1/14: Michael McQuary. 1/13 and 1/14: Nancy Barry. 1/13: Daphne Foreman. 1/14: Allyson Starr. 1/15: Glenn White. 1/16: Cheryl Alexander. 1/18: Diane Wright. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

**Don't Tell Mama**—1/11 and 1/18: Carolyn Mapes with Jason Opsahl of *Grease.* 1/11: *Terrific Friends Revisited; Color Blind.* 1/12: *Not Responsible,* one-act with Rich Stone; Jenny Burton; *Puns of Steel.* 1/13: Wendy Scherl & Nancy Bach; Jon Andersson; Steven Brinberg as Barbra. 1/14: *The Stand-Up Comedy Experience;* Cheryl Ann Allen; *Alice Down Under; Totie;* Richard Skipper as Judy. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

**Duplex**—Thurs.: Gotham City Improv. Fri. and Sat. at 10: *Dressing Room Divas.* Fri.: *Nose Job* and Talent Search. Sat.: *Nuns Against Filth.* Sun.: *Sam's Funky '50s Funhouse.* 1/14: *Ivan Turnupseed.*

### Talent

## East Side Stories

**Though it's a world-famous locus for punk rock's arty, pissy side, the East Village also has plenty of bands who render their grimy, trash-strewn neighborhood as, well, pretty. Take Madder Rose (January 13 at Mercury Lounge) and Luna (January 13–14 at Maxwell's): both national acts who still play locally, both experts at capturing the dreamy allure in an oily, rain-slicked street. Each band borrows liberally from the Velvet Underground—those avatars of debauched downtown pop—but they offer distinctly different flavors of dissolute reverie. Luna's Dean Wareham (below, second from right) deadpans his caustic observations and crystalline images while the quartet's moody grooves nod along beneath him. Madder Rose lays a louder, more muscular foundation for vocalist Mary Lorson (above, far left), whose voice wafts above the distortion as if she were glancing out the window of a speeding cab, remembering some lost, happier time.**

**Chris Norris**

Photographs: top, Lego; bottom, Danny Clinch.

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Covers range from $3 to $15. *61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

**Eighty Eight's**—1/11: Julie Halston continues with her one-woman show *The Honeymoon Is Over* (see Theater listings); Rickey Ritzel as Jimmy Durante in *Schnozzola.* 1/12: Angela LaGreca; Justin Bond. 1/13: Adrienne Tolsch; Deborah Tranelli. 1/14: Tatianna Matejas; Joel Silberman; Marcus Lovett. 1/15: Mary Small; Karen Saunders; Baronne & the Bon Bons. $10–$12; two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

**First World Theater**—Nora York sings "Inside Out." $10. 1/11 and 1/18 at 9. *88 Crosby St. (966-7745).*

**The Green Room**—Various musical revues and singers. $10; with $12 minimum. *338 W. 46th St. (974-8897).*

**Judy's**—Various performers nightly. 1/11 and 1/12: Liz Winick. 1/13: Freddie Fraticelli. 1/14: Andrew Gentile. $10; plus a $12 minimum. *49 W. 44th St. (764-8930).*

**Kaptain Banana**—*Masquerade,* an extravagant, time-traveling revue. $40. *101 Greene St. (343-9000).*

**Le Max**—Every Wed. and Thurs. at 9: John Wallowitch and Bertram Ross. Every Tues.–Fri. at 8: Dennis Liburd. $10 minimum. *147 W. 43rd St. (764-3705).*

**Michael's Pub**—*The Capote Caper,* a musical about Truman Capote and society columnist/playgirl Doris Lilly, with music by Bruce MacRae; lyrics by Leslie Gurchik, S. Reynolds, and MacRae; and a book by Reynolds and Michelle Weissman. Tues.–Sat.; $20–$25, plus a two-drink minimum. As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

**Pegasus**—Varied entertainment nightly. *119 E. 60th St. (888-4702).*

**Rainbow and Stars**—1/10–2/4: Manhattan Rhythm Kings. The seventh-anniversary season for this vocal trio that performs in the style of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys and the Boswell Sisters. Since both those predecessors are still poorly represented on CD, this is your chance to hear popular songs from the twenties to the forties sung in close harmony. $35 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th fl. (632-5000).*

**Rose's Turn**—A mix of stand-up, sketch comedy, female impersonators, and singers. Thurs. and Fri. at 8 through 1/27: *The Musical Enquirer.* 1/11: *The Chuckler.* 1/13: *Comedy Palooza!* 1/14: Talking Themselves in from the Ledge; Tommy Femia as Judy. 1/15: *Sunday Funnies.* $6–$15; two-drink minimum. *55 Grove St. (366-5438).*

**Russian Tea Room**—$20, plus $10 minimum. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947).*

**Tatou**—*Just for Kicks,* a nightly revue featuring the Tatou Follies Dancers. $10, plus two-drink minimum Tues.–Thurs.; $15, plus two-drink minimum Fri. Shows at 10. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144).*

**T-Rocks**—Various revues and impersonators nightly. No cover. *358 W. 23rd St. (620-4620).*

**Trocadero**—Sat. at 10: The Jay and Tammy Show present *Smell My Little Panties.* $7, plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 8 and 10: *Renegade Sluts on Bikes.* $10, plus two-drink minimum. *368 Bleecker St. (242-0636).*

## Bars

**Alligator Alley**—Jägermeister on tap, Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

**Bar d'O**—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a *rendezvous* (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias, the delinquent and daring drag performer, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

**bOb**—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit, and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., nr. Houston St.*

**Brooklyn Inn**—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cut-ups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., in Brooklyn. No phone.*

**The Cafe Centro Beer Bar**—The marble floors lend the place all the charm of a Wall Street office lobby. And the professional crowd that gathers after work carry on as though they're at a corporate Christmas party. Young's Bitter is the highlight of the ten beers on tap. If you're tempted, make sure to call ahead for a pint; they serve it too cold. *200 Park Ave., at 46th St. (818-1222).*

**The Cedar Tavern**—No peanuts, but the bartender might ask a line chef to pick some up for you when he goes out to get some smokes. No gimmicks. This tavern is happy with its fading reputation as a writer's bar. *82 University Pl., nr. 12th St. (929-9089).*

**Great Jones Cafe**—Must have sold auto parts in a past life. Now it's an elbow-banging, "Sorry, pal," putatively southwestern watering hole. Stay long enough to recover from a Cajun martini. *53 Great Jones St., nr. Bowery (674-9304).*

**Hi-Life Bar & Grill**—Until the arrival of the hateful Hi-Life mobile, this was the least hateful bar on Amsterdam Avenue. Now that distinction is up for grabs. The relative long-in-the-toothness of its clientele still helps a bit. If your companion isn't absorbing, the décor is. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199).*

**J.J. Beckett's**—With the exception of the occasional too-enthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look like they deserve a drink. On Wednesday night, this naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnestly low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *618 Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

**Oak Room**—The perfect place to take your parents, unless you're paying. What are those bird-legged ladies talking so intently to those round old men about, anyway? Jackets aren't required, but you'll feel naked without one. *Plaza Hotel, 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (546-5320).*

**119**—Wall Streeters who wouldn't be caught dead in a suit after hours and other Gramercy Park natives who get dressed down before going out. A pool table up front, a dart board in the back, and a gaggle of "make yourself comfortable" regulars in between. *119 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-6158).*

**The Rainbow Promenade**—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset—which is about four in the afternoon these days. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on the Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

**The Right Bank**—An afternoon drinking spot without peer. This hub for a gaggle of local artists, run by a retired firefighter and his son, has its own broadsheet, perfect for keeping track of who's zooming who(m). There's a naturally lit performance space in back and a gallery upstairs. *409 Kent Ave., nr. Broadway, in Brooklyn (718-387-8137).*

**Riverrun**—A hybrid beer hall/subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

**S.T.**—To the interloper, this up-to-the-minute East Village storefront will be like landing in a bar in Berlin without a working knowledge of German. The huddling young giddies pack this booze-up beyond capacity and make it so crowded that you can not only taste the alienation in the air but smell it. Heads up for the dart board as you come out of the bathroom. *634 11th St. nr. Avenue C. No phone.*

# A Tale of Two Potters...Precisionism

## Openings

**Cindy Sherman**'s new photographs, which depict distorted images of fake body parts, mannequins, and the like, reflect her continued interest in the Surrealists' manipulation of the medium (opens January 14 at Metro Pictures, 150 Greene Street).

## Galleries

### Solos

*Madison Avenue and Vicinity*

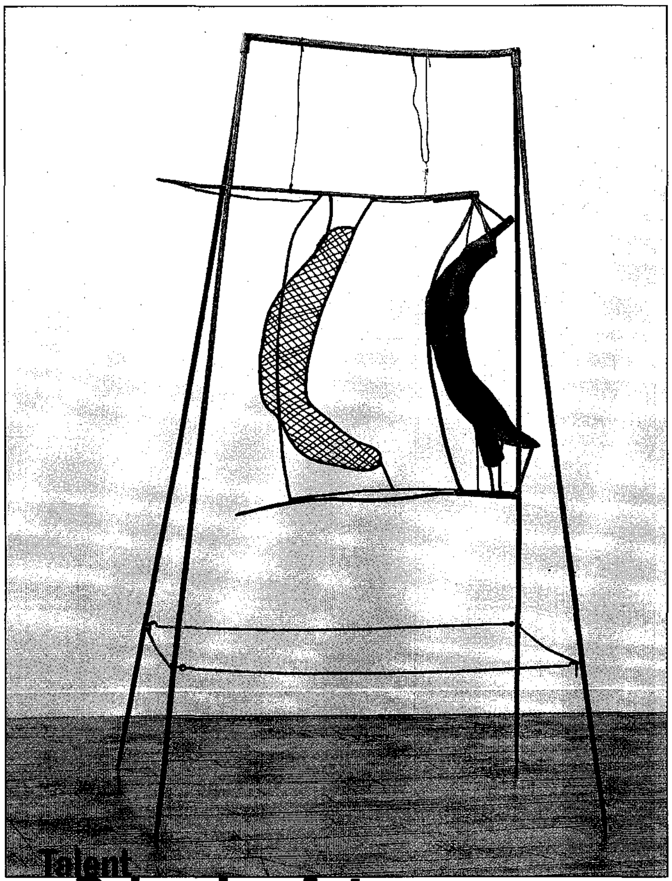
**Carl Andre**—The artist's own 1995 remake of the minimalist sculpture *Sand-Lime Instar,* an eight-element gridded field that was destroyed in 1966; through 2/11. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

**John Berger**—A selection of drawings by the author of *The Sense of Sight, About Looking,* and other critically acclaimed books on art; through 1/28. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

**Peter Brandes**—Gestural abstract paintings and works on paper by this Danish artist, 1/12–2/12, at Avanti, 22 E. 72nd St. (628-3377) and ceramics, 1/10–21, at Royal Copenhagen Porcelain/Georg Jensen Silversmiths, 683 Madison Ave. (759-6457). See "Solos," "SoHo and TriBeCa."

**Robert De Niro**—A survey of expressionistic paintings of landscapes, still-life, and nudes from the seventies and eighties by this second-generation New York School artist (1922–1993); through 3/4. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

**Herbert Ferber**—The sculptures in this exhibition are from two series in the artist's career—"The Roofs," which originated in the fifties and in which biomorphic forms are juxtaposed in architecturally delineated spaces, and "Cages," from the late sixties and early seventies, which comprise his *Homage to Piranesi* sculptures; through 2/1. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).



Talent

## Balancing Act

*'Unreliable Narrator' (above) suggests both a trapeze and something one might roast a pheasant on, and is typical of George Dudding's linear copper sculptures, which blend Calder-like whimsy with eighteenth-century invention. At David Beitzel Gallery.*

**David Smith**—Not exhibited in New York since 1940, this series of fifteen bronze reliefs titled "Medals for Dishonor" was the artist's response to World War I and the Depression; through 1/28. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

*57th Street Area*

**John Bellany**—This English painter's odd visions of animals with human features bring to mind works by Picasso and Guston; through 2/4. Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (581-2268).

**Waltercio Caldas/Cildo Meireles**—Sculptures and installations by these two Brazilian artists whose works are primarily concerned with the perceptual and emotional experience of space; 1/10–2/11. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470)

### Ground Rules:

**Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.**

**William Merritt Chase**—Paintings, watercolors, and pastels spanning the American Impressionist's career; through 1/31. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

**Constance DeJong**—Six wall-mounted reductive sculptures in wood faced with copper and copper "drawings" in which black-patinated-copper squares sit atop black-masonite panels; through 1/28. Littlejohn/Sternau, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

**David Dewey**—Large-scale watercolors of the Maine coast, Greece, and Spain; through 1/27. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

**Minnie Evans/David Zeldis**—Paintings by the self-taught visionary artist, whose themes include scenes from the Bible, the sacredness of nature, and the exotic (see Museum of American Folk Art)/Small pencil drawings from the past fifteen years, ranging from depictions of the familiar to the fantastic. Through 2/18. Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (307-0400).

**Louise Fishman/José Resende**—Small-scale abstract paintings on single panels and in diptychs/triptychs/Sculpture by a Brazilian artist. Through 2/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

**Alfred Jensen**—This group of fifteen paintings based on the aerial configuration of stepped pyramids or ziggurats was probably influenced by the artist's travels to Mexico in the mid-sixties; 1/13–2/11. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

**Kevin King**—Mysterious still-life and landscape paintings that invite psychological interpretation; through 1/25. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

**Jacob Lawrence**—A survey of paintings from 1936 to the present by the preeminent storyteller and historian of African-American culture; through 2/25. Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave. (758-1900).

**James B. Moore**—The fruits, vegetables, and rustic containers in these still-life paintings reflect the artist's southwestern environs; through 1/28. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

**Lika Mutal**—A survey of abstract stone sculptures from the past fifteen years by this Dutch artist who has lived in Lima, Peru, for the past two decades; through 1/28. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

**Joe Nicastri/Leonard Stokes**—Symbolic boxes and wall pieces/Small-scale collages. Through 1/21. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

**Hélio Oiticica/Giulio Paolini**—A multimedia work that was conceived by the late Brazilian artist in 1973, but never exhibited during his lifetime, "CC5 Hendrix War" invites viewers to sit in hammocks hanging in the gallery space while the Jimi Hendrix recording "War Heroes" plays over a sound system and slide projectors beam images of Hendrix's face onto the walls/Three large installation pieces, photocollages, and works on paper by the most conceptual of the group of artists associated with the Arte Povera movement of the sixties; 1/10–2/4. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

**Raffaele**—The Florentine artist's first one-person show in New York consists of small-scale paintings of landscapes, still life, and fantasy scenes; through 1/28. Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St. (826-4210).

**Sarah Rapson**—The muted white tones of the British artist's recent paintings bring to mind paper, bed linens, yogurt, and porcelain; through 2/11. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

**Neil Welliver**—Realist paintings of Maine landscapes in different seasons and at different times of day by this artist who has lived in Maine since 1962; through 2/4. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

**Bettina Werner**—Minimal paintings with textured surfaces; through 2/25. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

**H. C. Westermann**—Sculptures and lithographs from the sixties; through 1/28. Frumkin/Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (757-6655).

Photograph courtesy of the David Beitzel Gallery.

### *SoHo and TriBeCa*

**Phoebe Adams**—New sculpture; 1/13–2/11. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

**Eleanor Antin**—The artist's newest work is "Minetta Lane—A Ghost Story," a surreal, film-set-like installation that reconstructs a section of old, decaying Greenwich Village; through 2/18. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

**Richard Artschwager**—A monumental sculpture titled *Large Drop Drop* made in 1991 that consists of a large spun-aluminum exclamation point suspended over a black granite pool; through 2/25.

**Alan Belcher**—Fetishistic dolls made from the artist's own bedsheets, socks, hair, fingernails, blood, and photographic self-portraits; through 1/28. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

**Peter Brandes**—Gestural abstract paintings by a Danish artist; through 2/4. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331). See "Solos," "Madison Avenue and Vicinity."

**Gavin Brown/Kevin Landers**—A work that comprises the artist's own eclectic collection of paperback books, offset posters, and other images and objects/Color photographs and objects that explore the peculiarities of life in New York City. Through 1/28. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (274-9300).

**Mary Ellen Carroll/Bill Scanga**—An installation of eight white wool military blankets monogrammed with the phonetic version of the entire text of Jonathan Swift's satiric 1729 essay, "A Modest Proposal"/Color photographs of his knitted clothes for trees; 1/13–2/11. TZ Art & Co., 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

**Brian Clarke**—Examples of pieces in stained glass and mosaic by this British architect who has collaborated with Arata Isozaki, Zaha Hadid, and others; through 2/4. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

**Mark Depman**—Three separate series of digital prints, including images of human backs, natural objects found in and around the artist's backyard, and a formal study of special effects with out-of-focus dots that resemble circular and elliptical eye charts; 1/14–2/8. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

**George Dudding/Martin Mull**—New copper sculptures/Small paintings and works on paper. Through 2/4. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

**Suzan Etkin**—An installation that transforms the gallery space into an architectural conundrum, using bronze hand mirrors, a blown-glass chandelier, French doors, and other reflective and transparent materials; through 1/28. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

**Beth Haggart/Polly Apfelbaum**—A multimedia installation in which the artist will attempt to rid herself of almost all of her possessions accumulated over the years/Bannerlike "paintings" that are a recycling of ripped and shredded dyed fabric. Through 2/4. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

**Marianne Hopf**—New abstract paintings and works on paper; through 1/31. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

**Yvonne Jacquette/Nuno Ramos**—Recent aerial views of Maine, New York, and Hong Kong that combine various perspectives within a single image/A site-specific installation by a Brazilian artist; through 1/7. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

**Eva Lundsager**—Gestural abstract paintings; 1/11–2/11. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

**Ann Messner**—Sculptures in which ordinary objects such as binoculars, car parts, and household objects are embedded or encased in beeswax or metal; through through 2/4. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

**Marilyn Minter/Max Mohr**—Recent paintings that draw on pop culture/A site-specific installation of strange anthropomorphic forms that question the virtual future of the human body. Through 2/4. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

**Tatsuo Miyajima**—A kinetic installation titled "U-Car" that grew out of the artist's research into chaos theory, which features battery-operated cars that move in circles on the gallery's floor; through 2/11. Luhring-Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

**Tim Rollins and K.O.S.**—The group's latest paintings were inspired by Aristophanes' classical comedies and use actual pages from the books to create a gridded background for symbols that convey the spirit of the literature; through 2/25. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

**Bruno Rousselot**—New abstract paintings from his "Delta" series, in which square canvases carry variations on a figure/ground structure of four angled bands wrapping themselves around a slightly off-center position and around each other; through 2/4. Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (941-0012).

**Mira Schendel**—The artist, who was born in Zurich in 1919 and moved to Brazil in 1949, began making these calligraphic drawings on thin sheets of Japanese paper in 1964; through 2/4. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166).

**Regina Silveira**—Wood maquettes that are reduced replicas of large, often more ephemeral pieces; through 1/28. LedisFlam, 17 Laight St. (925-2806), Thurs.–Sat. 12-6.

**Stan Smokler/Jean Marie Haessle**—Abstract sculptures created from salvaged machine parts and other found objects/These colorful paintings of cartwheeling figures, some of which are posed to form alphabetical letters, appear to be stenciled onto the canvas but are hand-painted. Through 2/4. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

**Robert Thiele**—Painted on shaped canvases with rounded corners and irregularly contoured sides, these works bring to mind archaic stone tablets; 1/12–2/4. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

**Dan Walsh**—Paintings of yellow and black lines on stark white fields that are almost caricatures of minimal painting; 1/5–28. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

**Lawrence Weiner**—An exhibition of new works in which text is painted, carved into, or stamped on the gallery's walls; through 1/28. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

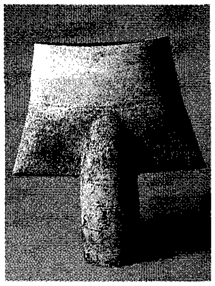
### *Other*

**Tuli Bauman**—Geometric carved-stone sculptures by an Israeli artist; through 2/15. Gat, 572 Fifth Ave. (354-4402).

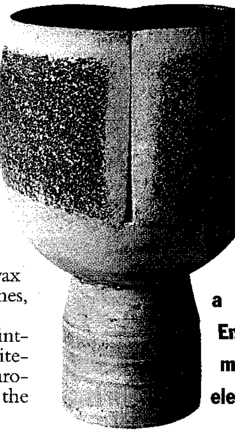
**Thomas Chimes**—A survey charting the artist's development from his Surrealist-inspired boxes of the sixties to his somber portraits based on photographs of symbolist writers to his "white paintings" of the eighties and nineties; through 1/27. NYU's Alexander S. Onassis Center for Hellenic Studies, 58 W. 10th St. (998-6838), Mon.–Fri. 9–5.

**Ellsworth Kelly**—This show of recent minimal paintings inaugurates the gallery's Chelsea space; through 1/29. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

## Retrospective
## Clay Mates



**"Lucie Rie/Hans Coper: Masterworks by Two British Potters," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, celebrates what was less a mentor/protégé relationship than a mating of equal and disparate talents destined to produce great work together and then ultimately go their own ways. Hans Coper was 26 when he came to work as a novice in potter Lucie Rie's London studio, and Rie was 44, but they already shared many experiences. Both Rie and Coper fled Nazism for England—Rie from Vienna in 1938 and Coper from Germany in 1939. Rie had been a recognized potter when she left Austria—her vessels had been shown in the 1925 and 1937 Paris International Expositions—but had to start all over again in England, where she was virtually unknown. Coper, declared an enemy alien when he arrived in London at age 19, was interned in Canada and ended the war back in England doing volunteer manual labor.**



**The desire to collaborate came quickly. It didn't take long for Rie to recognize Coper's potential, and Coper, who'd had some training as a sculptor, learned how to throw pots as well as Rie's unusual technique of painting glazes onto unfired clay and then firing the object only once to achieve a more porous surface.**

**They worked together on domestic wares—Coper throwing, Rie glazing. The partnership came to a close in 1958, when Coper opened his own studio. He took on ambitious architectural projects, and his works became increasingly large and sculptural. He died in 1981. Rie, who still lives in London and was made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire in 1991, sensibly stuck with a good thing, making bowls, vases, and platters in her inimitably elegant style.**

**EDITH NEWHALL**

Photographs courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

# Group Shows

### *Madison Avenue and Vicinity*

**Berry-Hill**—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). American paintings executed between 1807 and 1935, by Church, Cole, Glackens, Hassam, Moran, others; through 2/1.

**Hirschl & Adler**—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Our Own Bright Land: American Topographical Pictures, 1770–1930" includes paintings, drawings, and prints that document the rise and progress of America's natural and man-made history, by Bierstadt, Cole, Hassam, Kensett, Sloan, others; through 1/28.

**Sculpture Center**—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). "Emerging Sculptors No. VIII," with works by Geiger, Kania, Neuhaus, Seagal; "AIDS Alcove" by Mindy Belloff; through 2/4.

### *57th Street Area*

**Janis**—110 W. 57th St. (586-0110). Sculpture, paintings, and drawings by Brancusi, Mondrian, Picasso, Schwitters, Wesselmann, others; through 2/11.

**Sheehan**—41 E. 57th St. (888-4220). "The Big Picture" brings together large-scale, large-in-impact works on paper by Bellows, Johns, Kelly, Mitchell, Stella, others; through 1/28.

**Takashimaya**—693 Fifth Ave. (799-0115). "Material Dreams," with works made from fabric by Gerber, Feng, Hodges, Semmes, Swanger; 1/14–3/12.

### *SoHo and TriBeCa*

**Bravin Post Lee**—80 Mercer St. (966-2676). An exhibit that focuses on three traditional academies of art making—still life, portraiture, and landscape—and how contemporary artists approach, exploit, and de-categorize these traditions; through 2/4.

**Delahoyd**—426 Broome St. (219-2111). Works by fourteen women artists—Magdalena Abakanowicz, Barbara Kruger, Adrian Piper, and others—whose writings comprise the anthology *Voicing Today's Visions*, recently published by Universe Books; through 1/28.

**Exit Art/The First World**—548 Broadway (966-7745). "It's How You Play the

Game," a three-month project in which five curators will take turns choosing and installing works over a five-week period; all of the works will remain on view for the last five weeks; through 1/28.

**Gladstone**—99 Greene St. (431-3334). Figurative sculpture by Akpan, Balkenhol, Fischli/Weiss, Koons, Ray, Veilhan, others; through 1/30.

**K & E**—78 Grand St. (431-7783). "Reconstituted Paint," with abstract paintings by Ackles, Ainslie, Arm, Ferris, Green, Gross, Hankwitz, Jones, Starr; through 2/4.

**Nolan/Eckman**—560 Broadway (925-6190). Drawings from a private collection, by Baselitz, Balthus, CPLY, Le Va, Matta, Kippenberger, Richter, others; 1/14–2/18.

**Printed Matter**—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). Posters by the Guerrilla Girls; through 2/26.

**Rosenberg + Kaufman**—115 Wooster St. (431-4838). Black-and-white paintings by Boardman, Frank, Keller, Meyer, Mulhern, Obuck, Toda, Witek; through 2/4.

**Shapolsky**—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Works by Bencomo, Cesareo, Clough, Ernst, Itatani, Rosewater, Weld, others; 1/14–3/4.

**Sperone Westwater**—142 Greene St. (431-3685). "Emblems and Contours," with paintings by Baechler, Basquiat, Dine, Lasker, Lichtenstein, Schnabel, Twombly, Warhol, Wegman; through 2/11.

**Stark**—594 Broadway (925-4484). Works by six artists who use photography as an element in their work, including Anastasi, Gerber, Harrison, Jakob, Shaefer, Soarez; through 1/28.

**Swiss Institute**—495 Broadway (925-2035). Antique craftworks from the Straw Museum in Wohlen, Switzerland, and sculptures by Di Gallo, Heé, Keiser, Perrin, Rourich i Bordas, Weber; through 2/18.

**Thread Waxing Space**—476 Broadway (966-9520). "Art Against AIDS" comprises two separate exhibits—"The Artist's Camera," a group show of photography curated by Richard Marshall and Junji Ito, and "Contemporary Artists Interpret the Garden," curated by Nam June Paik, Robert Rauschenberg, and Hiroshi Teshigahara; through 2/18.

**Zarre**—48 Greene St. (966-2222). The gallery's twentieth-anniversary exhibition features works by Barth, Bornstein, Daphnis, Lanyon, Ohlson, Pereira, Strider, Zapkus, others; through 1/29.

### *Other*

**Fordham College**—Plaza Gallery, 113 W. 60th St. (636-6000). "Gene Culture: Molecular Metaphor in Art" features works by Dennis Ashbaugh, William Gibson, Michael Joaquin Grey, Nicholas Rule, and others; through 1/28.

**New York Studio School**—8 W. 8th St. (673-6466). "10 + 10: Artists Select a Painter of Their Choice," with works by Barth, Cajori, Downes, Jacquette, Israel, Passlof, Wagner, Richie, others; through 2/18.

**White Columns**—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Verisimilitude and the Utility of Doubt," with works by Beck, Bush, Dodge, Hilliard, Letinsky, Silverthorne, others; through 2/5.

## Photography

**Diane Arbus**—Among the pictures that the photographer shot between 1956 and 1958 was a series made in movie theaters in and around Times Square, including the exteriors and lobbies of theaters, actual onscreen images, and people in the audience; through 2/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

**Benedict J. Fernandez**—Photographs of Martin Luther King, Jr. taken during his last campaign; through 2/15. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

**Beatrice Helg**—Cibachromes of constructions made from found objects, building materials, and appropriated drawings and sketches; 1/12–2/11. Baum, 588 Broadway (219-9854).

**I.C.P.**—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. $4; $2.50 students and seniors. "William Klein: In and Out of Fashion"; through 2/26.

**I.C.P. Midtown**—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. $4; $2.50 students and seniors. "Toni Frissell: Four Decades of Photography"; through 2/12. . . . "A Singular Elegance: The Photographs of Baron Adolph de Meyer"; through 2/12.

**Danny Lyon**—The civil-rights movement, motorcycle gangs, the destruction of nineteenth-century buildings in Lower Manhattan, and the Texas prison system have been some of this photographer's subjects over the past four decades; through 2/25. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

**Schickler**—52 E. 76th St. (737-6647). "Masterpieces of Soviet Photography: 1917–1935," with works by Debabov, El Lissitzky, Rodchenko, Zelma, others; 1/11–2/25.

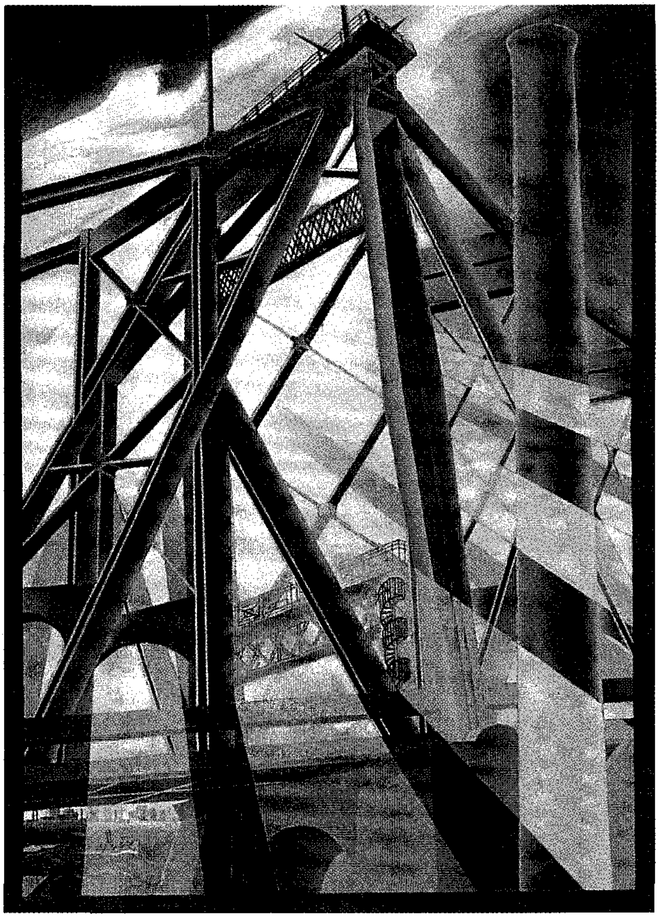
**Paul Strand**—An exhibition of photographs taken in Europe and Africa after Strand moved to France in 1950; through 2/4. Burden Gallery at Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

**Hiroshi Sugimoto**—Images of prehistoric life and of wax figures of politicians, celebrities, the British royal family, and English murderers; through 2/4. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

## Museums

**American Craft Museum**—"Revivals! Diverse Traditions: 1920–1945." More than 160 objects by American craft artists. Through 2/26. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

**American Museum of Natural History**—"The World Explored: 125 Years of Collecting Photographs." Through 1/30. CPW at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.



**In Print** One of the best shows to *not* come to New York this year was "Precisionism in America 1915–1941: Reordering Reality." The marvelous traveling exhibition, which moves on after January 22, is well worth the trek to the Montclair Art Museum in Montclair, New Jersey. New Jersey Transit–phobics can buy the handsome book (Abrams; $39.95).

**Asia Society**—"An Enduring Legacy: The Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection." Through 1/15. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

**Brooklyn Museum**—"Thomas Cole: Landscape Into History." More than 60 paintings by the father of the Hudson River School. 1/13–4/2. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10/95. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992." Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

**Bronx Museum of the Arts**—"Cartographies: 14 Artists From Latin America." Map-inspired works by Jose Bedia, Mario Cravo Neto, Julio Galan, Guillermo Kuitca, Nahum B. Zenil, others. Through 1/15. 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th St., Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; $3 suggested admission, $2 students, $1 seniors.

**Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum**—"The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 2/19. . . . "Good Offices and Beyond: The Evolution of the Workplace." Through 2/26. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

**Dia Center for the Arts**—"Andy Warhol, *The Last Supper Paintings.*" Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, *Worlds Envisioned.*" Through 6/18. . . . "James Coleman, Projected Images: 1972–1994." Through 3/12. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

**Frick Collection**—"John Constable: Drawings, Watercolors, Oil Sketches, and Paintings From a Private Collection." Through 2/12. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

**Guggenheim Museum**—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors. "The Italian Metamorphosis, 1943–1968." The development of Italian abstraction, from Alberto Burri's *informale* paintings through the early works of Arte Povera artists in the sixties. Through 1/29.

**Guggenheim Museum SoHo**—"Japanese Art After 1945: Scream Against the Sky." Through 1/8. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

**Japan Society**—"Otsu-E: Japanese Folk Painting From the Harriet and Edson Spencer Collection." Through 1/8. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

**Jewish Museum**—"Mario Cavaglieri: The Glittering Years, 1912–1922." Through 1/29. . . . "Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." Through 3/5. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

**Metropolitan Museum of Art**—"French Prints from the Bibliothèque Nationale." 1/12–3/19. . . . "Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Through 2/26. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300–1450." Through 2/26. . . . "Greek Gold: Jewelry of the Classical World." Through 3/26. . . . 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

**Pierpont Morgan Library**—"The Aldine Press 1495–1995: An American Homage." 1/10–4/9. . . . "The Collector's Eye: Gifts from the Collection of Julia Parker Wightman." 1/12–4/2. . . . "The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and New Acquisitions." Through 1/22. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6,

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**Museum for African Art**—"Exhibition-ism: Museums and African Art." Through 3/5. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children.

**Museum of American Folk Art**—"Every Picture Tells a Story: Word and Image in American Folk Art." Through 1/15. 2 Lincoln Sq. (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

**Museum of Modern Art**—"Cy Twombly: A Retrospective." Through 1/10. . . . "Thresholds/O.M.A. at MOMA: Rem Koolhaas and the Place of Public Architecture." Through 1/31. . . . "New Photography 10: Shimon Attie, Abelardo Morell, Jorge Ribalta, Michal Rovner." Through 1/10. . . . "A Century of Artists Books." Through 1/24. . . . "Drawing in Black and White: A Selection of Contemporary Works From the Collection." Through 1/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

**Museum of the City of New York**— "Ladies Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." 1/11–10/22. . . . "The Making of a Mural: Reginald Marsh at the U.S. Custom House." Preparatory drawings, watercolor studies, photographs, and slides produced by Marsh in the thirties in the course of designing his mural for the U.S. Custom House. Through 1/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

**National Academy of Design**—"Ferdinand Hodler: Views and Visions." Through 1/15. . . . "An Installation of Works by Paul Cadmus." Through 2/19. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. noon–5 (Fri. to 8); $3.50, $2 seniors and students, free Fri. 5–8.

**New York Public Library**—"Garbage! The History & Politics of Trash in New York City." Through 2/25. . . . "e e cummings @ 100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 4/15. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 10–6; free.

**Whitney Museum**—"Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." Through 3/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." Through 3/12. . . . "From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Painting." Through 2/26. . . . "Recent Photography Acquisitions." Through 2/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8). **Whitney Museum at Philip Morris**—"Jacob Lawrence: The War Series." Through 3/31. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

## Auctions

**Christie's**—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 1/10 at 2: "European Works of Art, Furniture, and Tapestries." On view from 1/6. 1/11 at 10 and 2: "Important Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/5. 1/11 at 10:15: "Old Master Paintings from the Collection of Alice Tully." On view from 1/5. 1/12 at 10 and 2: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/5. 1/12 at 2: "Old Master Drawings from the Carel Goldschmidt Collection." On view from 1/5. 1/12 at 7, and 1/13 at 10 and 2: "Property from the Collection of Rudolf Nureyev." On view from 1/6.

**Christie's East**—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 1/10 at 2: "Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/6.

**Doyle**—175 E. 87th St. (427-4885). 1/11 at 10: "Belle Epoque: 19th and 20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 1/7.

**Sotheby's**—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/10 at 10:15: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/5. 1/10 at 7 and 1/11 at 10:15 and 2: "Cyril Humphris Collection" On view from 1/5. 1/12 at at 10:15: "Old Master Paintings from The New-York Historical Society." On view from 1/5. 1/12 at 2: "Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/5. 1/13 at 10:15 and 2: "European Works of Art." On view from 1/5. 1/18 at at 10:15 and 2: "New-York Historical Society Paperweights." On view from 1/12.

**Swann**—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/12 at 10:30: "Architecture and Art & Art Reference." On view from 1/7.

# in concert

## Revisionist Bruckner...Tokyo String Quartet

## Classical Music

*Tuesday, January 10*

**New York Philharmonic**—Christopher Lamb, the Philharmonic's principal percussionist, is the soloist in tonight's world-premiere performance of Joseph Scwantner's Percussion Concerto (it was composed and commissioned especially for him). The balance of the program consists of works by Gabrieli, Lassus, and Tchaikovsky. Leonard Slatkin conducts. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$60.

*Wednesday, January 11*

**Ilton Wjuniski**—The harpsichordist performs Baroque and Renaissance works; Couperin, Bach, Mudarra, Carreira, Mucillo, and Scarlatti are among the featured composers. Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12.

*Thursday, January 12*

**Bargemusic**—Cellist Denis Brott, pianist Sung-Mi Im, and violinist Carmit Zori perform works by Liszt, Ravel, and Brahms. Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn (718-624-2083 for directions and reservations), at 7:30; $35.

**New York Philharmonic**—Latvian conductor Mariss Jansons and pianist Christian Zacharias are the Philharmonic's guests tonight for a program of works by Mozart, Rossini, and Richard Strauss. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.

*Friday, January 13*

**American Symphony Orchestra**—Conducted by Leon Botstein, this concert explores Bruckner and twentieth-century politics and aims to dispel lingering conceptions about the composer's "weak will." Symphony No. 5 in B (the 1894 Schalk edition, not the considerably more familiar 1930s "critical edition") is the program's centerpiece; other works include the North American premiere of the newly reconstructed *Psalm 146 for Solo Voices, Double Chorus and Orchestra.* Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 7:30; $20–$40.

**New York Philharmonic**—See 1/12; today's performance is at 2.

*Saturday, January 14*

**New York Philharmonic**—See 1/12.

### Ground Rules:

**This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."**

Performance

### Saving the Song Recital

*Last year, started a foundation to save a disappearing art form: the vocal song recital. At her request, stalwarts of this and other genres (see listing) convene at an Alice Tully Hall benefit.*

*Sunday, January 15*

**Ambrosia Trio**—The trio (violinist Beulah Cox, cellist Christine Kuhn, pianist Frank Daykin) performs works by Beethoven, Ewazen, and Arensky. Nicholas Roerich Museum, 319 W. 107th St., bet. West End Ave. and Riverside Drive (304-2253), at 5; free.

**Bargemusic**—See 1/12. Today's performance is at 4.

**Peter Sykes**—The organist performs a recital at St. Ignatius Loyola. Included on the program is Sykes's own transcription of Gustav Holst's *The Planets.* Park Avenue at 84th St. (288-2520), at 4; $10.

**Orchestra of St. Luke's**—Robert Shaw conducts; mezzo-soprano Marietta Simpson, baritone William Stone, and the Robert Shaw Festival Chorus sing. Works are by Brahms and Hindemith. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $15–$70.

*Monday, January 16*

**Marilyn Horne Foundation Gala**—Proceeds from this benefit underwrite vocal recitals of gifted artists. The lineup, in addition to Ms. Horne, includes John Browning, Helen Donath, Klaus Donath, Haken Hagegard, Warren Jones, Marvis Martin, Stanford Olsen, and Pinchas Zukerman. You'll also hear the first two foundation-sponsored recitalists, soprano Bridgett Hooks and tenor Olafur Bjarnason. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at $25–$100.

*Tuesday, January 17*

**Jennifer Hoult**—The harpist and first-prize winner of the 1994 Artists International competition makes her New York recital debut with a program of works by Handel, Fauré, and two world premieres—Anthony Madigan's Canzona for Harp and George Zarr's *Walking Up Broadway.* Weill Recital Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14.50.

**Parnassus**—Tenor Mark Bleeke joins the Parnassus ensemble for a concert of works by Gandolfi, Gideon, and Kurtag. New York Society for Ethical Culture auditorium, 2 W. 64th St. (864-4197), at 8; $12.

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Led by Christian Thielman, the orchestra performs works by Pfitzner, Mozart, and Beethoven. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$70.

**New York Philharmonic**—See 1/12.

*Wednesday, January 18*

**Daniel Saidenberg Recital Series**—Juilliard faculty members and students honor Joseph Fuchs (onetime student at the school and teacher there since 1946) in his 95th-birthday year. Among the works to be performed are Bach's Cantatas Nos. 94, 99, and 187 and Martinu's Three Madrigals for Violin and Viola. Juilliard Theater, 155 W. 65th St. (769-7406), at 8; free tickets are required.

**Maria Andriasova**—The American Landmark Festivals bring the pianist to Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. (866-2086), at 12:30; free.

**Tokyo String Quartet**—Performing an all-Beethoven program (Quartet in E-flat, Quartet in E-minor) at Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$30.

**Emanuel Ax, Pamela Frank, Yo-Yo Ma, Paul Meyer, Eugenia Zuckerman**—All on the same program. Works include Schoenberg/Webern's Chamber Symphony No. 1. Brahms's Clarinet Trio in a and Piano Trio No. 1. Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14–$65,

## Opera

**Metropolitan Opera**—1/10 and 1/13 at 8: Puccini's *Madama Butterfly;* 1/11 and 1/18 at 8 and 1/14 at 1:30: Strauss's *Die Fledermaus;* 11/12 and 1/16 at 8: *Le Nozze di Figaro;* 1/14 and 1/17 at 8: Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore.* Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center Plaza (362-6000), $22–$110.

## Dance

**"Altogether Different"**—In honor of Altogether Different's tenth anniversary, the Joyce is showcasing seven premieres by seven choreographers. This week's companies: 1/10 and 1/14 at 8, 1/15 at 2: Forces of Nature; 1/11 at 8 and 1/15 at 7:30: Sarah Skaggs Dance; 1/12-13 at 8: Poppo and the GoGo Boys; 1/16: no performance; 1/17 at 8: Donald Byrd/The Group; 1/18 at 8: Liz Lerman Dance Exchange. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $17.

**New York City Ballet**—Your last chance to see Heather Watts dance with the company is on 1/15 at 7. The rest of the week's schedule: 1/10-13 and 1/17-18 at 8; 1/14 at 2 and 8; 1/15 at 1. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $12–$60.

Photograph by Marty Umans.

# restaurants

## Biscotti...Uptown Greenmarket...A Bombe

## Manhattan

*Lower New York*

**Amici Miei**—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. 475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

**Baluchis**—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. 193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

**Boom**—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. 152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.

**Can**—Pole position on SoHo's main drag. Inventive French-Vietnamese cuisine in an elegant, minimalistic dining room. 482 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-6333). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

**Capsouto Frères**—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Ecco**—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasti offering. Ironing-board tables in the booths that line the east wall and tile floors. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**L'Ecole**—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three-course and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sun. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Le Pactole**—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. 2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E). AE, DC, MC, V.

**Le Streghe**—At the end of SoHo's restaurant row, this Italian spot caters to all comers: old, young, hip, not. 331 W. Broadway, at Grand St. (343-2080). (M) AE, MC, V.

**Montrachet**—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

**Nobu**—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. 105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.

**Raoul's**—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC.

**SoHo Kitchen and Bar**—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Tennessee Mountain**—An original 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.

**Two Eleven**—Casual contemporary American fare with an occasional celebrity appearance. 211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (925-7202). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Zutto**—Japanese in a Zen-like setting with mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. 77 Hudson St., nr. Harrison St. (233-3287). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

*South Street Seaport*

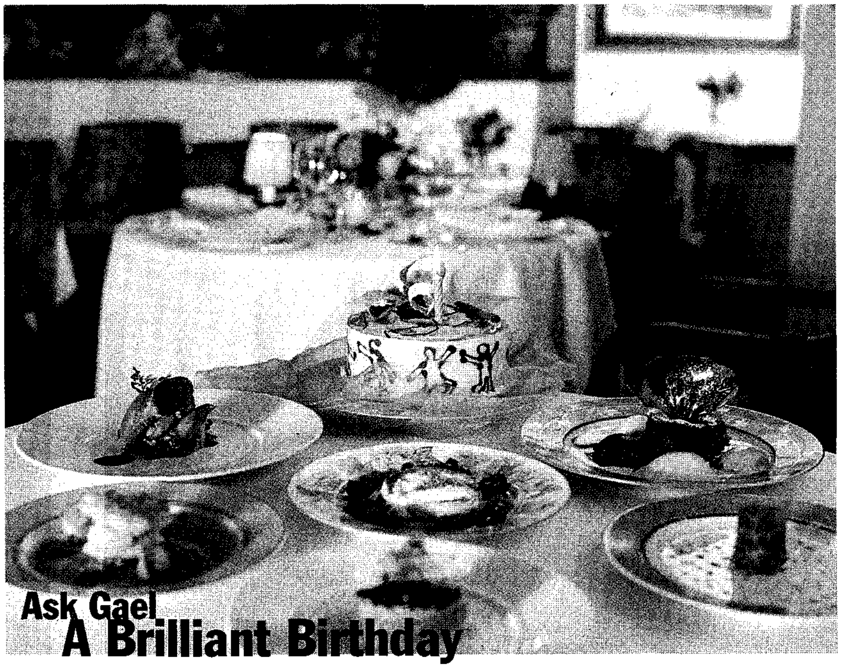
**Cafe Fledermaus**—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. 1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

**Fulton Street Cafe**—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. 11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Gianni's**—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. 15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

**Harbor Lights**—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. Pier 17, 3rd fl. (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

**Liberty Cafe**—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and



### Ask Gael
### A Brilliant Birthday

*Where should I go over the top on my birthday?*

**If you've got hours and dollars to blow, let obsessed chef David Bouley orchestrate. For my birthday revel, he drizzled Chinese caviar over poached Maine oysters in dilled yogurt, and slivered truffles from Perigord and Piedmont atop scuba-dived sea scallops. There was Maine boat lobster with cèpes from Taos, wild pheasant on a brussels-sprout salad, venison with Bouley's supernal potato purée: half fingerlings, half butter. And then a fusillade of desserts—sweets melting, glazed, brûléed, captured in chocolate, even his signature white chocolate mouse (yes, mouse, not mousse). I was practically a month and a half older by the time we hit Duane Street, but that's no surprise here. One woman knitted between courses. Clearly, a regular. (165 Duane Street.)**

### Ground Rules:

**Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.**

**Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.**

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking, Ambrose,* and *Waverly* moored at the Seaport Museum. Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

**Macmenamin's Irish Pub**—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**North Star Pub**—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. 93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Pedro O'Hara**—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Roebling's Bar and Grill**—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. 11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

**Sequoia**—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Sgarlato's Cafe**—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

### *Below 14th Street, East*

**El Charro Español**—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. 4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.

**Grotta Azzurra**—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. Maybe old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. 387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)

**Rincon de España**—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood, very small and intimate. 226 Thompson St. (I) (475-9891/260-4950). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Rose Cafe**—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. 24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

### *Below 14th Street, West*

**Boxers**—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. 190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Cafe Melville**—This exposed-brick West Village café is cozy and comfortable without being claustrophobic. 110 Barrow St., at Washington St. (924-0110). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

**Caribe**—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. 117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.

**Eclectic**—Traditional American food with a hint of Provence served to you in the most romantic of settings. Bring a date. 38–40 Carmine St. (807-1939). (I) AE, TM.

**Knickerbocker Bar and Grill**—A subdued steakhouse with vintage posters on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post* and other nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. 33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Mary Lou's**—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the *Daily News,* hostess/chef/owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 P.M., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. 21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

**Murami**—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. 546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.

**Old Homestead**—You can find New York's oldest steakhouse just blocks away from the city's meat markets Look for the larger-than-life cow on the façade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room. You'll find a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. 56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.

**Salaam Bombay**—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. 319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

### *14th–42nd Streets, East Side*

**An American Place**—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a menu to strictly American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Back Porch**—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. 488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Brew's**—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. 156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

**Crystal Fountain**—Just as the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room with water that moves magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business and tourist crowd. Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Hunan Fifth Avenue**—Midtown-style Chinese food, business lunches and all. Dinner is a quieter scene. 323 Fifth Ave., nr. 32nd St. (686-3366). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Il Mare**—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with —surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. 10 E. 38th St. (447-1854) (M) AE, DC, V.

**La Colombe d'Or**—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. 134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

**Live Bait**—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and their mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. 14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.

**Park Bistro**—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. So., nr. 29th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Patria**—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink, made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

**Rossini's**—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

**Royal Canadian Pancake House**—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

**Steak Frites**—Only a few places manage not to get lost in this bustling intersection of restaurant rows. A menu complete enough to hit the nail on the head and almost small enough to do everything well. 9 E. 16th St. (463-7101). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Water Club**—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. 500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

### *14th–42nd Streets, WestSide*

**Cafe Americanstyle**—An ideal rest stop for

Institutions

## The Latin Greenmarket

**Yvonne Ortiz, author of *The Taste of Puerto Rico,* is standing over a container of sausage casings at the butcher shop in La Marqueta, on Park Avenue near 115th Street, describing the complexities of the traditional Puerto Rican diet. "The Spanish colonists would throw their food to the slaves when they were done eating," she explains. "That's why our diet consists mainly of organ meat: mondongo [tripe soup], gandinga [sautéed pig's liver], and morcilla [black pudding]. That's also why a lot of the food has African-sounding names."**

**Established by Mayor La Guardia back in 1936, La Marqueta is one of the city's first public markets, and the oldest still standing. The merchants in this indoor bazaar under the elevated tracks of Metro-North's Harlem-Hudson line originally catered to a predominantly Jewish clientele, but, as the neighborhood changed in the late forties, so did the market. "New Puerto Rican immigrants were called *marintagas* because the name of the boat that brought them here was the *Marine Tiger,*" remembers Benny Lifschultz, proprietor since 1948 of Benny's Place, a kosher dairy counter that now also sells salt cod and other Latin delicacies.**

**Though this market is still a one-stop for Hispanic groceries—taro, abio, tamarind, chalote—and was recently renovated, business hasn't returned to its 1955 peak. Many stalls still lack tenants. "Back then," says Lifschultz, "if you came to the market on a Saturday, you'd have to fight your way in."** MANNY HOWARD

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. 424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Cal's**—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving American fare in a relaxed atmosphere. 55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Lola**—A lively entrance that gives way to a vast and airy room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. 30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Man Ray**—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theater for its reliable and very current American offerings. 169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Metronome**—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Moran's**—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. 146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St., (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.

**The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe**—Mexican-themed café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with customers' art drawn at the table. 182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC, V.

**37th Street Hideaway**—Don't dress down for this restaurant. Jacket required. A charming space with a 100-year-old fireplace caters to a mature audience. Italian Continental cuisine. 32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.

**T-Rex Restaurant and Bar**—Modern "cave cuisine" blends old traditions with new flavors. The prehistoric-cavelike setting features paintings on the walls reminiscent of Lascaux; candles and unique pottery abound. Midnight supper club Thursdays through Saturdays 12–6 A.M., with live entertainment. 358 W. 23rd St. (620-4620). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

**World Yacht**—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at 6, and sails from 7 until 10. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.

### *43rd–56th Streets, East Side*

**Ambassador Grill**—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. 44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**The Barclay Restaurant & Terrace**—Another two-in-one treat. These two dining spots cater to the different moods of diners. The Barclay Restaurant is elegantly decorated like a traditional gentlemen's club with wood-paneled walls. The Terrace is a bit more lively and overlooks the lobby so you can view all the goings-on in the hotel. Both serve Continental fare. 111 E. 48th St., in the Hotel Inter-Continental (421-0836). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Brasserie**—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. 100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840). (M) AE, MC, V.

**Burke & Burke**—Gourmet sandwiches, soups, and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. 485 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St. (366-4020) (M) AE, MC, V.

**Cafe Centro**—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th Street at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**The Four Seasons**—The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Giambelli 50th Ristorante**—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**La Cote Basque**—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms, painted with scenes from the Riviera. 5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC, V.

**La Mangeoire**—A Cote D'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of Southern France to a rustic room in midtown. 1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086. (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Montebello**—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Oceana**—Formal setting and an extensive seafood menu make it favorite for business lunches. 55 E. 54th St. (759-5941) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Roma di Notte**—Italian fare attracts a more mature crowd at this midtown spot that's been around more than a quarter of a century. 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Royal Canadian Pancake House**—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

**Shinbashi-An**—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**San Martin's**—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

**Smith & Wollensky**—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. and 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Tatou**—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and good food—Creole-southern with New England twitches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Monday-night talent showcase. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

**Tropica**—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

**Tse Yang**—Food from Beijing and Shanghai served in an opulent dining room. Aquariums abound, so you can preview your dish before you order. 34 E. 51st St. (688-5447). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

**Vong**—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. 200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.

### *43rd–56th Streets, West Side*

**Adrienne**— The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Algonquin**—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**American Festival Cafe**—Lunch inside this glamorized luncheonette with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours, free parking after 5:30 p.m. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Barbetta**—Impressive and old-world, this theater-district favorite has a regal dining room and a romantic garden serving Northern Italian food. 321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

**Broadway Joe**—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your Ninas while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Charlotte**—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Ciao Europa**—Because of its muraled walls and abundant greenery, many feel like they're entering a castle when they walk into this Italian restaurant. But this is no monolithic Italian: Each week, a regional dish from a specific European country is served as the special. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

## Tastings

**DeRobertis Pasticceria & Caffé (176 First Avenue, near 10th Street) looks like it's been run by the same family since 1904, and it has. There are two glass cases of remarkable Italian cookies in the front, and an ambient, tiled café in the back. All those newfangled coffee bars have nothing on this place.**

**Cite**—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Dish of Salt**—Classic Cantonese that serves well as a pre-theater meal or a business lunch. 133 W. 47th St. (921-4242) (M) AE, CB, MC, V.

**Frankie and Johnnie's Steak House**—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that is Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Halcyon**—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. 151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

**Jewel of India**—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. 15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

**Keewah Yen**—An unlikely hybrid of upscale Chinese fare and high audio technology—karaoke system and all. 50 W. 56th St. (246-0770) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Koyote Kate's**—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American pattern. Lots of steaks and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. 307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

## Restaurants

## A Flatiron Face-lift

*Charlie Palmer, who settled the Flatiron District with Chefs & Cuisinier's Club a few years back, closed the self-consciously casual eatery last fall, convinced it needed reconstructive surgery. Alva (36 East 22nd Street, near Park Avenue South), an elegant retro-fitted American bistro, is the pleasing result.*

**La Bonne Soupe**—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. 48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.

**Langan's**—American cuisine in a club-like setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**La Reserve**—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. 4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Lattanzi**—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

**La Veranda**—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A quiet place with two private rooms for parties. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

**Les Pyrenées**—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Le Rivage**—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V

**Marlowe**—A little cultural mêlée: an American bistro that looks like a French country inn. Oak-plank floors and low, romantic lighting are soothing. 328 W. 46th St. (765-3815) (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

**Marriott Marquis**—American contemporary cuisine with a Broadway flair. Each dish is named after a Broadway play, so come feast on Miss Saigon or Cats. 1535 Broadway, at 45th St. (704-8900). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Nakagawa**—Elegant Japanese in the heart of the theater district. Come feast on some sushi pre- or post-show. 7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Olive Garden**—A chain serving basic Italian fare but this one has been swanked up for the ever-so-sophisticated New York natives. The theater-district address attracts stouthearted natives and a tourist crowd. 201 W. 47th St. (246-4517). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Patsy's**—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious 1950s. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Pierre au Tunnel**—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming. The food won't surprise you, but that is indeed the point: reliable and comforting. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.

**Rainbow Room**—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic and a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Rene Pujol**—The rustic French food and service are careful and heartfelt. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Restaurant Raphael**—Chef Jean Michel Bergougnoux redefines contemporary French country cuisine for the nineties in a châteaulike setting. Stenciled floral beams, the fireplace, and the outdoor rear garden set the tone for an intimate, romantic dining experience or a business meal. Near MOMA. 33 W. 54th St. (582-8993). (E) AE, DC.

**Ruth's Chris Steak House**—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Samplings**—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. 1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel. (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**The Sea Grill**—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Shaan**—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. 57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Siam Inn**—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. 916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st St. (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Stage Delicatessen**—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.

**Top of the Sixes**—A beautiful view and a restaurant to boot. Perched atop the office that houses Universal Pictures' offices. American-Continental food. 666 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., 39th floor (757-6662). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**'21' Club**—The new, old, younger "21" has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Victor's Cafe 52**—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

### *57th–60th Streets*

**Akbar**—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. 475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Bruno Ristorante**—Attracting regulars for sixteen years, a Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces will make anyone feel welcome. 240 E. 58th St. (688-4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Caviarteria**—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist undersea-eggmonger. So a café was built and now serves the impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoked wild boar) right on the premises. 502 Park Ave., nr. 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC, V.

**Contrapunto**—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Dawat**—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. 210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

**Fantino**—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. 112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Fontana di Trevi**—Hearty Italian that's been around for 44 years. Attracts business personalities at lunch, theatergoers at dinner. 151 W. 57th St. (247-5683). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Gauguin**—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. The Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at Central Park So. (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

**Le Bar Bat**—An American grill that looks like a bat cave—yes, as in bats hanging from the ceiling. Also a multilevel club, with three bars and live entertainment. 311 W. 57th St. (307-7228). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

**The Townhouse American**—Continental cuisine in a classic English setting. Caters to a gay and lesbian crowd. 206 E. 58th St. (826-6241) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Le Train Bleu**—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. Bloomingdale's, 6th floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Le Veau d'Or**—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. 129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

**Les Célébrités**—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**The Manhattan Ocean Club**—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian red cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

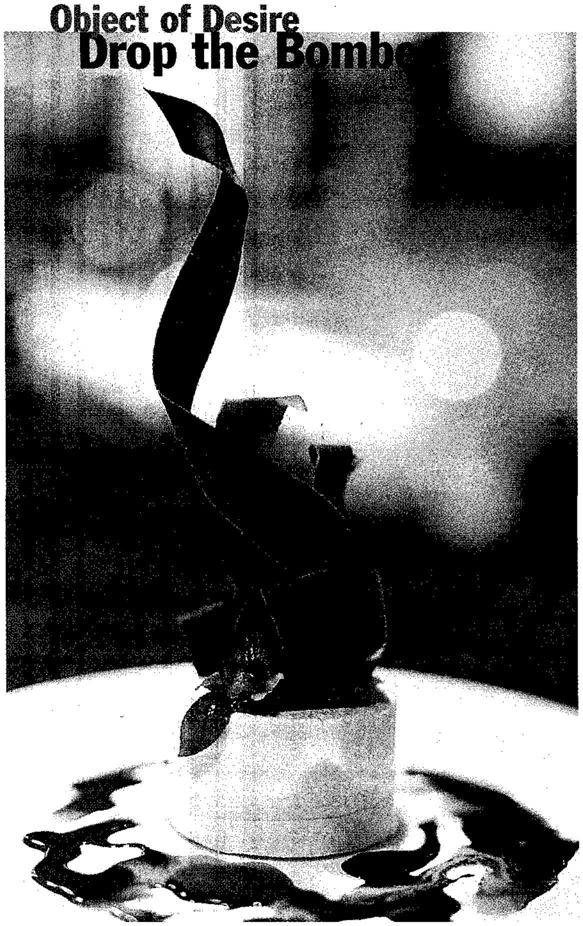
**March**—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Petrossian**—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. 182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Pierro's on the Park**—Italian with a twist of art history. This park-side restaurant features original Art Deco furnishings from the thirties: frosted glass, black lacquer, and original lighting. 150 Central Park So. (541-4090). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

**Plaza Hotel**—As one might expect from the Plaza, the Edwardian Room can best be described as classic, serving Continental fare to tourists and natives alike. Just don't expect to see Eloise horsing around: She checked out long ago. Fifth Ave. and 59th St. (759-3000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

## Object of Desire
## Drop the Bombe



**The luxurious peppermint bombe at Cascabel (218 Lafayette Street) seems straightforward enough: peppermint ice cream crowned with chocolate ribbons. But there's an (edible) surprise inside, says pastry chef Lincoln Carson, veteran of Le Bernardin, the Waldorf Astoria, and Luxe. His inspirations were the classic French dessert and a fond memory: "Next to my babysitter, Breyer's mint-chocolate-chip ice cream was my one love."**

**Rosa Mexicano**—Did someone say "fresh pomegranate margarita"? Indeed someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**San Domenico**—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

### *Above 60th Street, East Side*

**Alexis**—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. 140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.

**Arizona 206**—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theaters and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobe-like setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, V.

**Baraonda**—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and, yes, that was George Michael. 1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).

**The Boat House Cafe**—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find the kind of Italian food made only in America, some of it pretty good. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

**Cafe Chopin**—Very casual spot, often warm and candlelit. Featuring Eastern European fare—lots of roasts, goulash, and stuffed cabbage. With live piano music. 339 E. 75th St. (628-7171). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

**Cafe Equense**—If it's not on the menu, just ask . . . they'll make it. This cozy spot in the heart of Carnegie Hill likes to take care of its customers. Lite Italian fare served to the ladies who lunch and the families who sup. 1291 Madison Ave., at 92nd St. (860-2300). (M) AE, MC, V.

**Cafe Grazie**—A small Italian cafe that attracts both worn-out museumgoers from the nearby Metropolitan and neighborhood regulars. 26 E. 84th St. (717-4407). (M) AE only.

**Cafe Metairie**—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . *mon cheri*. And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves. 1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, V.

**Cafe Nosidam**—Italian-American fare, and a people watcher's paradise. Don't settle for less than the front row. 768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.

**Cafe Pierre**—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary American cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. 2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Campagnola**—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the *whole* neighborhood. 1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Ci Vediamo**—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian restaurant has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.

**Demarchelier**—Feels French and tastes French; in this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. 50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC, V.

**Demi**—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475). (M) AE, MC, V.

**Girasole**—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. 151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.

**Isle of Capri**—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdales, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for forty years. 1028 Third Ave at 61st St. (223-9430) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**JoJo**—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewellike dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

**Le Bistro de Maxim's**—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls and all that. 680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Lusardi's**—Vintage Italian. . . . Good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. 1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Mad Hatter**—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. 1485 Second Ave., nr. 78th St. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

**Mark's**—Decked out like an English library, with plump tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Marti Turkish Restaurant**—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Mo's Caribbean**—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerk chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. Leave with a suntan. 1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Moscow on the Hudson**—Authentic Russian fare. After that, there's live entertainment with music, dancing, and a live gypsy show. 803 Second Ave., at 93rd St. (534-4866). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Mulholland Drive Cafe**—A very single bar scene that breeds a roomful of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. 1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Otabe**—Customers are ministered to by their own chef in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. 68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

**The Polo**—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local *haute*-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. 840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Post House**—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**540 Park**—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Sel & Poivre**—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 65th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Tony Di Napoli's**—Family style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. 1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

**Toraya**—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. 17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Trois Jean**—A cozy French bistro like every corner needs. 154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

### *Above 60th Street, West Side*

**Bella Luna**—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. 584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE only.

**Cafe Des Artistes**—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with its frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Cafe Luxembourg**—After all these years, the joint still looks smart and sexy and gets a good-looking Upper West Side crowd. The fare's upscale bistro. Perfect before or after the cultural goings-on at Lincoln Center. 200 W. 70th St. (873-7411). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Carmine's**—Imagine your itsy-bitsy dream restaurant in Little Italy. The one with the pictures of Mama on the wall, with everybody drinking Chianti and having a good time . . . only ten times larger. The wait (no reservations) can be a killer at this family-style restaurant specializing in enormous portions of red-sauce favorites. Nothing fancy, but lots of it. 2450 Broadway, nr. 91st St. (362-2200). (M) AE only.

**Fishin Eddies**—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. 73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Fujiyama Mama**—Look up "fine cuisine" in the *Yuppie Handbook* and you'll find this spot listed as No. 1. Good sushi, funky décor, and a D.J. make this Japanese restaurant a local favorite among Upper West Siders. 467 Columbus Ave., nr. 83rd St. (769-1144). (M) AE.

**Hunan Park**—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. 235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also Hunan Park Two at 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th Street (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Iridium**—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dalí meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

**Main Street**—American comfort food, and lots of it. Feel at home even in a party of ten. A fireplace and brick walls make this giant space seem cozy. 446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Picholine**—Skillfully prepared Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Royal Canadian Pancake House**—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. 2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.

**Santa Fe**—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. 72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

**Sidewalkers'**—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. 12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

**Tavern on the Green**—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

**West 63rd Street Steakhouse**—Mahogany tables and red suede walls, make this nicified steak house less stultifying than it's midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there's seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

## Brooklyn

**La Bouillabaisse**—Just what the neighborhood needed—a local bistro so good that a gaggle of grateful and ferociously loyal regulars will wait in the rain for a table. What makes it special is that the hostess/owner will lend you her umbrella. It's BYOB, so scan the menu while you wait, then nip down the block to the Heights Chateau. Ask for a recommendation. 145 Atlantic Ave., nr. Henry St. (718-522-8235). (M) ($)

**The River Cafe**—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. 1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

**Peter Luger's**—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($ or Peter Luger's house charge card)

**Cucina**—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($)

## Queens

**Elias Corner**—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. 24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($)

**Water's Edge**—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. 44th Drive at the East River. Complimentary ferry leaves from Manhattan Tuesday–Saturday 6–11. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

## Bronx

**Cafe Sevilla**—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink plastic tablecloths detract from the serviceable chicken and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. 1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.

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# the mix

## *The Prizefighters...* Selected Shorts

### John Leonard's Television Notes

We haven't seen Derek Jacobi in a dress and sandals since *I, Claudius,* reason enough, perhaps, to sit still for **Cadfael** (*Mystery!,* Thursdays, January 12 through February 2; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13), in which the wonderful British actor impersonates the detective-monk, back from the bloody Crusades to the ho-hum abbey, in four dramatizations of Ellis Peters mystery novels. Amazing how much modern Hungary, where *Cadfael* was filmed, looks like twelfth-century England. The problem here is not enough sex.

As if to apologize for the latent liberalism of *America's War on Poverty* and *What Can We Do About Violence?,* PBS gives the back of its right hand to **Messengers From Moscow** (Fridays, January 13, through February 3; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13), in which a Comintern's worth of defrocked Soviet apparatchiks rethink the Cold War on camera, between snatches of gee-whiz narration by E. G. Marshall, among snippets of stock footage and rather more surprising home videos. Are you at all surprised to learn that most of these people, even in the military and the KGB, harbored secret doubts all along, certainly about Stalin, sometimes about Lenin, maybe even Marx? That they nevertheless still arrogate to themselves such superior Kremlin cunning as was necessary to manipulate American and European peace movements, in opposition to NATO deployment of cruise and Pershing missiles? That they admire Ronnie more than Gorby? That, with the splendid exception of Sakharov's widow, Elena Bonner, these war criminals are, to the very last extenuation, self-justifying main-chance heroes of the the banal sound bite?

The "America Undcover" folks interviewed a bunch of New York cabbies, found several who were show-off sympatico, planted cameras and recording equipment, followed them around in a van, loved all the sexy stuff these drivers encouraged their passengers to dwell on, got waiver slips from the eavesdropped-upon, and packaged it for **Taxicab Confessions** (Saturday, January 14; 10 to 11 P.M.; HBO). Never mind that what really goes on in most cabs is an adjournment of minds on account of language. What we get here is "so what?" prurient.

That the George Lucas series is no longer available to a mass-teen audience on ABC may be shameful doesn't mean we shouldn't hunt it down in the cable wastes. In **Young Indiana Jones and the Treasure of the Peacock's Eye** (Sunday, January 15; 7 to 9 P.M.; The Family Channel), Indy (Sean Patrick Flanery), in 1918, among German spies, Egyptian churls, Chinese pirates, New Guinea headhunters, and helpful Trobriand Islanders, will meet novelist E. M. Forster (William Osborne), anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski (Tom Courtenay), ditch-digger Howard Carter (Pip Torrens), and the splendid shade of Alexander the Great.

UPN, the brand-new Paramount network, debuts this week with **Star Trek: Voyager** (Monday, January 16; 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 11), with Kate Mulgrew lost somewhere outside Federation space. I haven't seen this two-hour pilot. Nor have I seen any of the UPN series. While I am in possession of a fancy Program Guide and a Media Relations Kit, any number of descriptive brochures and hortatory press releases, a pile of overnight-delivered advisories, and a demand for my fax number from three different publicity people in Southern California, not a single preview cassette has been made available. Stealth programming!

Opening

### Seen, Heard, and More

**Although it is the era of books on tape and readings on every corner, the stubborn fact remains that really fine writing often resists oral interpretation: Nuances elude the listener, descriptions lose their lyricism, sentences go on too long. Over the years, however, Selected Shorts has turned this truism on its head. Readings by some of New York's finest actors, combined with a reliably charged audience, preserve everything that is best in the work of Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, Joseph Mitchell, Noel Coward, and others. The evening is hosted by author Walter Mosley (above); the new season at Symphony Space (864-5400) starts on January 18.**

### Radio Highlights

**"Sunday Night Opera House"**—1/15 at 8: Verdi's *I Due Foscari.* Conducted by Lamberto Gardelli, with Piero Cappucilli, Jose Carreras, Katia Ricciarelli, Samuel Ramey, and the ORF Symphony and Chorus of Vienna. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

**"Honoring Martin Luther King Jr."**—WBAI presents a 24-hour tribute to Dr. King on 1/16, which would have been his 66th birthday. The special includes live and taped interviews with members of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Deacons for Justice, and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, as well as live and recorded music and never-before-aired speeches. 99.5 FM.

**"The Poet's Voice"**—The Unterberg Poetry Center and National Public Radio have joined forces to bring you archival recordings featuring some of the greatest poets of the twentieth century. The series, which is narrated by actress Blair Brown, is broadcast on 1/14 at 10 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM, with a program on Robert Frost. The program, which includes readings of "Mending Wall" and "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," is rebroadcast the next day at 3:30 on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

**"Symphony Hall"**—1/10: Saint-Saens's Symphony No. 1 in E-flat; Ravel's *Rapsodie Espagnole.* 1/11: Roman's Sinfonia in D; Gliere's Symphony No. 3 in b. 1/12: Wolf-Ferrari's *L'Amore Medico, The Jewels of the Madonna,* and *Idillio-Concertino.* 1/13: Graupner's Bassoon Concerto in G; Durufle's Requiem. 1/16: Ellington's *Harlem;* Still's Symphony No. 2 in g, "Song of a New Race." 1/17: Rathgeber's Two Trumpet Concerto in E-flat; Taneyev's Symphony No. 4 in c. 1/18: Chabrier's *Suite Pastorale;* Cui's *Suite Concertante* for Violin and Orchestra; Chabrier's *Espana.* Each weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

**"The Best of *Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting*"**—Much of FAIR's groundbreaking news analysis over the years has been broadcast to the tri-state area on WBAI, from the study on PBS's *MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour* and report on *Nightline* to its analysis of Rush Limbaugh's rhetoric and the coverage of the Gulf War. This special extended edition of *Counterspin* features Laura Flanders's examination of radio Republicans "and how talk-show jocks have played an instrumental role in shaping the public's perceptions about contemporary politics." Bob Grant will figure in the discussion, as will the possibility of Ollie North's realizing his dream of having a program of his very own. 1/13 at 6; 99.5 FM.

**"For Whom the Bell Curves"**—Subtitled "Exposing 'New' Theories on Race, Gender, Ethnicity, and

Photograph by Peter Serling.

the Self-Perpetuating Fantasy of White Male 'Intellectual' Superiority," this WBAI public affairs special features highlights of a recent conference on the subject. The subtitle should not leave you at all unsure of the content of the conference or the predisposition of its participants, but just in case, the discussion will range over eugenics, political economy, prevailing notions of intelligence and, presumably, the conviction that Charles Murray is not at all a nice man. 1/17 at 7; 99.5 FM.

**Texaco/Metropolitan Opera Broadcast**—J. Strauss's *Die Fledermaus.* Conducted by Hermann Michael, with Anne Evans, Harolyn Blackwell, Hanna Schwarz, Stanford Olsen, Hermann Prey, Wolfgang Brendel, Gottfried Homik, and Dom DeLuise. 1/14 at 1:30. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

## Comeback
## The Original Classic Rock

**This is what you need to know about sixties and seventies soul music, the kind that KISS-FM switched to between Christmas and New Year's: Most of the songs, like "My Girl" and "Ooo Baby Baby," were written by Smokey Robinson, although a white Jewish couple from Brooklyn, Carole King and Gerry Goffin, wrote the most famous female hit, Aretha Franklin's "A Natural Woman." Otis Redding, whom you may know from "The Dock of the Bay," wrote her other trademark number, "Respect." In his 1971 hit "Ain't No Sunshine," Bill Withers chants the phrase "I know" 27 times. Count for yourself, you'll see. The guy who sings like Boyz II Men, Color Me Badd, and All-4-One—except on key—is Stevie Wonder. Michael Jackson sings with his brothers, that's Lou Rawls in an uncredited duet with Sam Cooke on "Bring It On Home to Me," and that song you thought was Whitney Houston's—"I'm Every Woman"—is the property of Chaka Khan, once Stevie Wonder's backup singer and not an enemy of Starfleet. This revival of what could have been a lost chapter in modern pop history comes to us courtesy of WRKS (98.7 FM), which has chucked its sometimes pedestrian, often forgettable modern "urban" music for something it calls "classic soul and smooth R&B." Suddenly, gems of the soul (i.e., pre-disco) era, unheard on local radio since Cousin Brucie mixed it up on the old WABC, have been given long-overdue status in the pantheon of nostalgia pop.** **ROGER D. FRIEDMAN**

## Recorded Music

**Throwing Muses *University* (Sire/Reprise)**—Two years after moving to the country, spending time with her sons, and recording the stark, revelatory account of it all, Kristin Hersh is back at the helm of Boston's Throwing Muses. Time has hardly mellowed the 28-year-old, and, as the unnerving insights on *Hips and Makers* promise, *University* is quite unsettled for all the life lessons, as well as unsettling. Songs read like abstracted journal entries of a brainy introvert with a longing heart and a self-destructive streak: Sylvia Plath meets Liz Phair. "I think I need a little poison," she sings, considering a new affair in "Bright Yellow Gun," then apologizes "I have nothing to offer but confusion" in the next. But for all the distraction and conflict in the lyrics, Hersh's strange, unmistakable voice has never been more powerful, and the band—now a power trio, minus Belly's Tanya Donnelly—manages the typically winnowing, surprising twists of her songs with more conviction than ever.

**Amos Milburn *The Complete Aladdin Recordings* (Mosaic)**—Pop biographer Nick Tosches called him the first great rock-and-roll piano man, but Amos Milburn was way more than that. This seven-CD box shows a Louis Jordan–ish cutup, a sensitive balladeer, a convincing blues wailer, and quite an expert on shelf liquor. (Aside from his classic "Bad, Bad Whiskey," there are about a dozen other drinking songs here, including the thoughtful reconsideration "Good, Good Whiskey.") Milburn was no Nat King Cole, but he could get through the jazz of his time pretty well, and his Jon Hendrix–ish stab at vocalizing Illinois Jacquet's "Flying Home" solo is pretty impressive for an avowed bar pianist. But more than anything, Milburn knew how to rock a party. These songs are a salaciously warmhearted guide through the juke joints and chicken shacks of early-fifties R&B, from a time before Fats Domino usurped the bench and made it rock and roll. (To order, call Mosaic at 203-327-7111.)

**András Schiff *Schubert Piano Sonatas, Vol. 4* (London)**—By dying at 31, Schubert hopelessly hobbled attempts to get through his piano sonatas, many of which exist only in fragments, most of which were regarded as confused Beethoven derivatives only a generation ago. Now, through, these works may have found their champion. The Hungarian András Schiff is, at this recording, roughly midway through his traversal of Schubert's complete piano sonatas, and has already rendered some of the most sensitive and colorful readings of these great, often misunderstood works to date. A somewhat reserved and deeply thoughtful pianist, Schiff still doesn't underplay the passion in this beautiful, incredibly ambitious music. Schubert was struggling like crazy to get control of this material—seemingly hearing the entire universe in a piano sonata—and it seems that Schiff, also a highly regarded Bach specialist, understands this struggle but, just as importantly, understands exactly what came out of it.

**In Print** **What is it about boxing and high art? Where Hemingway, Oates, and Mailer have found poetry in the brutality, New York photojournalist Arlene Schulman finds plainness, just-like-us-ness. Her new book, *The Prizefighters,* shows in a series of stark, lovely black-and-white portraits the gentleness of generations of men who have drawn blood for the pleasure of others. (Lyons & Burford, $27.95.)** **ALEX WILLIAMS**

## The Written Word

**January at the Poetry Project**—1/13 at 10:30: "Is There a Populist Poetry?" Poet and editor Douglas Rothschild and self-described pussy poet Janice Earlbaum join poet/musician Todd Colby for a consideration of that question. Musical stylings will be provided by Vole, the house band. 1/16 at 8: "A Celebration of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr." Readings on racism by Steve Cannon, Regie Camico, Debby Branch, Esther Iveram, and Ron Kolm. The Jemeel Moondoc Quintet, a jazz ensemble, will perform. 1/18 at 8: Actor, journalist, and poet David Mills and performance poet Julie Patton present their work. St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $6.

**"A Martin Luther King Day Gathering of Poets"**—Some leading poets gather with editor E. Ethelbert Miller on 1/16 at 8 to read from his anthology *In Search of Color Everywhere: A Collection of African-American Poetry.* Among the readers: Thulani Davis, Toi Derricotte, Cornelius Eady, Eugene B. Redmond, Primus St. John, Sonia Sanchez, and Al Young. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $8.

**Mark Doty and Elizabeth Macklin**—Richard Howard introduces the two poets, who will read from their work. Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. (431-9232), 1/17 at 7:30; $5.

**Gregor von Rezzori, Elizabeth Hardwick, Rudolph Wurlitzer, Sigrid Nunez**—The NightLight series begins its 1995 season with these novelists from several cultures reading from their work at the Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), on 1/11 at 7; $6.

**Roy Blount Jr.**—The humorist reads from his most recent book on 1/10 at 7:30. Books and Co., Madison Ave. and 74th St. (737-1450); free.

## Lectures

**Colin Thubron on *The Lost Heart of Asia***—A travelogue through the former Soviet Republics of Central Asia and the Silk Road— Termini, Bokhara, Samarkand, and the Pamir and Tien Shan mountains. A book-signing and reception follow. The Asia Society, 725 Park Ave. (517-NEWS), 1/18 at 6:30; $10.

**"Beware of All Enterprises That Require New Clothes: American Ideas About Dress"**—Richard Martin, curator of the Costume Institute at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, discusses Puritanism, restraint, and practicality in American dress and culture over the past 200 years. Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St., at Broad St. (425-1778), 1/12 at 12:30; seating is free on a first-come basis.

**"Reel Pieces: Kevin Kline"**—Dr. Annette Insdorf, professor and chair of Columbia University's film department, introduces a screening of *Dave* and discusses the movie with Kline, its star. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), 1/17 at 7:15; $16.

**"From Sweatshops to Department Stores: The Creation of New York City's Fashion Industry"**—Manhattan historian Joyce Gold has given walking tours of the city for two decades, so it's fitting that this slide-show lecture will be presented as if you're on foot. Stops on the tour include the Lower East Side, the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory, and the Ladies' Mile. Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St., at Broad St. (425-1778), 1/14 at 1; the $10 cost includes museum admission.

**"The State of the World Jewry: 1995"**—This fifteenth

Photograph: top, Andrew Kent/Retna.

annual address will be delivered on 1/18 at 8 by Malcolm Hoenlein, executive vice-chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major Jewish Organizations. Hoenlein has written and lectured extensively on international relations, Israel, and Middle East affairs. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $15.

Scene

## Rock and Roll Beauty Shop

**In Gil Gamlieli's Madison Avenue salon, a rock-and-roll chance encounter is taking place. In this corner, having her hair painted a straw blonde, David Bowie's ex-wife Angela chats away and munches on snacks. Across from her, Mariah Carey—Gamlieli's very steady customer—is getting a wash before being whisked away to the hairdresser's much-in-demand VIP room. "I don't know much about her," coos Angela Bowie, "but my daughter loves her." What brings Carey (and her husband, Sony Records CEO Tommy Mottola) to Gamlieli? The privacy helps, plus, thank heavens, everything is environmentally sound, from the hair dye to the herbal foot soak. Gamlieli, an Israeli, and his blonde Danish wife, Maibritt, also attract seventies pop divas like Stevie Nicks and Patti LaBelle (both have called for his services on the road). "When Patti LaBelle called," says Gamlieli, "I had to pick up her tape on the way over. I didn't know who she was."**

**Roger D. Friedman**

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

## Tours

**Celebrating Martin Luther King Jr. Day: Historic Harlem**—This 1/16 Big Onion walk emphasizes the history, architecture, and people of the center of black American culture. Among the stops: Strivers' Row, the original Big Apple Cafe, the Abyssinian Baptist Church, and Hamilton Heights. The tour starts at 1; the cost is $9 for adults and $7 for students and seniors. Call 439-1090 for further information and meeting place.

**TriBeCa/African Burial Ground**—On 1/16 at 12:30, architectural historian Matt Postal will first take you on a visit to the site of the African Burial Ground and then to the landmark neighborhood of TriBeCa, where you'll examine cast-iron, neo-Gothic, and Romanesque architecture. Meet at the Horace Greeley statue, east of City Hall on the Centre Street side (facing the Brooklyn Bridge). Call 439-1049 for more information; $10.

**"Elegant Carnegie Hill"**—Carnegie Hill, encompassing the area from 86th to 96th Sts., was bought by Andrew Carnegie when it was a rocky, semi-rural plot between Yorkville and Harlem. He built a 64-room mansion on the corner of 91st St. and Fifth Ave. (it's now the Cooper-Hewitt Museum); it was the first private residence in the city with a structural steel frame, an Otis passenger elevator, and central heating. In time, other impressive buildings went up nearby. On this 1/15 tour, you'll take in the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, the splendid Otto Kahn mansion, the Jewish Museum (former mansion of Felix M. Warburg), the National Academy of Design (former mansion of Archer Huntington), and the residences of Ralph Lauren and Paul Newman. For meeting place and reservations, call Adventure on a Shoestring, 265-2663. The tour meets at noon and costs $5.

Cue

**Kim France**
*Editor*

**Barbara Ensor**
*Kids*

**Michael Giltz**
*Cabaret*
*Movies*
*Theater*

**Linda Hall**
*Books*
*Classical Music*
*Dance*
*Events*
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**John Leonard**
*Television*

**Edith Newhall**
*Art*

**Chris Norris**
*Nightlife*
*Popular Music*

**"Immigrant New York"**—The neighborhoods currently known as Little Italy, Chinatown, and the Jewish East Side are the subject of this guided walk, along with visits to what used to be Little Africa and Little Ireland. Historian Seth Kamil leads this 1/18 exploration of the city's complex immigrant past; meet at 12:30 at the Horace Greeley statue, east of City Hall on the Centre St. side (facing the Brooklyn Bridge). Call 439-1049 for more information. The tour costs $10.

**The Flatiron District: Park Avenue South**—See some of the finest examples of Beaux-Arts and Art Deco design on this tour, which includes a stop at Madison Square Park, "New York City's greatest outdoor museum." Your leader is architectural historian Francis Morrone. 1/9 at 12:30; $10. Meet at the northwest corner of Park Avenue South and 23rd St. Call 439-1049 for further information.

**Sidewalks of New York**—Call 662-5300 for information on this outfit's broad range of walks getting underway this week, including the Mafia tour, the murder-sites tour, the ghosts-at-twilight tour, the Greenwich Village architectural tour, and Ye Olde Tavern tour. This month also marks the return of Sidewalks' perennial favorite, "A Tribute to Jackie." All tours are $10.

**Grand Central Terminal**—This tour is organized by the Municipal Art Society, which played a crucial role some sixteen years ago in the preservation of Grand Central. Learn about the design and hidden features of one of the nation's most important urban landmarks. Meet at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse on 1/17 at 12:30. The tour is free, but donations to the Municipal Art Society are welcomed. Groups of more than five people should make private arrangements. Call 935-3960 for more information.

## Exhibitions

**"Ladies Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"**—Beginning 1/11, shopping in the 1880s will be recreated by the Museum of the City of New York. The area bounded by Union and Madison Squares from Broadway to Sixth Ave. was the center of New York's fashion and social worlds from the late 1860s to the turn of the century. Using objects and images drawn from the museum's own collection, the exhibition brings back the clothing, accessories, and ephemera of the area's department stores, shops, restaurants, and theaters. Among the articles on display: a shirt belonging to Diamond Jim Brady, a gown worn at President Rutherford B. Hayes's inauguration, a little boy's suit from Best & Company, and combs, fans, jewelry, purses, and silver from Tiffany & Co. The museum is located on Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Hours are Wednesday through Saturday, 10 A.M. to 5; Tuesday, 10 A.M. to 2 for preregistered groups only; Sunday, 1 to 5; $5 suggested donation.

**"Judith Leiber: The Artful Handbag"**—Soon after the outbreak of World War II, Ms. Leiber decided to immigrate to the U.S. from her native Hungary (where she had met her husband, an American GI). Before she left, she was determined to acquire a skill. She learned how to make handbags at a Budapest factory; there, she says, she picked up her high standards of workmanship and her scrupulous attention to detail. In 1963, Ms. Leiber and her husband started their own business out of a small Manhattan loft. Since then, she has designed more than 3,000 exquisite bags, and today she presides over 200 employees and four floors of an office building. Pat Buckley, Anne Bass, Nancy Reagan, and Barbara Bush are among the women who have carried her creations. At the Fashion Institute of Technology's Leiber retrospective, some 300 of her handbags for day and evening are on display. Hours are Tuesday through Friday, noon to 8; Saturday, 10 A.M. to 5. Admission is free. Call 760-7642 for further information. Through 2/4. The museum at F.I.T. is located in the Shirley Goodman Resource Center on 27th Street at Seventh Ave.

**"Claire McCardell Redefining Modernism"**—Most women are deeply familiar with the dictum that plainness, if it is elegant enough, is the highest form of style. ("Nothing looks as well as a navy-blue sweater and gray flannel pants," fashion editor Polly Mellen once told Scavullo. "Nothing. I mean, *Boom!*—perfect.") Claire McCardell, designer of clean-lined, highly practical sportswear, is held responsible for the look almost every woman professes to admire. Timid austerity, however, was not really the designer's game (she did splendid backless dresses and fairly revolutionary swimsuits) and timelessness not her only goal. Her pioneering achievement was to take women seriously enough to give them an affordable wardrobe that functioned as well as any man's did. "I like comfort in the rain, in the sun," she once said. "Comfort for active sports, comfort for sitting still and looking pretty." McCardell's women did look pretty, but what impresses us today is that prettiness was an afterthought. This is your last week to see the exhibition; it's on through January 12 at Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St., near Fifth Ave. Call 229-8987 for gallery hours and further information.

## Sports

### *Basketball*

It will be Reggie Miller's first trip back to the Garden since last year's playoffs when the Knicks host Indiana on 1/10 at 8. If director Spike Lee can soften his cheap-seats diatribe, then maybe Miller won't flood the Knicks with a rain of three-pointers. The half-court tandem of the Mailman, Karl Malone, and the ever-so-nifty John Stockton goes up against the new Knicks Lite transition offense when they host Utah on 1/14 at 7:30. Coach Butch Beard should probably consider a second career as a kindergarten teacher. That naughty Kenny Anderson, nursing a bruised ego—er, shoulder—looks more and more like a sawed-off Derrick Coleman as the Nets' season drags on. When the Knicks host the Nets on 1/16 at 1, the big uglies will battle it out in the paint, turning the perimeter into a virtual free-fire zone for the lovable John Starks and his peers; the Nets will certainly be bombing too. Hey, who's that big white guy on New York's bench?

# Kids

## *Family Double Dare*

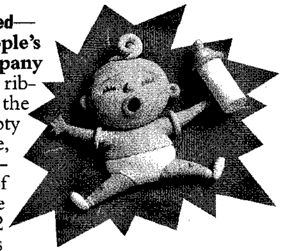
### Children's Events

**I Have a Dream**—After listening to some of Martin Luther King Jr.'s speeches, children can discuss their thoughts in the museum's Literary Center, Jan. 14 (for ages 7 and up); in the Media Center, kids can appear on closed-circuit CMOM-TV with *their* speeches, Jan. 15 (for ages 6 and up). Both events are at 11 and 2. Children from all five boroughs sing gospel, patriotic, and spiritual music with The Pride and Joy Children's Choir in a concert in Dr. King's honor on Jan. 16 at 2 and 3:15. **Children's Museum of Manhattan,** 212 West 83rd St. (721-1223). Events are free with $5 admission, free for children under 2. ●

**"The Legacy"**—A series of vignettes and allegorical images from the civil-rights struggle are performed by the Rod Rodgers Dance Company in a tribute to Martin Luther King Jr.. Jan. 14 at 2. **Museum of the City of New York,** Fifth Ave. and 103rd St. (534-1672). $8 per family. ●

**"Rubbish! She Cried"**—The Paper Bag Players premiere an inventive musical about recycling and respect for the earth, starring a corrugated-cardboard family, an electric harpsichord, and the audience itself. From Jan. 10 through March 3. For ages 4 to 10. Weekends at 2. **Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse,** 68th Street between Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448). Tickets $15.

**Portrait of the Artist as a Young Child**—Children are invited to paint or draw self-portraits with tempera paints and Magic Markers. For ages 6 and up. Jan. 14 and 15 at noon, 1, 2, and 3. **Children's Museum of the Arts,** 72 Spring St. (274-0986). $5 weekend admission plus $1 materials fee. ⊛



**Huffed and Puffed**—**The Little People's Theatre Company** presents its own ribald take on the Humpty Dumpty nursery rhyme, and a more traditional retelling of the Three Little Pigs. For ages 2 to 8. Weekends at 1:30 for Humpty Dumpty and 3 for the Three Little Pigs, through April 2. The Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (765-9540). Tickets are $8.

**Pie in the Eye**—Innocent families are plucked from the audience to run in a "Human Hamster Wheel" or pick "boogerGAK" from a giant nose in Nickelodeon's popular game shows *Family Double Dare* and *What Would You Do?* Now New York–area families can enjoy the same experience in live shows at **The Paramount** and at **Nassau Coliseum.** The Paramount, at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (465-6000). Jan. 14 at 12 and 3:30. Tickets are $12 to $25. And Jan. 15 at 1 and 4:30 at Nassau Veteran Memorial Coliseum, 1255 Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, New York (516-794-9300). Tickets are $8 to $20. ⊛

**Musical Commedia**—Children are greeted in the lobby of **Avery Fisher Hall** by a "Promenade" of musicians playing brass instruments, and a classic Punch-and-Judy Show at the season's third Young People's Concert. In the concert itself Leonard Slatkin conducts Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and Bolcom's "Commedia." For children ages 6 to 12. Tickets are on sale for Jan. 21: Promenade at 1, Concert at 2. 10 Lincoln Center Plaza (875-5700). Tickets are $6 to $20. ⊛

**Jazzy Improvisation**—Wynton Marsalis, host of a three-part "Jazz for Young People" series, considers "What Is Improvisation?" For ages 8 and up. Jan. 14, at 11 and 1. Alice Tully Hall, **Lincoln Center,** corner of 65th St. and Broadway (875-5050). $8 for children, $12 for adults. ⊛

**Ground Rules:**

● = free

⊛ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

## In Print
## Barbie Bashing

New Moon
The Magazine For Girls and Their Dreams

**"Makeup, boys, and fashion *are* important to our readers," says Nancy Gruver, "but they represent maybe three degrees out of the full 360." Her magazine, *New Moon,* launched a year and a half ago, aims to focus on the other 357 degrees in an 8- to 14-year-old girl's life. In the current issue, for instance, 13-year-old Kelly Hill writes about co-founding a national support group for kids who, like her, have a parent fighting cancer; the idea of lowering the voting age to 12 is kicked around; and readers are encouraged to write in with concerns they'd like raised at the upcoming United Nations Women's Conference in Beijing.**

**Co-publishers Gruver and her husband, Joe Kelly, started the magazine because they were worried about the effects on their twin daughters of a culture that according to Kelly "still tells girls it's more important to be nice than honest" as they approach adolescence. Though circulation is still tiny—about 21,000—the magazine has gotten its share of attention: Last year, *New Moon* received the *Utne Reader*'s prestigious Alternative Press Award. Like *Ms., New Moon* doesn't accept advertising, and its occasionally dogmatic feminist slant can be irritating. But in a world where preteens take behavioral cues from Aerosmith videos, it's a nice counterbalance. Subscriptions to either *New Moon* or *New Moon Parenting* are $25 a year. A subscription to both is $45. Contact *New Moon,* P.O. Box 3620, Duluth, MN 55803-3620 (218-728-5507).**

**BARBARA ENSOR**

## Solutions to last week's puzzles

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**Handsome, Athletic Professional**—39, 5'9", adventurous, witty, into fine dining and Letterman, seeks spirited and warm soul mate. Note/phone appreciated. 4678✉

**Peter Pan Seeks Soul Mate**—Very successful businessman, 42, in great shape, works hard and plays harder, looking for fireworks with that special someone. You should be a 25-35-year-old, great looking, athletic, in great shape, thin, adventurous, non-cigarette-smoking woman who likes fine dining, warm-weather vacations, alternative rock music and partying with friends. I know you're out there! Take a chance. You won't be disappointed. Photo/note appreciated. 4673 ✉

**Artist, Teacher, 31**—Strong, nurturing man, eyes dependable blue, seeks smart, unusual woman with nice legs. 4763 ✉ ☎

**Former Model, 29**—Seeks nice man over 60 for courtship and marriage. I am Southern born, sincere, understanding. You should be monogamous, respectable, *and value companionship of a beautiful* woman. Please respond with ten reasons why you feel you are the most lovable man in the world. 4635 ✉

**My Cat Died**—Last week. He weighed 23 lbs, slept on my bed and was xenophobic. You see the problem. So, if you're male, pushing 60 or past, smart, *fit, funny and dislike Bob Dole intensely,* write. Soon. I could start browsing at Save-A-Stray any second! 4732 ✉

**Statuesque, Svelte And Striking**—Sensitive, smart, brown-eyed journalist, New Yorker through and through, 40, who loves Central Park, the Yankees, running, musicals and politics (not Newt Gingrich), *seeks sharp, athletic, funny guy* to share Italian food, good times and romance. Note/photo, please. 4724 ✉

**Skiing, Sailing And Writing**—Are just a few of our many passions. Rising Jewish star seeks to share his love for life with one special lady, under 30, forever. This handsome, athletic, intelligent man, 5'10", *170 lbs, is into fine food, close dancing,* foreign travel and hearing from you. Note/phone/photo, please. 4668 ✉

**Where Were You?**—Very attractive, tall Jewish female, nonsmoking, young 50s - looks 40, just came back from great vacation of dancing, dining, lots of fun. If you are a Jewish professional male, nonsmoker, over 6', between 45 and 60, who enjoys traveling, romance, conversation, humor and cuddling - perhaps Valentine's Day will be a special time. Recent photo and note. 4693 ✉

**For The Selective Man Only**—Rumor has it that there is an emotionally "together" woman who would love to meet you, have lots of fun, and develop an intimate relationship on all levels, culminating in a loving marriage. "They say" that she is in her early 40s ("You're joking! I definitely thought you were much younger!"), Caucasian, green-eyed head-turner, has great smile, Manhattanite, nonsmoker, 5'5", slender/curvaceous via dieting and exercise (ugh!), very affectionate/passionate, free/expressive with feelings, enjoys making others laugh and can laugh at herself, no dependents, looks at glass half full, tries to live by golden rule, ambitious yet tender/compassionate/empathetic, charitable, exudes warmth and self-confidence but has vulnerable side, appreciative, honest with sensitivity, introspective/perceptive and alumnus of psychotherapy, hardworking owner of physician recruitment firm (entrepreneur or masochist?), good listener/communicator, eclectic interests, flexible attitude, loves kids/animals, loving, outgoing, open, bright, articulate...but not after 2 1/2 Pina Coladas, and has a great deal to give and share. Additional positive qualities intentionally omitted due to cost factor of ad. She comes with a 30-day money-back guarantee and will provide references upon request. References from family/*relatives don't count. If you are serious* about getting serious, can truly appreciate and respond to such a woman, and share many of the same qualities/values, then she strongly encourages you to do your own research regarding these rumors. She looks forward to hearing from you and ...note/phone/photo please. 4697 ✉ ☎

**Lives Life With Passion!**—An accomplished, cultured, well-known Ivy surgeon, an incurably romantic, really nice guy, tall, fun, 37, seeks loving all-*American beauty under 36, for hugs,* kisses, family. Reply requires photo. 4753✉

**Lawyer/Executive**—60, Upper East Side, well-educated, 6', 215 lbs, well-dressed. Seeks young, educated lady, 30-40, 5'6" or taller, with vitality. If you have never had an older boyfriend, you might be missing something. Photo/letter. 4685 ✉

**Heaven Sent**—If you're 45 plus, successful professional, very attractive, cultured, loving, spiritual, romantic, *athletic (tennis anyone?), gourmet, music* lover, with good sense of humor...and seek your female counterpart for a lifelong, monogamous partnership, be an angel and respond! Note/photo/phone. 4630 ✉

**Good Man**—50s, tall, slim, attractive, demonstrative, interesting, music and opera lover, good dancer and tennis player. Seeks younger woman who is tall, slim, pretty, educated and non-liberal - for sharing and caring. Photo. 4720 ✉

**Intelligent, Educated Asian-American**—Born in the USA, desired by unpretentious, intelligent, educated white male, 36. 4380 ✉

**Traveler's Advisory**—Be prepared for winter with full-bodied, red-haired Jewish beauty, whose inner and outer glow will keep you safe from frostbite. Wit, wisdom, integrity and a dazzling, sunny smile are *guaranteed to keep a creative, youthful,* sensational, 38-55-year-old male cozy and warm. Photo please. 4761 ✉ ☎

**Party Of The First Part**—Seeks serious relationship with exceptionally attractive, warm and intelligent woman. Me: corporate attorney, 36/5'9"/Jewish - been described as very good-looking, sexy, *adorable, athletic, humorous, adventurous,* generous, sensitive, intensely passionate and incurably romantic. You: approximately 28 to 36, over 5'2", very pretty, smallish frame, thin/svelte and look great in a bikini, jeans and sweats, educated, articulate, refined, loving, self-confident yet demure, not religiously observant, unafraid of commitment, and a moderate "princess" with substantive values, who, like me, is astonished that one with your appearance, personality, presence and character has considered classified ads. If you're looking for potential soul mate and wish to savor four-star dining, front-row Broadway and season sports subscriptions, weekend getaways, tennis, cycling, danc*ing, powerful intimacy, golden sunsets and* platinum moons, please submit your best bid. Note/phone/photo essential. 4698 ✉

**Very Beautiful Woman**—5'6", slim, with long black hair and heart of gold, seeks handsome, fit, romantic, tenderhearted, fun male professional, 5'10" plus (35-45). No reply without photo. 4696 ✉

**Handsome, Romantic**—Attorney, athletic, 6'1", 40s, (com)passionate, witty, sincere, wonderful man with diverse interests. Seeks warm, fit, pretty professional woman to share life's journey. Nonsmoker. Note/photo, please. 4723 ✉

**Finally**—Someone on your wavelength. 42-year-old woman from Hong Kong, with substance, seeks friend. 4690 ✉

**Daddy Says**—Before I inherit the 9.5 million, I have to marry the perfect man, 30-40. Letter/photo please. 4686 ✉

## SEND

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**Marriage Yes, Babies No**—Stepchildren fine. Petite, sexy educator, late 30s, seeks tall, mature man, preferably 40s, for romance. Write to me. 4780 ✉

**Compassionate, Single Jewish Male**—51 - highly successful professional *with traditional values - a mensch with* great humor, empathetic, sensitive, shy and selective. LI/Queens only. Note and photo essential. 4752 ✉

**Single (212) Lady, Wasp**—Seeks gent, 45 plus, with generosity of spirit, olde world charm, warm, affectionate personality, to share opera, theater, art, weekend getaways. Note/photo/phone. 4709 ✉

**Open A Scintillating Package**—For the New Year. Outside: very attractive, 5'8", single, white Jewish female with long chestnut hair, long legs and lots of curves. Inside: warm, witty, vibrant, with traditional values. Seeks equally attractive package of a tall, very successful, charismatic, well-educated, well-dressed and, of course, thoughtful and sincere Jewish gentleman, 33-40, for mutual package unwrapping and a lifetime of *love and happiness. Could this be you?* Note/ photo/phone. 4680 ✉

**Rich Old Mensch**—Seeks spicy young wench. 4670 ✉

**City Smart/Country Heart**—Handsome, creative artist, 44, fit, works at home in rural upstate, plays music, bicycles, x-country skis, gardens, seeks 30-40, single female with similar interests and desire to share beautiful country life. Exchange photo. 4734 ✉

**Seeking Soul Mate**—Pretty, slender, vivacious, accomplished, divorced, Jewish professional woman, 52, with passion for writing, seeks psychologically minded, optimistic, compassionate mensch to cherish forever. Note/photo 4750 ✉ ☎

**Gay Woman**—Very attractive, humble yet exceptional inside and out. You: as above, 35-45, *refined and affectionate.* 4770 ✉ ☎

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**All-Natural Ingredients**—Very attractive, slender, long auburn hair, hazel eyes, 34, artistic, PhD, soulful Jewish woman (and mother) seeking unpretentious, attractive man of substance, strong values and character, offbeat insights and an intuitive spirit, for a playful, compassionate and committed relationship, forever. Kindly send note and photo. 4719 ✉

**Ah Joy**—Tall, healthy, refined, retired Jewish man, 58, highly desires tall, healthy, kind, gentle lady, 32-52, to share life's joys, etc. Photo/note. 4699 ✉

**New Jersey Only**—Widow, 60ish, seeks mensch for Chapter Two. 4757 ✉

**Sparks Can Fly!**—You: 40-55 man - romantic, witty, sensitive, smart, with passion for life, manifest in pride of mind and body, love of NYC, urge to explore and desire to share all with mid-40s, sensual, dynamic, fun-loving, in-shape woman. Let's make sparks. Note/photo/ phone please. 4625 ✉

**Upbeat, Caring Professional**—Jewish woman, 55, loves dancing and dining, enjoys good conversation about the arts, books, movies and life. Seeking compatible Jewish man with intelligence, humor and warmth. 4755 ✉

**Ad Nauseum**—Sick of false claims?! Then, by tonight you're answering this. Figure three days in the mail - it hits me like a ton of bricks. See you in six days! Oh yeah - cute, stable Jewish male medical professional, 35, good-natured, blond/ blue, with thin, athletic build. Seeks pretty, petite Jewish lady to end my ad-writing career. 4745 ✉

**Very Handsome Professional**—European male, 30s, single, tall, athletic, intelligent and fun - a tease in boat shoes or black tie - seeking very attractive, leggy woman who lives life with style. Sound like you? Note/photo. 4476 ✉

**Passionate, Green-Eyed Lady**—Very pretty, very smart, petite Jewish executive, with spirit and charm. Loves travel, the arts, tennis. Seeks kind, well-educated, successful, easygoing Jewish man, 34-45, with intellect and wit, for cuddling, caring and commitment. 4741 ✉ ☎

**Ms. Right, Where Are You?**—I love good movies, great books, rock 'n' roll, liberals, rebels, romantics, Nantucket, NYC and smart women. I'm 32, 5'11", Jewish, smart and attractive. 4756 ✉

**Man, 42**—In south Westchester, near CT, Italian heritage, enjoys tennis, fine dining. Seeks woman, 21-53, with sense of humor, for fun in the new year. 4772 ✉

**Woof!**—2-year-old maltese-terrier using allowance to find easygoing, loving, active, successful man (58 plus) with sense of humor - for Mistress who's petite, shapely, adventurous, funny, artistic and a helluva cook. Photo, please. 4716 ✉

**Robust, Vital, Warm, Funny**—Introspective, fit, multinational senior exec, mid 40s, 5'7", who loves kids, horses, snow, old forests - seeks cosmopolitan, earthy, high-positive-energy, curvaceous, simpatica woman, 35-42, who has resolved her control drama (I mean it!), for love, companionship, travel...and keeps. Note/phone/recent photo. 4701 ✉

**Upper West Side Story**—Easygoing, funny, very fit and handsome Manhattan male, 33, seeking bright, warm, playful Jewish woman with great smile, wide-ranging curiosity, similar sensibilities. I enjoy Central Park, all kinds of theater and movies, piano bars, sports, bookstores and museums. Photo please. 4708 ✉

**Simply Seeking**—Shapely, sexy woman of charm, wit, maturity, 25-40. Goal-oriented. I am attractive, slim, intelligent, 5'7", 40ish - look 30. You should enjoy sports, music, theater, life. Be subtle, with more to offer than meets the eye. Note/photo. 4715 ✉

**Free Juice or Drink**—Fun, fit swimmer, 45, with resting pulse as if 35, seeks lively player for prelude to a date. Smart, feminine, artistic - or any two okay. Integrity helps; good posture counts. Slim - and photo please. Prefers: low-fat, never deep-fried; Letterman; small films; blue skies, wood floors. Handsome with job, tall with comfortable West Side living. World-traveled for work but wishes it was with you. Writes, laughs, listens; tends to analyze. Still brakes for small animals. 4674 ✉

**Exquisite Black Man**—36, 5'8", athletic, successful, Upper East Side resident with great sense of humor - seeks interracial relationship with attractive, healthy, nonsmoking female, late 20s-early 30s, for enduring romance. 4705 ✉

**Divorced Jewish Woman**—Attractive, trim, 5'4", seeking well-established, divorced or widower, retired gentleman for meaningful relationship. Letter. 4679 ✉

**Warm And Sexy, With A Great Smile**—Intelligent, lovely to look at, slim, successful Manhattan businesswoman. Interests include travel, hiking (with occasional roughing it), theater and opera. Seeks 45-55-year-old, warm, genuinely nice, good-looking, aggressive, financially secure and intelligent male for romance, adventure and maybe more. Photo. 4735 ✉

**Change Of Pace**—This single Jewish male, 5'8", 38, PhD, who no longer jumps at setups or thrills at the bar scene, seeks professional woman who has verve and style. Note/photo/phone. 4669 ✉

**I Love Your Smile**—And your generous heart, intelligence, humor and class. You're a man of passion and love of life. I'm a Jewish, successful beauty in her mid 30s, smitten by your charm and easy style. My warmth, adventurous, independent spirit and funny, fun-loving nature speak volumes and send you spinning. Bubble baths, sailing, traveling, fine dining, museums are ours to share. Let's be partners, best friends and long-lasting loves. Marriage-minded - yes! Please send note/ photo/phone. 4667 ✉

**I'm Looking For**—Kind, intelligent, warm man who wants a slim, attractive, Jewish-but-not-religious, 48 (looks younger), Manhattan woman who enjoys art, movies, theater, exercise, romance and much more. 4671 ✉

**Beautiful Psychologist**—Sleek, chic, 52, classy, former model - seeks romantic, successful male friend, 52-70. 4767 ✉ ☎

**Handsome, Athletic Jewish Man**—29, seeks Jewish female, 24-30, slim, fit, intelligent, attractive, sincere and outgoing, who desires a serious, monogamous relationship filled with romance and fun. Nonsmokers only! Note/photo. 4760 ✉

**Lovable Guy, 47**—Enjoys career, art, music, cinema, cooking, humor...as much as making life dynamic. Seeks upbeat woman for relationship. Respond in most comfortable way to: 4718 ✉ ☎

**My Mother Says**—I should learn to cook. Beautiful, slim, white professional female, 32, seeks a well-grounded man with a big heart, old soul and great sense of humor, to try out my recipes (I'll supply the Tums). If dinner turns out to be a disaster, how about theater, sporting events or a romantic walk? Note/photo. 4729 ✉ ☎

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**Pretty, Unpretentious**—Divorced white female, 32, size 8, enjoys being domestic and career - seeks intelligent, funny, emotionally secure male to 40, who enjoys blues/rock, country life, antiques, animals and family. Photo appreciated. 4633 ✉

**Seeking Special Guy**—Pretty, Rubenesque, Italian-American, single white female, 36, professional and engaging, seeks same in nonsmoking man for the big "C" - commitment. 4629 ✉

**Male, 30, Jewish**—Professional, good-looking, seeks intelligent, funny, attractive female, 26-32. Note/phone. 4740 ✉

**Going My Way?**—This 6', 37-year-old Jewish male executive with a great singing style and sense of humor, is seeking a single female to share the next 80 years or so together. 4682 ✉ ☎

**Couple Up?**—Attractive, shapely, full-figured blond, 48, financially secure, seeks man, 44-60, for relationship. 4769 ✉ ☎

**Bright, Attractive Jewish Male**—41, 5'11", 185. I'm a successful professional who is ready to work hard in a serious (and fun!) relationship with a warm-hearted, introspective, bright, attractive Jewish woman who shares a desire for marriage and children. I enjoy movies, long walks, talking, music, food, biking and tennis, and can charm both senior citizens and kids alike! Work is also important but I know a balanced life with family and friends can be so much richer. Photo, note. 4796 ✉

**Elegant, Sophisticated English Lady**—26, 5'7", seeks NYC Jewish prince who should be dark and cuddly, for lasting friendship - to restore my faith in Mankind. 4570 ✉

**Kind Jewish Soul**—35, NJ, seeks her mate for love and family. 4774 ✉

**Good-Looking, Athletic Jewish Male**—Bisexual, 37, 6', 180, looking for Jewish woman with good values - for relationship and having child(ren) with. Will share responsibilities and provide emotional and financial support. 4778 ✉ ☎

**Accomplished Gay Man**—With health, heart and vision, wants to move on with the right guy. 4765 ✉

**Fun-Loving, Easygoing**—Intelligent, successful, sweet, creative, outgoing, very attractive blond, late 40s, Jewish, looking for man to share life's pleasures. Nonsmoker. Photo please. 4744 ✉ ☎

**Make Me Laugh...**—Single Jewish female, 33, who enjoys sports, travel, etc., seeks male with great sense of humor, who is sincere, serious, educated, easygoing, and feels one is never too old to learn barre chords. Take a chance. 4736 ✉ ☎

**Sailing**—Experienced or serious desire to learn and enjoy each other (hopefully to love) on my 39' sloop. 62-young captain (looks 50s), 6', 160 lbs, desires 40-50, tall, attractive mate to enjoy lasting relationship on sea and land. Photo. 4739 ✉

**Starting Over At 49**—Successful female business owner, widowed, seeks professional Jewish male, 50 plus, to share life's 3 T's: tennis, theater, travel (yet still enjoys cooking). Son and daughter on their own. No desire to remarry, 5'4", 110 lbs. Looking for a soul mate to have fun... Drop me a note - you might be pleasantly surprised! 4694 ✉

**Jewish Female Physician**—Looking for a wonderful man. Phone/photo. 4751 ✉

**Very Successful New York Woman**—Of Italian heritage - beautiful, warm, accepting, in mid 40s, financially and emotionally independent, seeks high-powered, very successful, very independent European or American man, 45-55, for serious relationship. Free to travel (business owner), opera patron (can go alone). Looks not important... Intellect and character are. Please send note. 4707 ✉

**This Warm, Good-Looking**—Romantic Jewish male, mid 50s, seeks a sensitive, intelligent, attractive, stylish Jewish female, 45-55, to share love and a lasting relationship. This guy likes sports, movies, travel, good restaurants, walks on the beach, and is able to love and give. I am ready. Note and photo a must. 4574 ✉

**Wanted:**—Partner in crime/companion on the great adventure. Dark, curvy single woman writer, 34, with loyal heart, sharp wit, high spirits. I want a smart, handsome, broadminded single/divorced man who likes books, exotic travel, his friends, his job - and wants to like me - for a long time. Kids okay. 4692 ✉

**Are You A Mensch?...**—Tall, very attractive, gym-trim, fun, sophisticated Jewish female, 27, seeking serious relationship with tall (6' or over), successful, 26-38-year-old, athletic man for love and laughter. Photo preferred. 4702 ✉

**Boyfriend**—That's all! Jewish, 34, thin, pretty. Photo for response. 4738 ✉

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# Strictly Personals

**Sparkling Green Eyes**—And warm smile, 5'8", 37, blond, successful professional - warm and outgoing, with a great sense of humor - seeks attractive, tall nonsmoker, emotionally mature professional male, who has an ability to laugh, enjoys Central Park, and is interested in friendship leading to love and commitment. Note/photo requested. 4766 ✉

**Recipe For Romance**—Jewish male, innocence still intact, 6', trim, handsome, sensitive, successful professional, Ivy grad, seeks female, 25-34, beautiful inside and out, to share long soulful talks, tenderness, adventurous days and warm nights to fill a lifetime. Note/photo. 4717 ✉ ☎

**Very Attractive, Very Sexy**—Professional and classy, 38-year-old, 5'3", 110 lb, Jewish, white woman is looking to meet a very attractive, very sexy, professional and classy, 36-43-year-old man who is passionate about his work, his life and his love. Note/photo, please. 4722 ✉

**All The World's A Stage**—Share it with me - attractive, single Jewish male, 28, actor/producer, enjoys theater, sports, rock music. Seeks attractive, single white female (Jewish preferred), 25-30, 5'4" plus. Must have sense of humor and honesty. No smokers. Note/photo. 4677 ✉

**Outstanding Opportunity**—Extremely attractive, 5'6", slim, 34, MBA, athletic, successful, with great personality, Catholic (you needn't be). Looking for extraordinary man possessing similar qualities. Must be tall and very appealing, inside and out. Note/photo a must. 4749 ✉

**Gentle, Intelligent Male**—Seeks an intelligent woman for a relationship based on equality, intimacy and sharing. I'm 39, 5'8", 140, brown hair, green eyes, engineering supervisor with major (914) company. I enjoy hiking, NYC culture, exercise. Nonreligious Christian but open. Please be reasonably slim and nonsmoking. 4748 ✉

**Beautiful, Warm, Spirited**—31-year-old, successful professional - attractive, bright, bubbly, Rubenesque blond, Catholic. Loves theater, travel, intelligent conversation or a good cuddle. Seeking self-confident male professional, 30-50, good-looking and active, who lives life to the full. Note/photo. 4704 ✉ ☎

**Spontaneous**—I am sexy, pretty and fit, 30 plus - just a bit. I am sharp, down-to-earth and fun. You are in jeans and suits, confident yet humble, passionate and ready for me... Send photo. 4764 ✉

**Very Nice Guy**—Tall, 44, Catholic professional who enjoys museums, historical sights, bicycle vacations and tennis - seeks 30s woman of similar background and interests, caring, positive outlook and sense of humor. Note/phone/photo. 4710 ✉ ☎

**Gay Executive**—37, 6', handsome, very fit, seeks healthy, successful, fit nonsmoker, 35-44, with masculine good looks, intelligence, maturity and a sincere desire for a life partner in NY. Letter and photo essential. 4711 ✉

**Can Lightning Strike Twice?**—Are you a classy, once-married, preferably petite woman with an optimistic outlook on life? Would you like to meet this sincere, kind Jewish professional, in his mid 60s, who had a long, happy marriage? 4728 ✉

**Hot Tubs Plus**—Male TV exec, 38, 6', 185, cute, seeks female goddess to spoil and share estate in NY. Photo. 4726 ✉

**Sean Connery Looks**—Tall, slim, elegant, affluent, cultured, doctor of psychotherapy, seeks pretty, slender, sensuous, stylish, classy woman under 52, for the best in life. Photo. 4768 ✉

**Woman Sought**—A nonrandom list of adjectives: smart, slender, with sense of style, internal grace; centered but not introverted, lover of arts and/or sciences. The seeker - 39-year-old man, very bright, unusual, world-traveled, good-looking. Respond with note and photo. 4754 ✉

**Handsome, Successful Jewish Lawyer**—43, divorced, no kids, 6'1", 195 lbs, muscular, athletic, intense, passionate. Seeks special Jewish lady, 30-37, spirited, accomplished, affectionate, to share love and forever. Photo for reply. 4776 ✉

**Woman Of Distinction**—Elegant, financially secure widow, ex-model (40 plus), seeks handsome, passionate companion (25-35) who knows how to treat a lady. You are charming, attentive and aspire to the finer things in life - romantic dinners, good theater, traveling in style. If you can make my heart sing and my pulse pound, this fairy-tale romance could have a happy ending. Photo/note a must. 4691 ✉

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**Petite, Slim, Blond Beauty**—NYC, high energy, Wasp-French psychologist of 38, who loves mountains, running, biking, skiing and the arts, seeks cute, kind, smart, successful, fit and fun man, 37-46, to share love and life. 4771 ✉ ☎

**Tall, Handsome, Athletic**—Irish attorney, 43, seeks girlfriend. Photo. POB 022352, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0050

**Always Exciting**—I'm an attractive professional woman, 25, slim with dark hair, who is never at a loss for words. Looking for the same in a guy! 4790 ✉ ☎

**Quality Man**—Handsome, 58,, 5'8", slender, athletic, loving, seeks his match, (914). Note/phone/recent photo. 4737 ✉

**Where Or When**—Late 30s, very attractive, stylish, slender, ultra-feminine, selective, incredibly giving and caring. I need: 50-early 60s, very successful, dynamic, kindhearted white gentleman, who's truly longing for his special someone who will adore him to the bitter end. CT/NY. 4687 ✉ ☎

**Professional, Divorced**—White Jewish female, nonreligious, 37, seeking serious companionship and possible long term relationship. Looks less important than sincerity! Some romance in my life is all that's lacking - fill the gap! 4773 ✉

**Our Mom's A Catch**—But doesn't realize it. She's a fun, professional, good-looking, active and urbane widow, Jewish, NJ, 50s - and a great cook too! Surprise her with your note and photo. 4731 ✉

**Brilliant, Passionate Woman**—Seeks lover who can match her intellect and intensity. 4703 ✉ ☎

**Handsome Jewish Man**—41, with black hair, green eyes, funny, sensitive, seeks fit Jewish woman, 30-37, with sense of humor. Photo. 4727 ✉ ☎

**Simply Special**—Tall, pretty blond Jewish female, classy, warm and natural, young 40s, seeks that special man with a zest for travel, Manhattan culture, tennis, country weekends and sparkling conversation. 4706 ✉ ☎

**Marriage-Minded White Male**—30, seeks attractive female. Race unimportant. Note/photo. POB 20514, NY, NY 10021

**Adorable, Amorous, Adventurous**—Professional gal seeks fun-loving Jewish guy, 44-51, to share in the mundane and sublime. Note/photo/phone. 4672 ✉ ☎

**Good-Looking, Sensual, Curvaceous**—Slim, petite Jewish female baby-boomer. Enjoys Motown, theater, travel, late-night talks in front of fireplace when it snows. Desires nice-looking, communicative, fun-loving and funny, successful man. 4721 ✉

**Warm, Decent Male**—With diverse interests, good sense of humor, Jewish, 47, positive but real, seeks romantic commitment with professional, very pretty/slender female, 37-47. 4743 ✉

**Grace Kelly Type**—30, 5'8", European born, Christian professional, intelligent, beautiful, vivacious, family-oriented, with multiple interests, seeks her prince - fun-loving, successful, to share all that life has to offer. Note/phone/photo. 4733 ✉

**Ordinary Man, Extraordinary Dreams**—White male, 45, attractive professional, seeks sincere, commitment-minded female to share life's simple pleasures...forever and ever. 4746 ✉

**Reliable**—Handsome, wry. Down-to-earth, Ivy, in the arts, (212), young, fit, 49, 5'11", reflective, kind, informal. Loves books, nature, music, good talk. Seeks warm, bright, gentle Manhattan woman, 30s-40s, with depth of spirit, matching good looks and heart, for just the very real thing. Hugs too. Recent photo/note of substance (no form letters) please. 2663 ✉

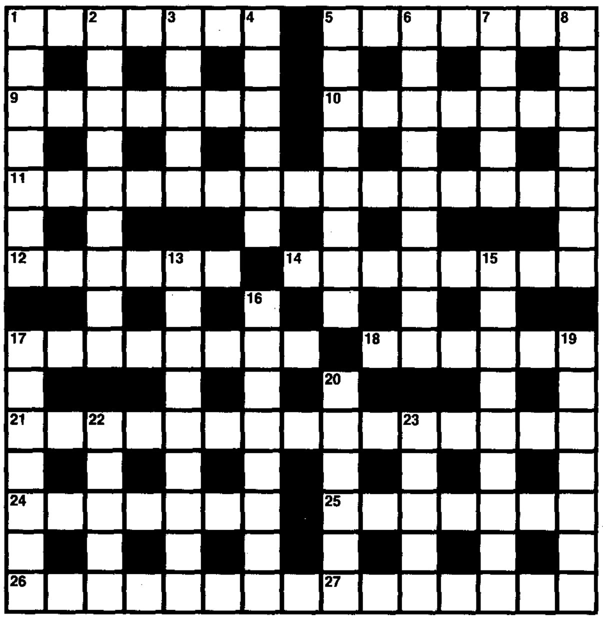
**Hi**—I'm 5'7", thick dark hair, large blue eyes. I love music, theater, travel, people and family. Seek man, 37 up, for deep connection. Your sensitivity is what really counts. 4777 ✉ ☎

**Accomplished Professional**—European, handsome,romantic, young 45 - wants to capture the heart of a special, white Latin lady, under 37. Photo. 4689 ✉

# 'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

**ACROSS**

**1** Explosive reactions to the committee findings? (7)
**5** Predict the dock closure. (7)
**9** Rescue fifty in barbaric surroundings. (7)
**10** He doesn't believe in rearranging the field. (7)
**11** Let the hunters know the way to the quarry? (4, 3, 4, 4)
**12** Sudden, fierce spasm of wind making the baby cry. (6)
**14** Repaired damaged reredos in time. (8)
**17** Possibly relating to the whole. (8)
**18** Fuss about evil but attractive god. (6)
**21** Move near an impartial legislator. (15)
**24** But does he really swear so much? (7)
**25** Work convict rejected, in galley. (7)
**26** Literary family seen to pose with aplomb. (7)
**27** Boy may lead, though meaning to do just the opposite. (7)



**DOWN**

**1** Refuses to continue with discordant singers. (7)
**2** One way to clear the bar—perch over the cellar. (4-5)
**3** About turn—jump to it! (5)
**4** Thankless task, having to dam river with one metal pin. (6)
**5** Certain animals much respected in church. (8)
**6** Narcissus did—and was! (9)
**7** Complete love with women present. (5)
**8** Deferred to amateur caught in the act. (7)
**13** Alpine gap twisted up to tip. (9)
**15** Tear up the article a very long time after the performance. (9)
**16** Doctor and artist dance round the castle. (8)
**17** Goad makes me sit up! (7)
**19** Man cut off here, for privacy? (7)
**20** Puzzling orchestral variations. (6)
**22** Resting-place for sins. (5)
**23** Distribute to all concerned. (5)

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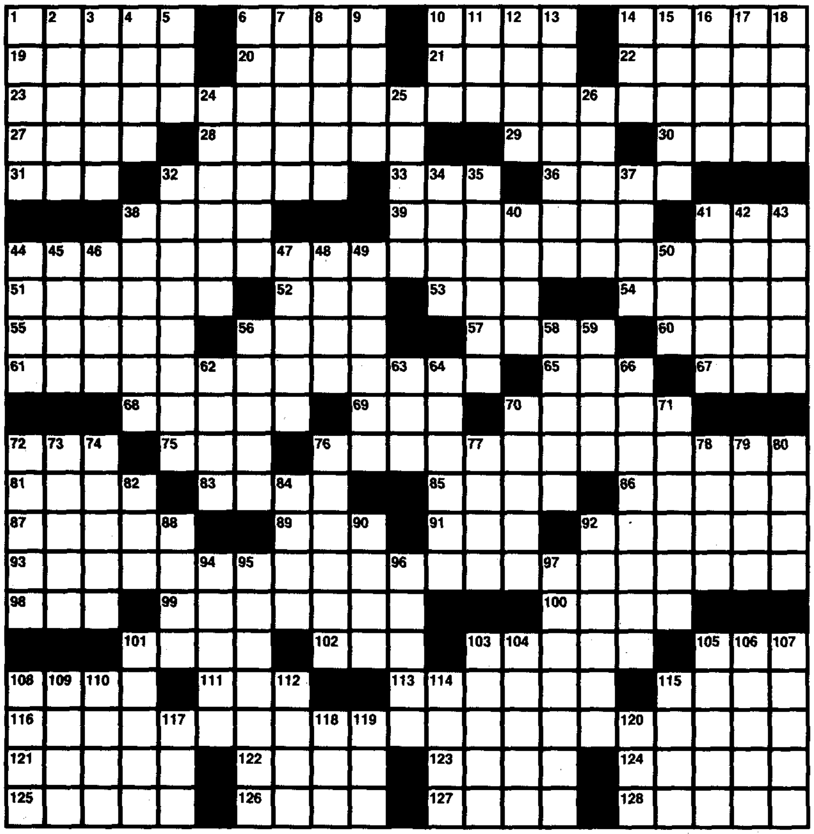
# 'Horse Interview': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

**ACROSS**

**1** Mondale's nickname
**6** Certain missiles, for short
**10** Cabbage salad
**14** Kind of rarebit
**19** Spokes
**20** Defendant's say
**21** Effortlessness
**22** Child in "Jane Eyre"
**23** How do you avoid trespassers?
**27** Optician's item
**28** Fanatical fads
**29** Purity watchdog agcy.
**30** Understanding comment
**31** WW II beachhead vessel
**32** Approximately
**33** Sun Yat- ——
**36** Art Deco designer
**38** Top-notch
**39** If all is perfect
**41** Bar bill
**44** How do you keep abreast of the news?
**51** Combos of nine
**52** Dauphin's père
**53** Physics unit
**54** Nostalgic tune
**55** —— de menthe
**56** "Love —— Leave Me"
**57** Jezebel's deity
**60** Tibetan oxen
**61** What is your favorite holiday?
**65** Spelldown
**67** British rock group
**68** Mete out
**69** Dernier —— (latest fashion)
**70** Has on
**72** "Wheels"
**75** Above: poetic
**76** What is your favorite book?
**81** Chez Eve
**83** "La Plume —— Tante"
**85** Afternoon socials
**86** String-quartet instrument
**87** River landing
**89** Altar reply
**91** Word with wit or pick
**92** Loses freshness
**93** How do you discipline your children?
**98** Took in calories
**99** In name only
**100** Major conflicts
**101** H. H. Munro's pseudonym
**102** African antelope
**103** Duel mementos
**105** Sauce with sushi
**108** Not windward
**111** Suffix for dent or vent
**113** Break free
**115** Deputy
**116** What ailment afflicts a female horse?
**121** "I Left My Heart —— Francisco"
**122** Pinball mishap
**123** Up-front bet
**124** Coat with silver
**125** Campus bigwigs
**126** Elongated fish
**127** Garden undesirable
**128** Heavyweight Mike

**DOWN**

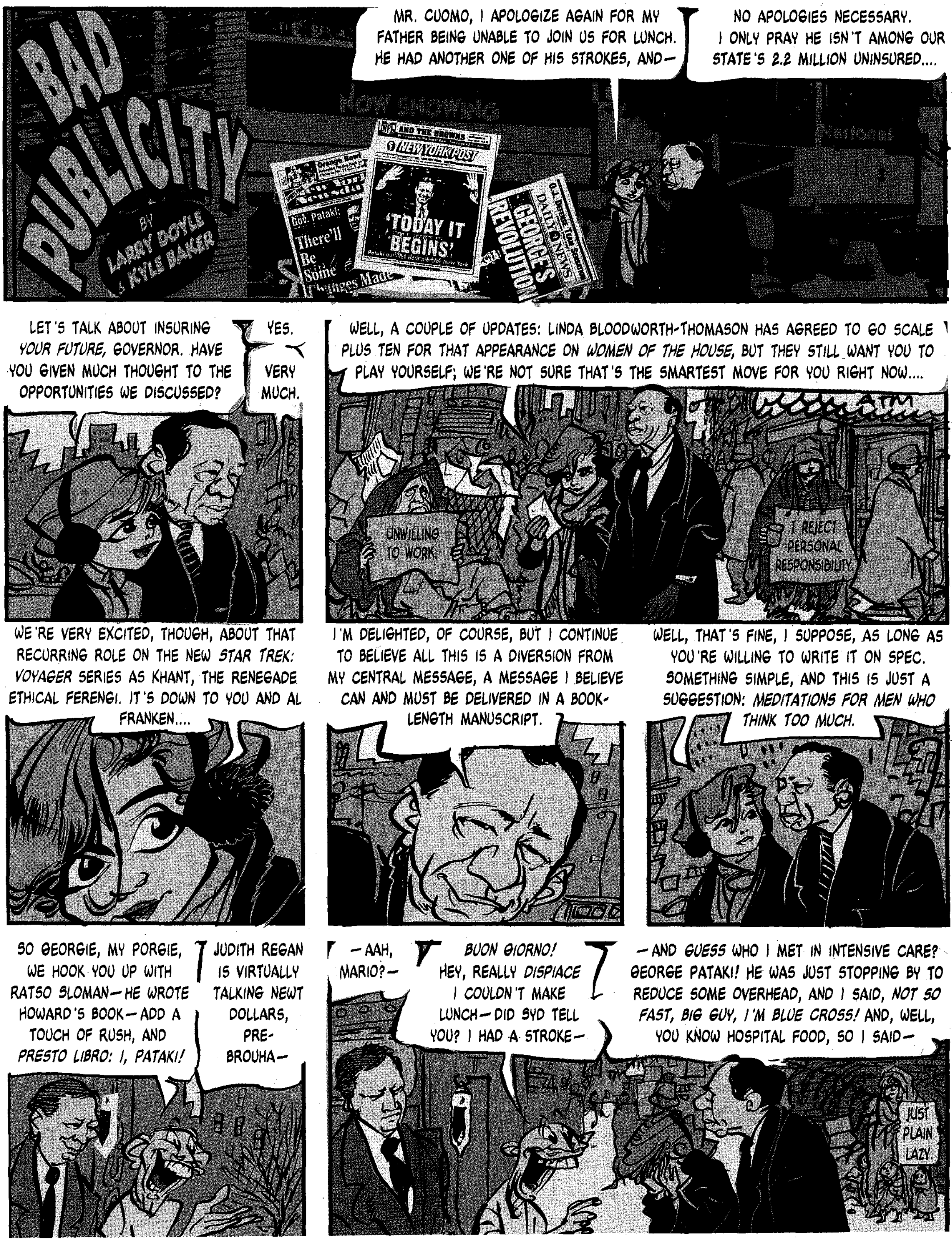
**1** Decorative ruffle
**2** Scratches the soil
**3** Name bracelet, familiarly
**4** Equal scores
**5** P.O. code
**6** Clothing
**7** Chamonix's Mont
**8** Radio, TV, etc.
**9** Actress Thompson
**10** Dry, as wine
**11** "Mighty —— a Rose"
**12** Dating from
**13** Willkie of '40s politics
**14** "The —— We Were"
**15** Liz's fourth
**16** Some born in August
**17** Gin-fizz fruit
**18** Start of an epitaph
**24** Better than B-plus
**25** A Davis
**26** Phil Donahue's wife
**32** Abbott's partner
**34** Brink
**35** In the vicinity
**37** Printer's goof
**38** Blood deficiency
**40** Pond growth
**41** Yesterday's tomorrow
**42** Similar
**43** Confer benediction
**44** Andean Indian
**45** Business assn.
**46** Singleton
**47** Trick's alternative
**48** Fix-it need
**49** Judd of "Taxi"
**50** Paperboard thickness
**56** Demi or Dudley
**58** Acts as henchman
**59** Rachel's sister
**62** Took to the hills
**63** Bacheller hero
**64** Isn't any, colloquially
**66** Builders
**70** Earp of the West
**71** Harpoons
**72** "As You Like It" girl
**73** Dexterous
**74** Cabaret show
**76** Walking through water
**77** Singer Sedaka
**78** Paella pot
**79** Cassini of couture
**80** Hydrant attachment
**82** Bottom-line figure
**84** "La Bohème" role
**88** Sicilian volcano
**90** —— even keel
**92** One who gawks
**94** Claptrap
**95** Kuwait, for one
**96** Leads for Sherlock
**97** Traded one-for-one
**101** Coupe's kin
**103** Act division
**104** —— blanche
**105** Marner of fiction
**106** "—— Billy Joe"
**107** Red Sea republic
**108** In among
**109** Bowler's aisle
**110** Lohengrin's love
**112** DeWitt Clinton's canal
**114** "Pygmalion" author
**115** With competence
**117** USNA grad.
**118** Angled annex
**119** For what —— worth
**120** Decide

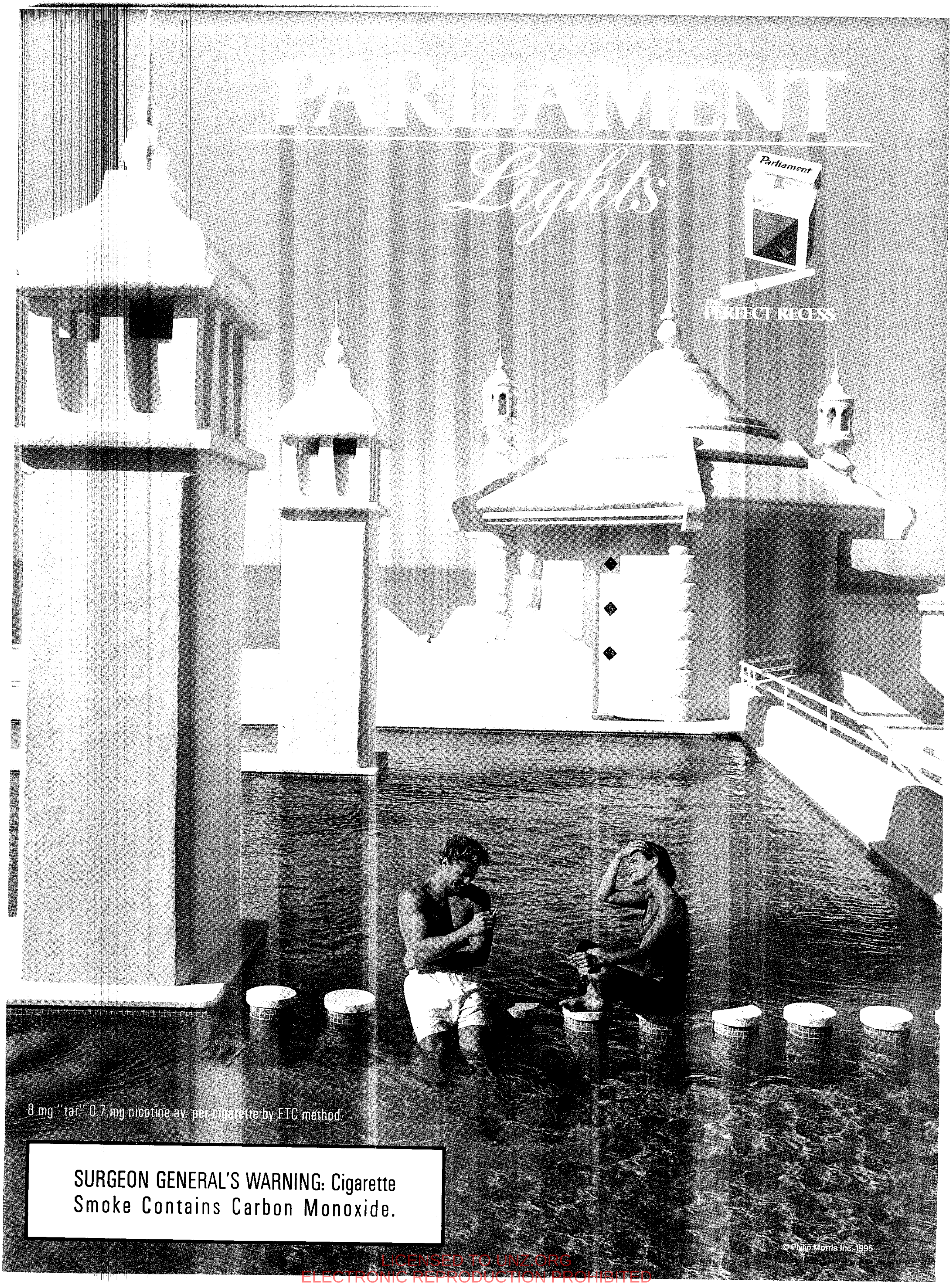


Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 91.

# Cuomo Vadis?

*Once power is transferred, the Flacco team knows, the only thing left to do is move some product.*


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
MR. CUOMO, I APOLOGIZE AGAIN FOR MY FATHER BEING UNABLE TO JOIN US FOR LUNCH. HE HAD ANOTHER ONE OF HIS STROKES, AND—
NO APOLOGIES NECESSARY. I ONLY PRAY HE ISN'T AMONG OUR STATE'S 2.2 MILLION UNINSURED....
NOW SHOWING
NEW YORK POST
'TODAY IT BEGINS'
Gov. Pataki: There'll Be Some Changes Made
DAILY NEWS
GEORGE'S REVOLUTION
LET'S TALK ABOUT INSURING YOUR FUTURE, GOVERNOR. HAVE YOU GIVEN MUCH THOUGHT TO THE OPPORTUNITIES WE DISCUSSED?
YES.
VERY MUCH.
WELL, A COUPLE OF UPDATES: LINDA BLOODWORTH-THOMASON HAS AGREED TO GO SCALE PLUS TEN FOR THAT APPEARANCE ON *WOMEN OF THE HOUSE*, BUT THEY STILL WANT YOU TO PLAY YOURSELF; WE'RE NOT SURE THAT'S THE SMARTEST MOVE FOR YOU RIGHT NOW....
ATM
UNWILLING TO WORK
I REJECT PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.
WE'RE VERY EXCITED, THOUGH, ABOUT THAT RECURRING ROLE ON THE NEW *STAR TREK: VOYAGER* SERIES AS KHANT, THE RENEGADE ETHICAL FERENGI. IT'S DOWN TO YOU AND AL FRANKEN....
I'M DELIGHTED, OF COURSE, BUT I CONTINUE TO BELIEVE ALL THIS IS A DIVERSION FROM MY CENTRAL MESSAGE, A MESSAGE I BELIEVE CAN AND MUST BE DELIVERED IN A BOOK-LENGTH MANUSCRIPT.
WELL, THAT'S FINE, I SUPPOSE, AS LONG AS YOU'RE WILLING TO WRITE IT ON SPEC. SOMETHING SIMPLE, AND THIS IS JUST A SUGGESTION: *MEDITATIONS FOR MEN WHO THINK TOO MUCH.*
SO GEORGIE, MY PORGIE, WE HOOK YOU UP WITH RATSO SLOMAN—HE WROTE HOWARD'S BOOK—ADD A TOUCH OF RUSH, AND *PRESTO LIBRO: I, PATAKI!*
JUDITH REGAN IS VIRTUALLY TALKING NEWT DOLLARS, PRE-BROUHA—
—AAH, MARIO?—
*BUON GIORNO!* HEY, REALLY *DISPIACE* I COULDN'T MAKE LUNCH—DID SYD TELL YOU? I HAD A STROKE—
—AND *GUESS* WHO I MET IN INTENSIVE CARE? GEORGE PATAKI! HE WAS JUST STOPPING BY TO REDUCE SOME OVERHEAD, AND I SAID, *NOT SO FAST, BIG GUY, I'M BLUE CROSS!* AND, WELL, YOU KNOW HOSPITAL FOOD, SO I SAID—
JUST PLAIN LAZY.


PARLIAMENT
Lights
Parliament
THE PERFECT RECESS

8 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

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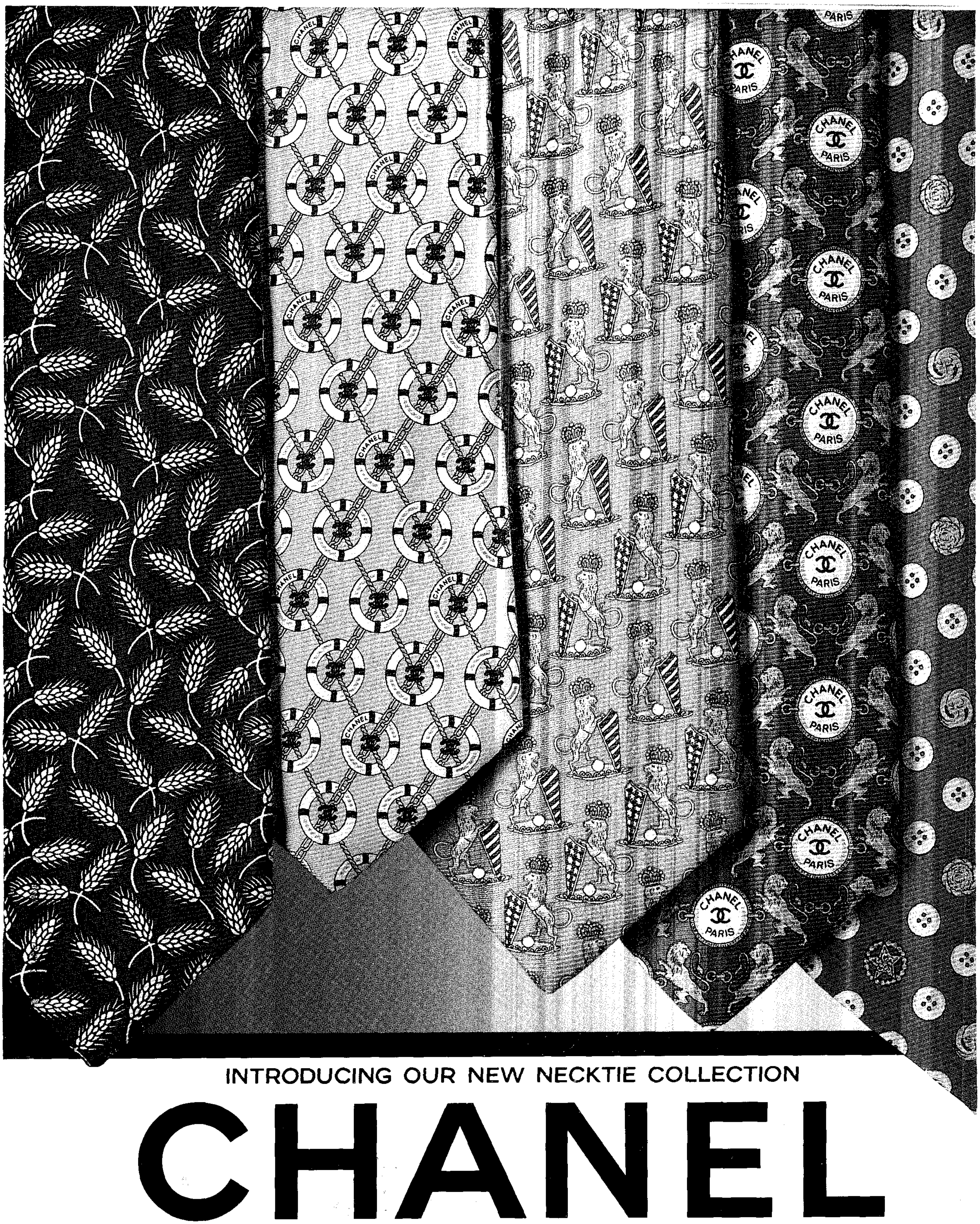

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